

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

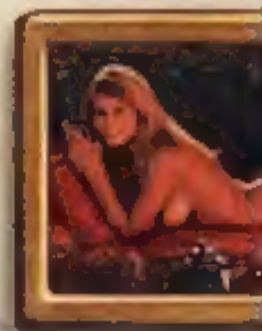
JANUARY 1975 • \$1.75

PLAYBOY

HOLIDAY ANNIVERSARY ISSUE

**A PLAYBOY EXCLUSIVE:
THE FIRST IN-DEPTH
INTERVIEW WITH JOHN DEAN**

**A 14-PAGE PICTORIAL ON
PLAYBOY MANSION WEST
GEORGE PLIMPTON TRIES OUT
AS A PLAYBOY PHOTOGRAPHER
BRIGITTE BARDOT AU NATUREL
THE TRUTH ABOUT COCAINE
A SPECIAL TRIBUTE TO AMERICA
ON ITS 199TH BIRTHDAY
PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE REVIEW
PLUS JOHN UPDIKE, HERBERT
GOLD, SEAN O'FAOLAIN, JOHN
COLLIER AND LOTS OF OTHER
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RHODEN



ATHAPFMAN

PLAYBILL WE ALL KNOW SOMEONE who's done it. Or claims he has. Outfitted himself with this fancy camera with a mile-long lens, see, and walked up to this absolute knockout at a bar/in the park/on the street and said, "Uh, pardon me . . . I'm a photographer for PLAYBOY magazine and you, well . . ." Afterward, they smoked cigarettes. Still later, he told all his buddies about it. "Amazing, man. I just stood there, clicking this empty camera, and . . ." But we also know women who have been too smart to fall for such a cheap dodge, and to them we'd like to say: If you were approached in the past year by a tall, handsome gentleman passing himself off as George Plimpton, PLAYBOY photographer, you were talking to the real thing. The Mission Envyable he chose to accept was to find and photograph a Playmate—one that would get past Helmer's well-boned eye and into the magazine. You'll see the fruits of his search in *George Plimpton's Playboy Photographs*. We wondered how it compared with hanging around with Alex Karras and asked him about it. "The deconstruction with Alex," Plimpton told us, "is to be tackled by him, whereas the climax of the picture taking was to stand in a field and look at a lovely girl, albeit upside down, in the Deardorff camera. I wouldn't want to do Karras again, but I'd love to have another try at doing a Playmate. In fact, I tried to convince Mark Kauffman, PLAYBOY's Photography Editor, that it would be a nice annual feature." *Plimpton of the Year?*

The man who will ultimately decide on that, in case you haven't heard, has a new house. We try not to be ethnocentric, but those of us in Chicago—where God intended PLAYBOY to be published—have taken to calling it *The Playboy Mansion West*. At least until one pops up in Jiva or Borneo. The guided tour through the grounds, the house and the ladies begins on page 91. Watch your step around the pool and don't be afraid of the llama. It looks like Tony Perkins and likes only other llamas. At night, on the neck.

How many vague teenage fantasies did Brigitte Bardot inspire in the Fifties, after many of us came home from our first Technicolor glimpse of her, fleeting and angelic, in *And God Created Woman*? Whatever happened to her? What, indeed, she has had a birthday. The sex kitten of the Eisenhower years has just turned 40, and if you don't believe life begins there, check out *Bardot—Inevitable!* As boyfriend Laurent Vergee's camera shows, she's definitely not a lady you'd ever care to cash in for two 20s.

The Reverend Marshfield, who has displaced Rabbit

Angstrom in John Updike's imagination, has moved toward his 40s with considerably less grace. He was a giver of B-plus sermons, faithful to his wife and 250 in bed—until a Mishi, divorced church organist with flared octagonal glasses came along. Early in *A Month of Sundays*, illustrated for us by Melinda Boudelon and scheduled to be part of Updike's new novel of the same title, which will be published by Alfred A. Knopf in the U.S., and by André Deutsch in England, he becomes a man who still gives B-plus sermons but is either *so* or *great* in bed, depending on whose spirit he's soothing. "Clergymen are frequent characters in my fiction," Updike told us, "and I have always been intensely interested in theology." For the record, he was raised a Lutheran and is presently a Congregationalist. At the moment, he's assembling ten years' worth of reviews for publication.

By now, it would take great strength of character *not* to know that America is about to celebrate a historic birthday. As one of the most American institutions, we'd be remiss if we didn't pay tribute to the rockets' red glare and the bombs bursting in air. And so we say, *Happy 199th, America!* Our most distinguished soldier in this enterprise was Research Editor Maria Nelson, who will wear on her bloodshot eyes that we didn't cook up a bit of it. And she just delivered a late bulletin: President Warren G. Harding wasn't much good on little details and once managed to lose the Treaty of Versailles. But he knew the damn thing was around the White House somewhere and, well, what the hell, the war was over, anyway. A great man in a long line of them.

Which somehow calls to mind Richard Nixon. His decline and fall were accomplished with considerable help from a variety of people—including Richard Nixon—but one who figured most prominently was John Dean. Most of us won't soon forget him at the Watergate hearings, forehead shining, leaning toward the mike, telling the committee in trim sentences which cog turned which wheel inside that big pale house. Right now, Dean is doing time for his participation in the Nixon Games but just before he went to prison, Barbara Cady—who has a daily interview show on Pacifica's KPIC in Los Angeles—managed to talk to him at length about Watergate and its aftermath. Because of other pending trials, Dean can't yet tell *all*—but this first in-depth interview is a fascinating beginning.

The Watergate broch didn't make '74 such a wonderful year singlehandedly. The words, as they say, were full of them, and Judith Wax gives us her annual satanic tally of prime movers

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PLAYBOY



199th Bulldog

P. 82



Brigitte Encarn

P. 147



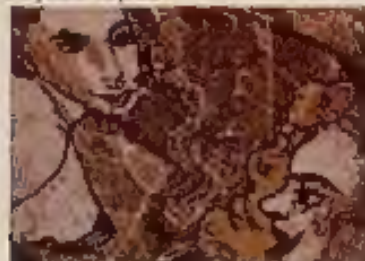
Shanghai West

£ 54



Playmate Archive

P. 173



Playboy Mystery

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**White rum.
For a traditional
eggnog.**



Eggnog

Beat 12 egg yolks until light; beat in $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. sugar til mixture is thick. Stir in 1 qt. milk and a "fist" of white rum from Puerto Rico (or gold rum if you're a senior traditionalist). Chill 3 hrs.; pour into punch bowl. Fold in 1 qt. heavy cream, stiffly whipped. Chill 1 hr. dust with nutmeg. (Serves 24.)

**More ways tradition
and white rum come together:**

Daiquiri

Juice of half a lime ($\frac{1}{2}$ oz.); $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. simple syrup (or scant tsp. sugar); $1\frac{1}{2}$ oz. white rum from Puerto Rico. Shake with ice; strain into cocktail glass.

Holiday Punch

Into a large pitcher over a block of ice or ice cubes, pour 8 oz. orange juice, 8 oz. pineapple juice (unsweetened), 8 oz. club soda, $1\frac{1}{2}$ oz. lime juice, 8 oz. white rum from Puerto Rico, sweeten to taste. Serves 6.

Hot Buttered Rum

Dissolve 1 tsp. sugar in a mug with some hot water; add $1\frac{1}{2}$ oz. white rum from Puerto Rico (or gold rum, if desired); a pinch of nutmeg. Fill with boiling water; top with pat of butter. Cinnamon stick optional.

**Or an untraditional
martini.**



Martini

Combine 1 part dry vermouth with 5 parts white rum. (White rum aged in Puerto Rico is just as clear and even smoother than the gin or vodka usually associated with the martini.) Stir with ice and pour. Add olive. Then enjoy the smoothest martini you ever tasted.

**More ways to part from tradition
with white rum:**

Gimlet

Mix 4 or 5 parts white rum from Puerto Rico with 1 part Rose's Lime Juice and serve on the rocks. You'll wonder why you ever made a gimlet any other way.

Bloody Mary

Start with 1 part white rum from Puerto Rico ($1\frac{1}{2}$ oz.), 3 parts tomato juice ($4\frac{1}{2}$ oz.), $\frac{3}{4}$ oz. lemon juice, 1 or 4 dashes Worcestershire sauce, 3 or 4 drops tabasco sauce, a little salt. Shake with ice in cocktail shaker. Strain and serve.

Screwdriver

In a highball glass with ice cubes, pour $1\frac{1}{2}$ oz. white rum from Puerto Rico. Fill glass with orange juice.

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SR-5

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DEAR PLAYBOY

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GALLING GOLDSTEIN

Helmut deserves immeasurable kudos for his part in helping an old, old man find rest at last. I am speaking of Diogenes, whose search I've at long last put to rest. I am graced with the pleasure of an October interview with V. Goldstein, and I'll be sure to give excellent notice. There were a truly forthright person, the illustrious publisher of *Screw* is he Kenneth A. Wind Arlington, Virginia

You're interview is the most honest you've ever published? I got so much reading it here in my office that I have wrapped myself of shirt pants and shorts played with myself feverishly, buzzed my secretary and shot a full round onto my chest as she entered the room! Do you think Al would appreciate the gesture (name and address)

At present

As a devoted reader of *Screw*, I have become well acquainted with Wolosterny's grumpy face and voice. He's a bawdiest writer who says he can outstrip a lion and presents them as dogged with the hint that he is being other than utterly serious. *Screw's* "Repentance Issue," for example, in which *Screw* ate crow, rejected sex and apologized for the errors of its ways, is a masterpiece. As your interview reveals, *Screw* is not a satirist but a not only filmmaker but a comic.

Charles Correll
Chicago, Illinois

Sexual emancipation is one thing, but we think the line of going wrong.

The only person Goldstein is unable to be himself is his father, a curious character and one that managed to limit practically every non-erotic sexual tendency—yet he remains fixated. The pendish and the pruthimous, though at opposite poles, have much in common. Both are driven by nervous compulsion and, most importantly, both are unable to find joy and satisfaction in sex. But if, of the two, we enjoy watching sexual relations, it's with a woman, Goldstein is a quick study. For any pruthimous doesn't necessarily lead to that ultimate experience.

New Orleans, Louisiana

You really tell for it when you published Goldstein's self-serving hype. The majority of things he says are as stupid as the stories he makes up for Green. A lie about the Mafia sex running to his office and threatening him is nonsense. Just ask yourself if the Mafia really cares what's written about it in a dirty news paper with a national circulation of only about 100,000. Which leads me to believe the only criminal sex Goldstein ever gets is when he puts us together in his own truck, as he does to your readers.

Mont Harris
Los Angeles, California

Goldstein has got to be the son-of-a-bitch ever whipped. As the best Ku Klux Klan Vice-Presidential candidate, I hope I can help Goldstein leave our great nation and spread his ugly, unhygienic adhesive elements in Communist countries. A true power!

See: M. Nelson, Imperia Wizard
Texas: Jerry Hughes of the Ku Klux
Klan
Houston: Texas

The interview with Goodstein made me feel dirty and sick to my stomach. I don't want such corrupt trash in my home. Cancel my subscription.

John J. French
Lewistown, Kentucky

Your interview is, without a doubt, the most exciting, disgusting, obnoxious thing I have ever encountered. I feel privileged to have read it and I have the only chance my country has.

VICTOR Henriette
North York, New York

Δύο υπέρ σίγουρα

Out here in Africa, where our animals get in the shape of worms is so, we usually put them between the eyes with a 16-pound man) to put them out of their misery.

Jim Schube
414. 699.0462, Montana

"1 EPK 5" LADY

Though your photography is designed to please men, Ken Marcus' photographic Mary Wilton in "LePke's" Lady

[illegible]

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...High Fidelity Magazine

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Yes, said the

"Armies" column of *Rolling Stone* magazine. It reported that the Gracis' turntable equipped with the Zero Tracking Error Tonearm sounded markedly

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(PLAYBOY, October) are enjoyable to women, too. They communicate a grace and dignity. Thank you for publishing them.

Mary Domagala
Milwaukee, Wisconsin

Ten thousand Japanese optical technicians worked decades to perfect the optics of Marcus' camera. So what does Marcus do? He spreads so much petroleum jelly on his lenses that I can't find out from looking at his pictures what's going on behind all that goo. I'd suggest a little lens tissue.

Edward Kakasy
San Clemente, California

A. J. ALL THE WAY

As William Neely reports in his October personality profile, *A J—As in Foyt A J* is hardboiled and arrogant on the surface. But, once you get to know the man, as I have—as Neely obviously has—you find he is considerate and fair.

Neely booted me out of his Castlereagh garage prior to the 1968 Indy 500. But now he's taken me out of my closet friends. The lesson learned was very simple. Show A J your respect and you receive his in return.

Don Jones
WABC-TV Sports
New York, New York

Neely's personality piece very accurately points out the differences between A. J. and other drivers. Not only is Foyt the winningest driver in the history of the sport but, quite obviously, his views on driver ratings are the most trenchantly quotable.

Jim Roth
Garrison, Colorado

THE SOUL OF SILENCE

During a reading Herbert Gold's October article on his visit to the Soviet Union, in Russia, "To Be Silent" is an *action* I wish I had never taken more than a superficial interest in the U.S.S.R. or its people. Gold's article introduced me not only to the Soviets and their government but, in their predicament as well. As Gold so eloquently points out, 4 years of total devotion to an external growth and development has exacted a horrible toll on Soviet intellectual freedom and civil liberties. In these economically hard times, our own leaders may be tempted to devote all our national efforts to providing work for every citizen. Before they do, they should read Gold's article. They'd learn what could go wrong.

Peter Widelle
Middletown, New York

Gold's veiled article overlooks two important points. Although Soviet emigration laws are oppressive in the eyes

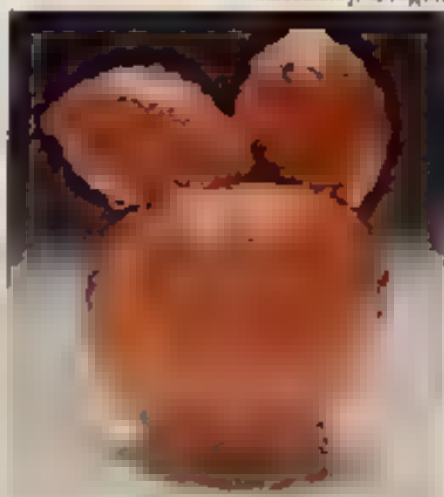
of the West, these laws apply equally to every Soviet citizen—not only to Jews and intellectuals. In addition, anyone who reflects on present-day Soviet emigration should take into account the terrible losses of human life and talent suffered by the Russian people at the hands of their enemies.

Edward Abramson
Annapolis, Maryland

SUBLIME TOMATO

You might be interested in the snappy comment we ran in Sublimity:

David Joyce
Sublimity, Oregon



TIMELESS VISIONS

Your inclusion of James Dickey's poems on the American South, *Small Towns from a Timeless Place* (PLAYBOY, October), exemplifies your unsurpassable literary value. Dickey describes his poems as experimental. The experiment proves inspiringly successful. Thank you for an exhilarating experience.

Robbie Baker
Minneapolis, Tennessee

Dickey's ability to express the mood of the South may be excelled only by William Faulkner's. As Dickey's poems prove, the South is a land that can be laughed at, cried over and even hated but it can never be fully explained.

Han Adams
Austin, Texas

Dickey calls the South Jericho. After reading his piece, I'd call it paradise.

Norman Kenneth Bodenstedt
Dayton, Ohio

FEEDBACK

I feel compelled to share my first encounter with you. Recently, in a writing class, I was asked to seek out an example of slanted reporting. I immediately purchased PLAYBOY, assuming that your contents would reek of male chauvinism. To my surprise, however, I found valid

reportage and straightforwardly presented information. I commend you.

Betty Gene Goodwin
Palo Alto, California

Those color illustrations going up in *Playboy After Hours* really work.

Warren Cooper
Fairfax, Ontario

Commendations noted

OVER AND OUT

Air Force Colonel Irving Breslauer's October article, *The Handwriting on the Wall*, updating his August 1971 collection of Vietnam graffiti, *The View from Kitty's Head*, is great, if sad. The power structure in the Air Force is dominated by and general as those depicted in Breslauer's article. As Breslauer said, "If we in the Air Force can't stand to laugh at ourselves or take a little criticism, especially if it is the truth, we're in trouble." Like Breslauer, I've given my adult life to the Air Force and it pains me deeply to see how little criticism it can take and how much trouble it is in. For men like Breslauer are leaving the Air Force no longer, while the underachievers keep coming and advance up the line. I'll be leaving, too, I suppose, as soon as I work up the nerve. In the meantime, I'd better get a haircut.

(Name and address withheld by request)

JAPANESE ZERO

Reg Potterton's hilarious examination of the phenomenon of Japanese tourism in America in *At Large in the Land of the Tooth Brandit* (PLAYBOY, October) is a classic study of what happens when East meets West. Many Westerners have written about the curious Japanese adaptations of Western culture, but nowhere else I encountered reports on what goes on when a slice of Oriental culture is Westernized. For instance, Buddhist Shoshu Buddhism. Potterton's skillful pen captures such meanings, and the result is a delight.

Frank Halsted
Dayton, Ohio

If I were among those Japanese tourists of whom Potterton wrote, I never would dare come back to such a scary country. But we Americans aren't all fool hardy. Mr. Matsuyama. Next time, travel further inland. We'll take better care of you.

Joey T. Lembeck
Dallas, Texas

THE GAME GAME

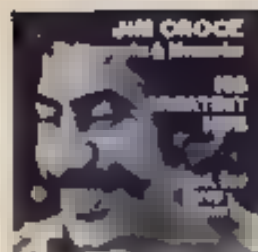
Charles Gagne's October article on preserve hunting, *Old Dances on the*

If it wasn't for Winston, I wouldn't smoke.

Taste isn't everything. It's the only thing
I smoke for pleasure. That's spelled T-A-S-T-E.
That means Winston. Winston won't give you a new image.
All Winston will ever give me is taste,
a taste that's very real. If a cigarette isn't real,
it isn't anything. Winston is for real.

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per cigarette (FTC Report)
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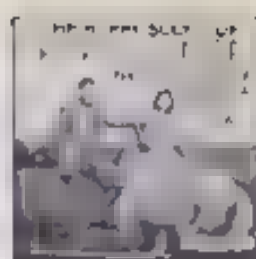
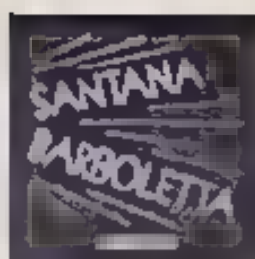
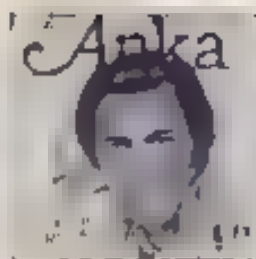
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See listing on page 100.

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Killing Ground, is quite provocative. The Whitehouse boys, the hunters in Games' piece, are shown to understand the implications of their actions. Hunting, therefore, will long remain an intellectual catalyst for them. Even though what they kill is not necessary for their survival, they do derive from the experience a better perspective of the human condition.

Peter Magdon
Springfield, Vermont

I'm a teacher of environmental education who finds *Old Dance on the Killing Ground* disgusting. Obviously, Games has had no training in ecology or wildlife management, or he wouldn't be so ignorant of the vital role played by the hunter in preserving our wildlife. Wildlife managers know that many game species would soon die from starvation and disease (as a result of overpopulation) if not for the hunter. They also know that the hunter contributes thousands of dollars every year for the purchase of habitat that is a refuge for nongame as well as for game species. Yes, there are some sloth hunters and some unsporting hunting preserves, but these are the exception rather than the rule.

Charles Johnson
Staten Island, New York

In his article Games writes of anti-hunters, "many of whom don't know a rifle from a sho string." I know exactly the kind of people to whom Games refers. It's too bad he is one of them.

Pfc. Robert F. Oldham
Fort Rucker, Kentucky

Games and the old no-savage preserve hunting, as your subheadline claims. The main thing people should remember is that there are no horns, fat cats and phonies in hunting just as there are in smoking, beer drinking or publishing.

Bill Davidson
National Rifle Association
Alamosa, Colorado

I share Games's contempt for fence-dwelling and dude ranches. But to condemn hunting in general on the basis of the existence of preserves is as absurd as condemning sex between loving partners on the basis of the existence of brothels.

Greg Breza
Wichita, Kansas

Old Dance on the Killing Ground only succeeded in convincing me that I would not see hunting continue, but only by someone who, as I've never wrote, can somehow "comprehend loving the life he spalls."

John H. Jackson
Powell, Texas



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10. Slur, Go



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Melt a man's heart with a gift of Johnnie Walker Red.

The world's favorite Scotch for the world's favorite season

PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS

[illegible]

Handspan's Reef, a Virgin Island, was the only place that had a telephone in position "for me," he said, three people. The telephone in question did not as part of a double room in passage.

A pair of young, sorrowful-looking people, the young man, a tall, slender, dark-haired youth, and the young woman, a slender, dark-haired girl, were standing in front of a small, white, single-story building. The young man was wearing a dark suit and a white shirt, and the young woman was wearing a dark dress and a white collar. They were both looking at the camera with sad expressions. The young man was holding a small, dark object in his hand, and the young woman was holding a small, dark object in her hand. They were both looking at the camera with sad expressions. The young man was holding a small, dark object in his hand, and the young woman was holding a small, dark object in her hand. They were both looking at the camera with sad expressions.

Neither can nor did
A go-go dancer and a
postal employee were
crowned Miss and Mr
Nude America at the
annual event in Naked
City, Indiana. *The Mirror*

He could give this aspect of the contest. Earl Lamarna used his dancing pose to become queen and Stephen Laing decided to become king."

A great deal of Southern Forest Associates' wildlife projects have already been completed. We would those who have not yet heard about it please phone 758-1103 for all details of every shot.

When I give my students a school news article, I place who read it as a reading subject has raised your eye to help out the un-censored touch of Hemel Montstead. Surely the things get so carried away by passion they do it in the end. The of passing this has a tendency to bring things to a conclusion.

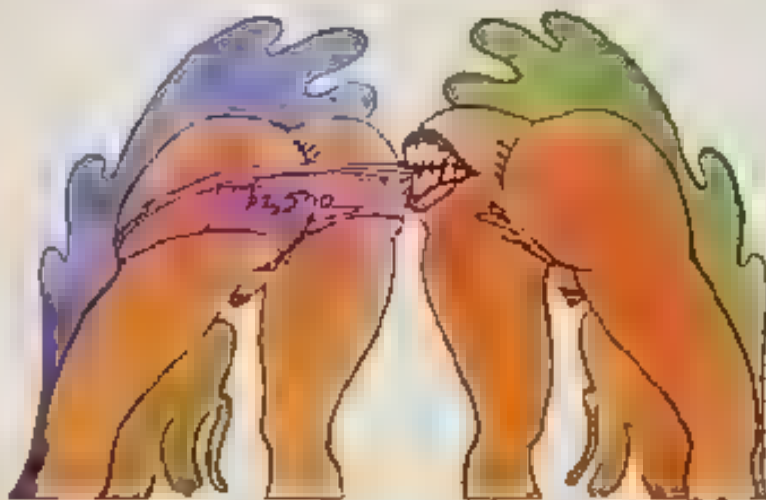
but Oates's vesperters have
 been giving the road a drop
 hand crossing, or a piece
 of the side of the road.

A *Sage* here interposed, saying that
none of us thought we were so well
served as that a woman in truth
need the only honest relation
in our literature. To prove his
point, he set it up as a *Folger*
book some of us did not
see it in regard to it has
the right to be put in the
theater now & to depict every
thing the earth desired

bookstore received this request by mail "Please send me three copies of a book on Egypt. I am lost."

Room for a large
T. sale of the High
North Carolina Academy,
Herald, "EG Harley
chopper newly rebuilt
motor, parts with 10
evening for a Chapel
Hill Road North
Sun between 10 AM and
7 PM"

A true prophet of academic freedom is Ralph Armstrong, who, while serving a 30-to-120-year sentence at the New Mexico State Penitentiary, completed coursework for a college degree. He was granted permission to attend graduation and personally receive his diploma, which he did and then vanished. . . . In the same spirit, an unusual run was scored at the Hiram Youth Correctional Facility softball team



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Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking is Dangerous to Your Health.

If you can use any of these tools...

You can gain exciting new skills as an electronics troubleshooter in Bell & Howell Schools' fascinating learn-at-home program that includes building and experimenting with the new generation color TV.



You may already have some of the skills you need.

Most of us at one time or another have put a screwdriver, a pair of pliers or some other basic tool to work. Fixing a bicycle wheel, tightening a window latch, putting up a bookshelf, or what have you.

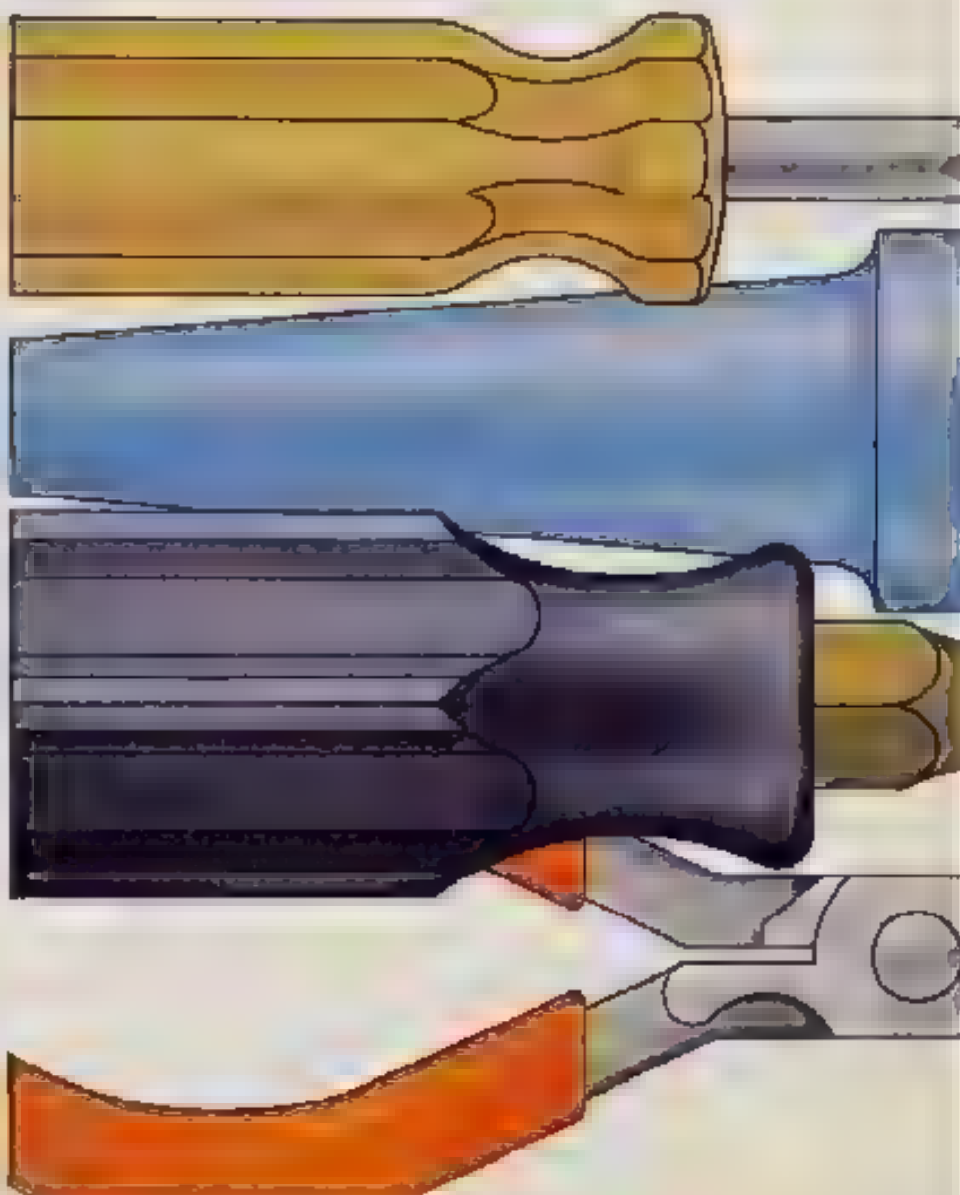
But here's a thought.

Using these same simple tools as a starting point, you can develop the ability to put them to work for you in far more ways than you ever dreamed of. And Bell & Howell Schools' fascinating home learning adventure in electronics will show you how.

These days when it seems like there's an "electronic" everything, it makes good sense to have occupational skills in the servicing and repair of such products as TV's and other home electronic equipment. If you're a person who recognizes a future in this field, Bell & Howell Schools is ready to help you develop the specialized ability you need to become an electronics troubleshooter. While no assurance of income or employment can be offered, we can assure you that no better at-home training in electronics is available anywhere.

We have an exciting way for you to pick up these specialized skills in your spare time.

Don't think for a moment that we want you to spend your off-hours just reading a bunch of "how-to" books. That would bore anyone after awhile. What we at Bell & Howell Schools offer is the modern way to learn—a very different approach than the way you've ever used to.



First of all, we believe that when you're exploring a field as fascinating as electronics, reading about it is just not enough. That's why throughout this learning adventure you'll get lots of "hands on" experience with some of the latest electronic training tools available today. You'll test and experiment with them and gain exciting new skills all along the way.

Once you've completed this program a number of directions are open to you:

1. Use your training to seek out a job in the electronics industry.
2. Use your training to upgrade your current job.
3. Use your training as a foundation for advanced programs in electronics.

No electronics background necessary.

That's one of the many attractions of this program. We start you off with the basics and help you work your way up one step at a time. As a matter of fact, with your very first lesson you receive a special Lab Starter Kit to give you immediate working experience on equipment as you are picking up the fundamentals.

It makes the learning process faster and certainly a lot more interesting.

You'll build and perform exciting experiments with Bell & Howell's Electro-Lab electronics training system.

You build the Electro-Lab step-by-step too. First the design console. After you assemble it, you'll be able to set up and examine circuits without having to solder them in place.

Next, you'll enjoy building a digital multimeter. This important instrument measures voltage, current and resistance and displays its findings in big, clear numbers like on a digital clock. Far easier to read than "needle pointer" meters.

Then comes the solid-state "triggered sweep" oscilloscope which is similar in principle to the kind used in hospital operating rooms to monitor heartbeats. You'll use it to analyze tiny integrated circuits. The "triggered sweep" feature locks in signals for easier observation.

You'll actually build and work with Bell & Howell's new generation color TV - investigating features you've probably never seen before!

This 25" diagonal color TV has digital features that are likely to appear on all TV's of the future. Features made possible by the applications of digital electronics.

to home entertainment.

You'll probe into the technology behind all-electronic tuning and into the digital circuitry of channel numbers that appear big and clear right on the screen!

You'll also build in a remarkable on-the-screen digital clock, that will flash the time in hours, minutes and seconds. Your new skills will enable you to program a special automatic channel selector to skip over "dead" channels and go directly to the channels of your choice.

You'll also gain a better understanding of the exceptional color clarity of the Black Matrix picture tube, as well as a working knowledge of "state of the art" integrated circuitry and the 100% solid state chassis.

Having actually built and experimented with this TV, you'll come away equipped with the kinds of skills that could put you ahead of the field in electronics know-how.

We try to give more personal attention than other learn-at-home programs.

1. Toll-free phone-in assistance. The program is designed so that you can proceed through it smoothly, step-by-step. However, should you ever run into a rough spot, we'll be there to help. Many schools make you mail in all your questions. We have a toll-free line you can call when you have a question that can't wait.
2. In-person "help sessions." These are held in 50 major cities at various times throughout the year where you can talk shop with your instructors and fellow students. Why wait?

Find out more on how you can pick up new skills in electronics, troubleshooting as you work with Bell & Howell's new generation color TV. You've got the tools to do it.

Mail the postage-paid card today for full details, free!

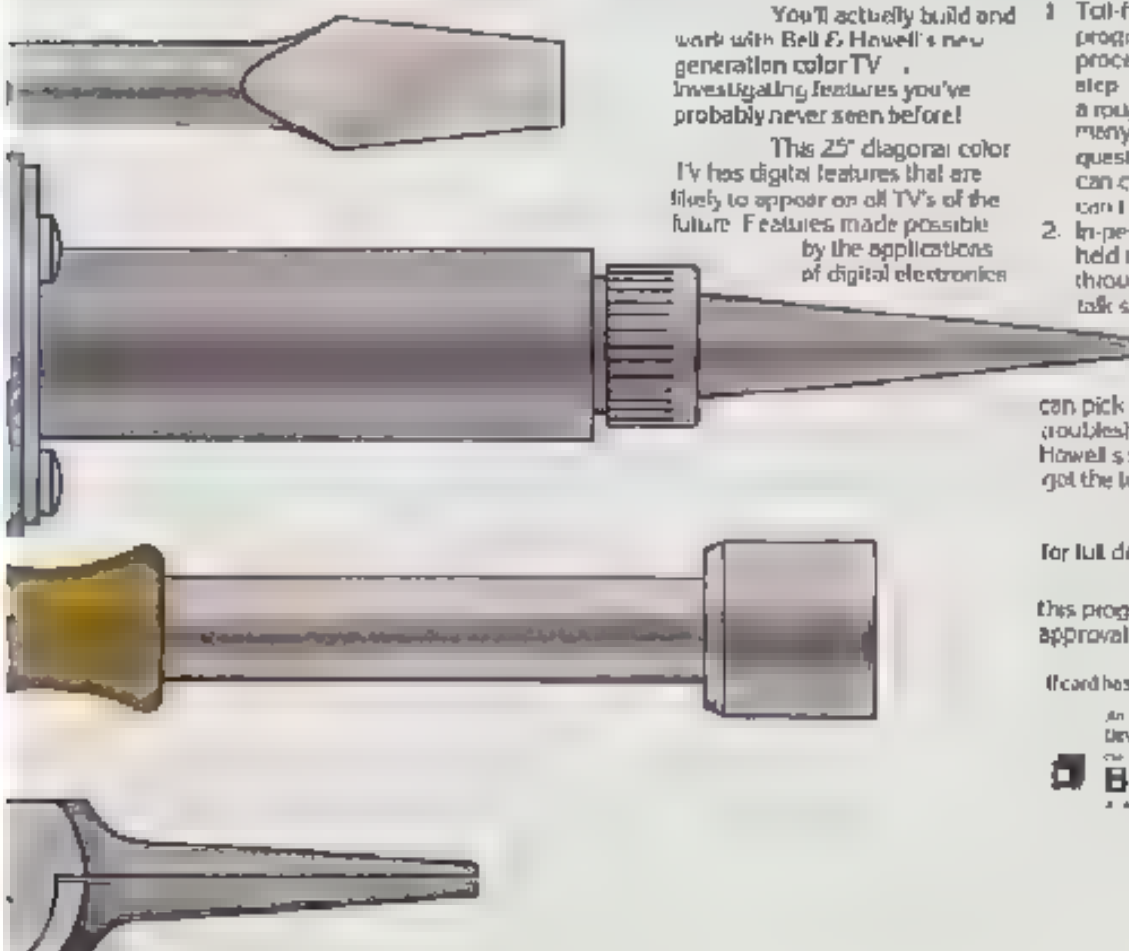
Taken for vocational purposes, this program is approved by the state approval agency for Veterans Benefits.

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An Electronics Institute Study School
DEPT. INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY

BELL & HOWELL SCHOOLS
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standard semi-kidney shape, with Somerset Maugham helicopter-blade ceiling fans, a top-croon Haitian panther jungle scene, swiveling partners and tangoing tigers by Fernand Léger—over the door, an immaculate set of 18th Century French physiognomic wall panels (and group sex economically combined with whippings), oil lamps, gas lamps, two electric birds (canon) and pots of electric soup. Inside of which, from within a bade with golden nozzles, an Italian marble sink with more golden (plus marble) nozzles, a sunken circular bath, an antique commode framed with a clock by Adrien Fournier and a library of Olympian chess books, each accompanied with a vase of roses. PLEASE TAKE ME BACK (As I recall you can keep the Gideon Bible in your room and Library too.)

Outside was my own private pool for swimming, a short walk away, the large group pool, the tennis courts, the bar (all you can drink, except vintage wines and champagnes, included at the basic price). I ordered a screwdriver; he orange juice was fresh Tang. "Haitians prefer it," I was assured. "Is this a certain je ne sais qui?"

At the bar, I met another guest. Used to be Chicago, now Los Angeles, in construction, knows lots of stars, not to speak of starlets, once dated a girl who succeeded Cindy Berger in someone's affections. Hey, please make your acquaintance. Hear the tap-tap-up a your typewriter, bella. Personally, I'm not too activist down here, so you like to be around my pool with me and shoot the shit?

It's really elegant, isn't it?"

Man, you can take your Saint Groy and stick it up your ass. This is the place, let's."

Beside the pool, a wrung-out lady was studying an article in *Cosmopolitan*.

"Orgasm Is Yours if You Follow These Simple Instructions" Habitation Leclerc, \$160 a day, all you can do and all you can come. The lady had followed these simple instructions. A golden tan was also hers, and many liver spots, possibly due to excessive sun over the years "Oh, there," she said. "You new here?"

With the international set, one must be discreet, subtle and dignified, so I renege my relationship with The Lady of the 50's, avoid seasons by borrowing her sunglasses. Do you still dangle madly on the edge of release? ("I'll never forget my first orgasm," writes Jeanne Sakol.)

"Wonderful place to get some good reading done," I remark.

"Wonderful," says the lady. "You here long?"

No, no. I do not tell her that I am a spy in the house of the Leclerc sister of Napoleon, as conceived by the Hippopotamus Corp., brand of a



Van Haitian night club, and lovingly imagined by a Mr. Lawrence Peabody, decorator, a Mr. Olivier Coquelu, owner, promoter, and Mr. Ralph Lee, exaction, who now, as a new owner—meanwhile, we are freshening up in the new pajamas pajamas. And I would no longer have me what Sakol, the orgasm critic, calls L.M.F. (luxurious flake) in the design of Habitation Leclerc. He did plant vervettes grass, which repels mosquitoes, and he resanctified the tennis court.

According to the locals, Pauline Leclerc never lived here, but Katherine Ducliam did. Somehow the place is neither sister-of-Napoleon nor the sister of royal luxury in a style. It's more Queens run with lounge laurels and no traffic so much. Well, it's quite a lot better than that. The food, fruit, fish, lobster, good porky things—is tasty tropical and the staff (approximately three per guest) is attentive. If you're into speed-up letters or monosexuality, if you're a skinny jet-set only looking for the one place she hasn't yet done: If you're from Seventh Avenue, Palm, Miami or North Beach and have some unlaundersed money, if you're a rock star who hasn't yet overdosed, if you're planning a honeymoon and haven't yet used the wunt sybaritic (in short, you want to immerse yourself in the Real World of Heaven's Here Duty this perfection. It was, briefly, for me, even if the Bouvier sisters reputed to be frequent guests. In and out more time to make an appearance in my star-crossed life.

At present, Habitation Leclerc can accommodate about 100 caviars, and for some it may be worth the \$160 a day.

Especially if you pay only the off-peak discount rate of \$85 while goggling at the likes of Egon von Furstenberg, a Swedish model or two recently promoted out of the Club Méditerranée and a star of late-night TV reruns. It's not Haiti and it's not really Grand Syte, but the usual Lougong Is Yours if You Follow These Simple Instructions.

THEATER

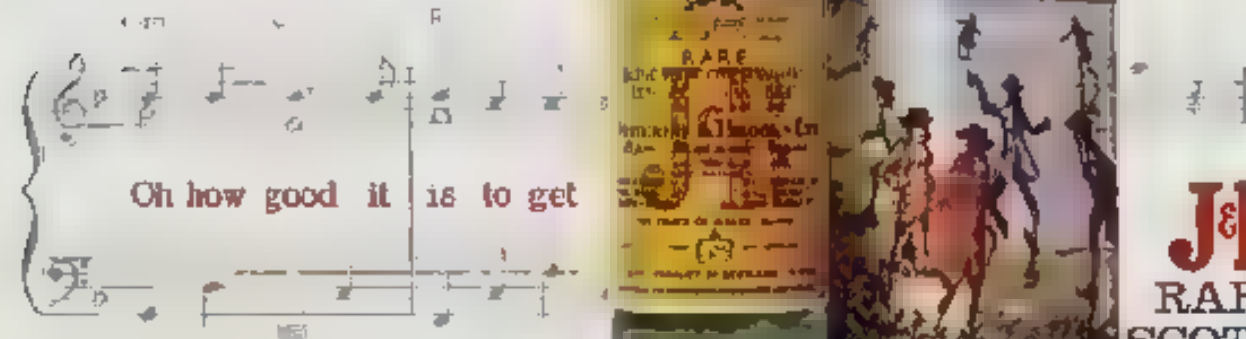
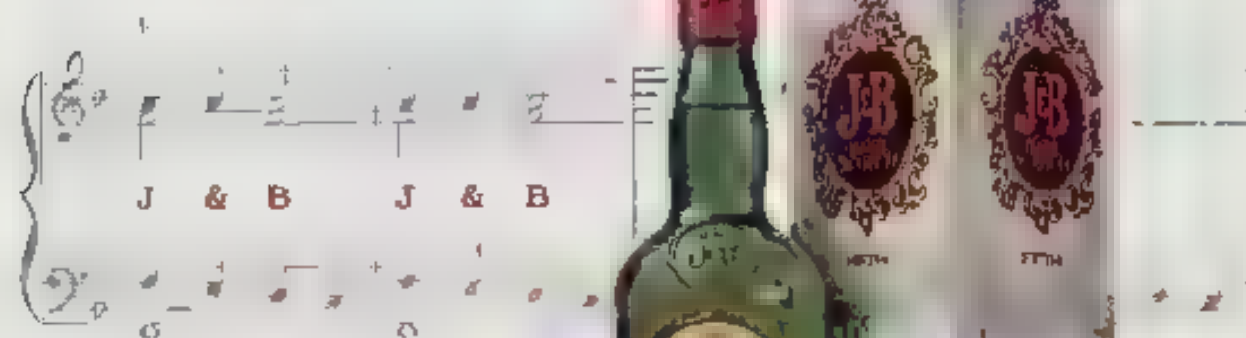
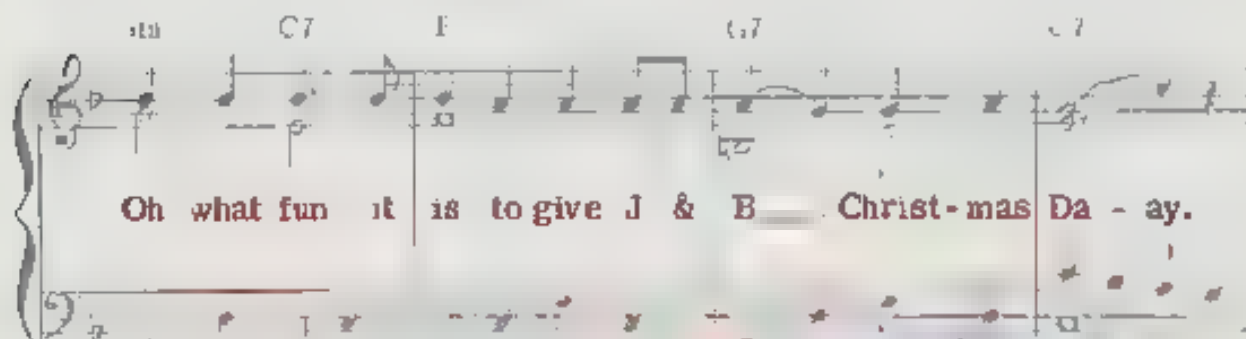
The father of the Keynote Cops, the talk and the constant-pie fight was Mack Sennett, king of a two-reel silent comedy. How can you make a musical about Mack Sennett and not be funny? Easy, if you know how. In *Mack & Mabel*, producer David Merrick, author Michael Stewart and composer Jerry Herman (the trio that founded *Hello, Dolly!*) have striven in on the squalid side of Sennett, his on-and-off association (all romance with his wife Mabel Normand and her collapse into drink, drugs and delirium. This dreary "musical" has many a clever and hilarious line of Sennett working and doing his business and production of numbers that attempt to create, with great gimmickry and snail success, the romance on the Sennett back lot. There are more dancing girls than cops and it's some times makes it seem as if the collaborators have conspired Sennett with Busby Berkeley. The dancing is good. Robert Preston is a strong Mack and Burt Reynolds Peters has the propulsive person he is to play Mabel. But one of Herman's caddy tunes (so catchy he can't get rid of it)—*When Mabel Comes in the Room*—could just as well have been



called *debe Mabel!* The rough peak comes early, with the projection on a screen of film clips from Sennett's own knockabout comedies. Unlike *Mack &*

Jingle Bells

(Sing it our way. And make your Christmas merrier.)



J&B
RARE
SCOTCH

After going 212 m.p.h., he's
not about to smoke a boring
cigarette.



Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
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you don't want to let
go. Always with a
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manuscript *The Unknown Leonardo* (McGraw-Hill) does not so curiously discover the "Mad" Caricatures" in which the master artist invented one of his wacky ideas and inventions. The book is enhanced by more than 800 illustrations by Da Vinci himself and by a further 500 in *Encyclopedia of Great Art*. What then is Robert Ror's research of more than 5000 one-quoted from ancient walls to the subway. And there must be one or two people out there who can stand just a little more on Zelig and Scott *The Romantic Epics* (Farrar's) sent daughter Scottie back to the old scrapbooks and candid pictures for some more look. Big books come at big expense but there is one alternative—write your own. *The Nothing Book* (Harmony/Crown) is just that—192 blank pages (in the deluxe edition, you can get French mazelike binding). Have fun.

San Francisco in the Twenties, a tough guy detective who "burns" cigarettes instead of smokes them, ransoms dogs, and swears like a hell, uses his dog in the log, beautiful dark ladies. Dashiell Hammett again, this time a house of seven short stories in a new collection called *The Continental Op* (Random House). The Op was Hammett's first detective and never had a name. He's paunchy, middle-aged and he has no personal life that the reader ever sees. He's just the operative from the Continental Detective Agency (at one time an official P.I. of the city) and though his cases usually begin mundanely, there is always a moment of high treachery or swift violence that turns the Op into the sort of cold and sometimes immoral bounty hunter that it takes to keep the streets free of clever crooks. In one of these episodes, the Op sends a man to the gallows for a murder he didn't commit because he can't prove his guilt for the one he did. The poem is *The Sonnets*, for of course—that's a can't, never-slow camera-eye writing—and there is really nothing like it in all of detective fiction: "The face she made at me was probably meant for a sign. A however it was, it beat me. I was afraid she'd do it again, so I surrendered." Steven Marcus chose these stories and wrote a fluent introduction that talks about existential stuff and lists Hammett's name in the same breath with Nietzsche's, as if the Op needed philosophical help. Tear it out and throw it away. The Op does fine on his lonely own.

Where are the pervers of yesterday? When do we have in our anesthetic times to compare with Elagabalus, the youthful Roman emperor who was so bent that after his death he was called The Edible Nobody, that's who. Along with everything else that's gone down the tubes in the past couple of millennia, the art of truly inspired personal grossness on the part of our leaders has declined miserably. Young Elagabalus could have showed

them the way. Now there was a fellow who knew how to have a good time. A wonderfully inventive sickie, he was a pervers's pervers who sailed unprecedented heights of depravity to become known as the emperor who out-Neroed Nero. His story is told in Milton Munkin's *The Fabulous Age* (Quadrangle), one of the most readable collections of biography to appear in many a dull year. The book records in well-documented detail (journals, diaries and contemporary accounts make up much of the text) the personality traits of 15 selected megalomaniacs from the Assyrian to the 19th century. Sardanapalus is a skulking, avaricious, and delicate to Napoleon, who spent his last days in captivity measuring his height (5'2") and brooding about the Big W. Other prominent figures include the likes of a rest Pope Alexander, a cruel and terrible, not a man but a machine. But



it is Elagabalus, the lesser-known king, who captures the attention succeeding to the Roman throne at the age of 14, some 200 years after the birth of Christ and winning the hearts and minds of his loyal subjects by leading the coronation procession in drag and heavy make-up. His approach to statesmanship followed the highly original theory that a man should be appointed to office according to the size of his penis. He sent soldiers on missions to round up rapacious victims so that he could count them in the royal baths, and his slaves were ordered to collect 10,000 pounds of cobwebs. See if you can find that one in the *Gunnery Book of Records*. For other announcements, Elagabalus filled his palaces with strange atoms and diabolical devices, married a well-known adobe, awarded dead dogs to winners of contests and raves, and wore a vestal virgin. A prince as bad, he sometimes scattered gold and silver to the populace from the imperial balcony—and nothing small enough to bother Elagabalus harked carnage and ass into the crowd, presumably because he liked the sound they made when they hit the pavement. The

usual dinner parties were another diversion: flamingo legs and peacock tongues for starters, with a guest list composed entirely—depending on that night's theme—of men who were bald, deaf, one-eyed or afflicted with gott. But, lovable king that he was, young Elagabalus overdid it in the end and his four-year reign was ended by a squad of soldiers who murdered him in a men's room and tried to stuff him down a sewer. For some one of Elagabalus' inclinations, this must have been the ultimate accolade.

The Mullendore Murder Case (Farrar Straus & Giroux), by Jonathan Kwiky, has all the qualities of a classic whodunit, except that this is all true and the reader never finds out who, in fact, did it—who shot a bullet into the head of Oklahoma cattle tycoon E. C. Mullendore III late in 1970 putting him out of his personal and financial misery and bringing to light a mind-boggling morass of frauds, swindles, mendacity and violence. Kwiky's spare reportorial style takes the reader slowly at first, through the history and finances of the huge Mullendore ranching empire to the point where bad management and high living put it on the skids. The pace picks up as debts mount and panic sets in, driving the 32-year-old E. C. to ever more desperate loan schemes and finally to Mafia money-men. In a matter of months, he goes from quicksand to mad storm, like a character out of *Crime*—cheating and dealing, knowing and knowing, destroying himself and the most famous family of the Osage region. The end is almost a comic opera of chaos as Lincolns and Cadillacs race between ranches, airports, night clubs and banks, a flying cowboys and creeps, all aimed to the teeth and doublecrossing one another. The mysterious bullet is fired just days before the grace period expires on \$16,000,000 worth of insurance policies, which makes likely suspects out of every one, including the victim. The insurance companies would later argue that the killing was a bizarre suicide but a thoroughly bungled police investigation leaves the verdict up to the reader. Where's Marshall McCall now, when we need him?

Biographies of living persons generally fall into two categories: official and unauthorized. Official biographies are written with the cooperation of the subjects, often with their sponsorship. They are invariably puff jobs. Unauthorized biographies, enjoying neither cooperation nor sponsorship, are usually put-downs. Frank Brady's *Holmes* (Macmillan) falls somewhere in between, and in no doing, rather interesting and colorful read. Brady is a former newspaper writer. While it's not clear he was too much to Hugh Holmes to get the Editor Publisher to open his personal scrapbooks as part of the book, the result is the

You've earned your stripe



...because last night you took your wife outside and had a snowball fight. And you made her giggle like you used to.

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His arrogance may offend you and his predictions may jolt you but you can't afford not to read *A Conversation with Fidel Castro*, exclusive, in the current issue of OUI magazine

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PL55

York is a bad dream run by utter incompetents—you wouldn't want to live there and you risk your life on a visit. Former Mayor John Lindsay did every thing in his power to ensure moviegoers to Manhattan. After *Pelham One Two Three*, the incumbent city fathers must start consolidating cameras.

For a funny, touching and offbeat version of the gritty life in little old New York today, *Low and Disorderly* is the movie to see. TV's Archie Barker (Carroll O'Connor), as a restless, middle-aged cab driver, crashes with Ernest Borgnine, as a former Marine turned hardware trying to make ends meet in a tacky beauty shop called Cy's Salon. Redford and Newman they are not, but gamblers isn't everything. And these two unlikely guys make a surprisingly effective team of Brooklynese who hang in, who put in a civil, any police can order you to come out for a long

time. And in the city that crime in the streets has begun to creep over their own doorsteps, in a refreshing coming aware, O'Connor plays a gentle, hapless Marty-like character who'd like to trade in his taxi medallion and open a sandwich shop, while Borgnine for cost ast comes on with a lot of Bunkerish bluster, siding to sweep the neighborhood dead of spicks and quids and junkies. Though Willie and Cy start out as a pair of analog in-ban books—dressed up in cops uniforms, big pot-smeared noses, determined to outdraw and conserve their credits on the lanes—*Low and Disorderly* takes a final tragic turn that seems surprising after the comic build-up but in retrospect is the only honest way for this movie to go.

There's little explicit violence. It's the snail, wily observed detail that makes a difference and shows the hint of uncut Carthagen director Ivan Passer (whose last American picture, *Born to Run*, was preceded by *Infinite Lighting* and a writing credit for Miles Forman's *Four of a Kind*). The idea for *Low and Disorderly* grew from a personal encounter with a Manhattan taxi driver who became the model for Willie and Passer sees the film as the "fin side" of a movie such as *Death Wish*. "That's pure fantasy. I'm interested in the reality of men who come from the law on their own hands but who you don't know how when the moment comes." Passer's view of human frailty is always lightened by his fondness for people, warts and all, and he has peppered the movie with a dozen or more warty vignettes showing how irrational behavior can quickly become the norm in a cramped, crazy-quiet city (photographed, incidentally, by veteran cinematographer Arthur O'Shea, who also did *Death Wish* but who here catches the passing, Larry of a funny New York in 1977). The had to choose the slinks to remember are by Alan Arbus, as a psychiatric lecturer in ghettohood matrons about what to do when a rapist gets into

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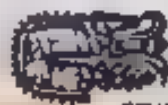
The Aztec drink a lot of tequila. It was a sacred drink. And was symbolized in a holy Aztec calendar called the Sun Stone.

Within the Sun Stone's inner ring are twenty symbols, one for each of the 20 days in the Aztec week. These symbols can also be viewed as suggesting what kind of tequila drink it might be appropriate to serve on each day.

Tequila Stringer. A lizard symbolizes the fourth day of the Aztec week, representing cunning and quickness. The drink: 1½ oz. Montezuma

Tequila, ½ oz. green creme de menthe, shake with crushed ice, strain and serve in chilled cocktail glass.

Bloody Maria. The first day of the Aztec week is symbolized by a crocodile, representing alert and aggressive beginnings for all endeavors. The drink: 1½ oz. Montezuma Tequila, 3 oz. fruit juice, ½ oz. lemon-lime dash of salt and pepper dash of hot sauce dash of white-hot sauce. Shake with crushed ice, strain and serve.



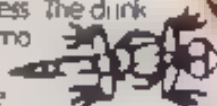
Tequila Manhattan. The serpent symbolizes the 11th day of the Aztec week, representing seductive sensuality. The drink: 2 parts good Montezuma Tequila, 1 part sweet vermouth, 1 oz. gin, 1 oz. lemon juice, 1 oz. orange juice, 1 oz. grenadine. Garnish with cherry and orange slice.

Tequila Sunrise. A monkey symbolizes the eleventh day of the Aztec week, representing high-spirited social fun. The drink: 1½ oz. Montezuma Tequila, ½ oz. lime juice, 3 oz. orange juice, ½ oz. grenadine. Pour into tall glass with ice, garnish with lime.

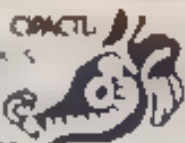
Aztec Punch. Herbs symbolize the twelfth day of the Aztec week, representing variety and lusty adventures. The drink: 1 gallon Montezuma Tequila, juice of 12 lemons, 4 x 1½ oz. cans

grapefruit juice, 2 quarts strong tea, 1½ teaspoons cinnamon, 1½ oz. butter, pour into large punch bowl, let stand overnight or 2 hours at room temperature before serving. Makes 24 cups.

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ARTICLE 10. **REVISIONS.**

תחילת ד'תשנ"א

— J. F. DAVENCH

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PLAYBOY 2010

413 North Michigan Avenue
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THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

My husband and I have never switched partners with another couple, so we really don't know the benefits of swinging. A few nights ago, we got together with two married friends for an evening of... I... In the room... my husband and I used... couple of times. Toward... the party, we noticed a pair of... with... in the bathroom... here earlier. Our wives had just said that... where my husband... Was the sudden appearance of the underpants an invitation on the part of our host—Mrs. B. D., I repeat, Kansas.

Sounds like a great party—counting trips to the bathroom—but never mind. There's nothing like a touch of weirdness to make an evening fun. All we know, you have a husband who had just come out of the clothes hamper. If the... placed pants were an invitation, the...

Most swingers are more straightforward than shrouded in their veiling tactics. A person stuck accidentally with footage of their summer vacation, a copy of Alex Komisar's "Miss Joy" on the coffee table with a bookmark in place...

...a conversational centerpiece? "I... but the time we were putting with friends and found a pair of pants on the bathroom floor. We thought it was a sign that they wanted to swing, but it was just that the house had been broken into...

Can you turn me on to a reliable source of information about snow conditions? I've had it with newspaper reports that are... is worse than driving 200 miles to find that three inches of new powder is where some snow bunny quoted an cosmetic case.—B. B. And out, ME...

It's an uphill battle all the way down. Newspapers often misinterpret reports submitted by ski areas and, in doing so, omit crucial data. Also, the reports... I have after they... more than enough time for snow conditions to change or disappear altogether, for that matter. There are alternatives. The Ellis Ski Information Center serves most major areas, operates 24 hours a day from November 15 to April 15 and updates its reports twice daily. Call one of its toll-free numbers for the latest on the... (400-243-6600) or 800-74-3100. Address and South (400-243-6600), West (400-243-6600). One of our editors suggests making friends with employees at

different ski areas. You can tell them to hold out to the conditions meet a trip. If no one answers, then they're on the slopes and you can take it from there. Other than that, keep your skin covered, and enjoy.

When my boyfriend and I make love, I can't climax. It's an indirect clitoral stimulation... by tongue... I feel like...

You aren't a freak and you probably don't need psychotherapy. In fact, you may be the source of rather than the cure for this problem, which isn't really a problem at all. What Freud knew about sex wouldn't fill a couch. He proposed that the only healthy adult type of orgasm was that achieved through vaginal stimulation and thereby sex pleasure took a good two or three inches. The vagina is a totally devoid of sensory end-ings, clitoral stimulation is necessary for most women to achieve orgasm. (There are some women who can climax simply by brushing their teeth or touching their nipples, and there are some women for...

...Let's bring it for the happy medium.) Masters and Johnson found that during intercourse the penis tugs on the labia and indirectly stimulates the clitoris. Apparently this doesn't happen as often, or as intensely, as they thought, judging by the letters we've received from women in your position. There are several ways to correct the situation. If you're mechanically inclined, you might consider giving your boyfriend one of the penis sheaths and attachments that supposedly run the entire length of the penis. These Rude Girl long devices—being anatomical and unfeeling pieces of plastic—are more of an innovation than a revelation. One lady described her reaction to a French tickler: "making love to the spikes on a soap... into your... with positions... on the clitoral area or that allow simultaneous genital and manual contact (reflected in a moment on the stunning sequence in "The Rejuvenation of Eve" in which Marilyn Chambers sat on her partner while touching herself with one hand, Rude Girl... girl).

...We've started to discuss marriage and the age difference makes her... She is worried... my interest in sex began to wane... T. P. Detroit, Michigan. Probably not been advised... K. of



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Because if you're like a lot of cigarette smokers these days, you're probably concerned about the 'tar' and nicotine stories you've been hearing.

Frankly, if a cigarette is going to bring you flavor, it's also going to bring you smoke. And where there's smoke there has to be 'tar'. In fact, in most cigarettes, the more flavor, the more 'tar'. Except for Vantage.

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What you may not know is that Vantage is also available in menthol.

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Now Vantage Menthol is not the lowest 'tar' and nicotine menthol you'll find. It's simply the lowest one you'll enjoy smoking.

Since you're the best judge of what you like about menthol cigarettes, don't just take our word for it.

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Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Filter 11 mg. 'tar', 0.9 mg. nicotine. Menthol 11 mg. 'tar', 0.9 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette. FTC Report MAR '74.



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manufacturers developed the private 20-13 dial. Nowadays, noncommercial broadcasters such as police, taxi, ambulance and the Business Radio Service use the frequency band that once was reserved for

My wife is worth more than the absolute. She refuses to be seen in public without a bra, and she won't wear a bikini. Her skirts and dresses hit her right above the knee and she thinks it is a disgrace when a woman's nipples can be seen under a blouse. She's only 23 years old and I think she would look great if she wore feather clothing. The problem is not in her upbringing—her younger sisters see nothing wrong with occasionally wearing a feather cloth without a bra underneath. How can I get my own wife to get with the times and show her breasts? L. C. Columbus, Ohio

According to the dictionary, modesty can mean to be shy or becoming proprieties of dress or behavior and placing a moderate estimate on one's worth and abilities. Quite often the former is the result of the latter. If modesty is a form of self-expression, it may be that you are using your suggestions as criticism. Before he will trust your taste in clothes, you'll have to convince her that you think she is beautiful no matter what she wears. When you achieve that rapport, plan a vacation to a secluded island and leave her luggage behind.

Ive noticed that the head of the human penis is larger than the shaft. Any clues as to why?—B. W., San Diego, California

Your question would stand up at court. The original designer isn't modifiable in comment and comments are divided on the point. Darwin's theory of evolution suggests that the general characteristics of a species are the result of natural selection. Animals that live to reproduce pass on to their descendants the characteristics that allowed them to survive. They also transmit characteristics that have no purpose. As near as we can tell, the shape of the penis forms a valid junction similar to that fulfilled by the lip on the handle of a baseball bat. During masturbation it reduces the possibility of one's hand's slipping off the shaft of the penis and striking oneself in the forehead.

All reasonable questions—from fashion to food and drink, stereo and sports cars to dating dilemmas, taste and etiquette will be personally answered if the writer includes a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Send all letters to *The Playboy Advisor*, Playboy Building, 919 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60611. The most provocative, pertinent queries will be presented on these pages each month.



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How to select a turntable like an expert, without having to become one.

Selecting a turntable calls for more know-how than any other component. After all, no other component physically handles your largest investment in music: your records.

Unless you know an audio expert, you'll probably depend on an audio salesman for advice. In that case, make sure he knows you want a quality turntable whose innards will preserve your records while getting the most out of them.

Next, consider the convenience and safety of an automatic turntable versus handling a manual tonearm. And whether you'll ever want to play two or more records in sequence. (Chances are you'll want a fully automatic multi-play turntable.)

Be sure to note the workmanship of the turntables that you're considering. Operate the switches and tonearm settings if they are not precise, record

wear will accelerate and the sound will deteriorate.

Finally, ask the salesman which turntable he owns. Most audio professionals—record reviewers, audio engineers, hi-fi editors and salespeople—own a Dual.

And that's all you really need to know to select a turntable like an expert.

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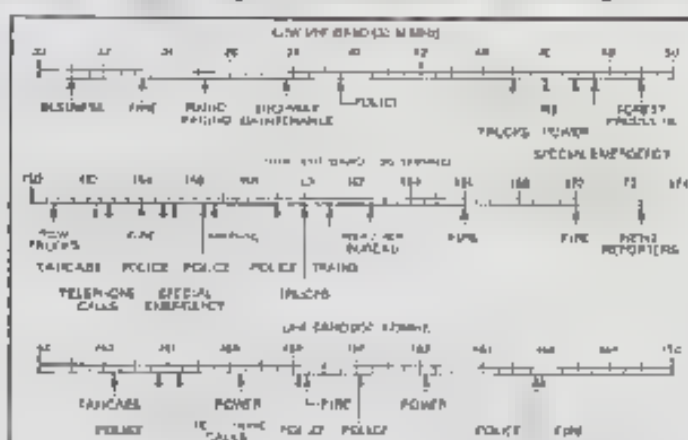
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THE PLAYBOY FORUM

*an interchange of ideas between reader and editor
on subjects raised by "the playboy philosophy"*

DING-A-LINOS

For the past 12 years, my husband and I have lived in a mobile home on Highway 67 in Missouri. During those years, I have watched some drastic changes in society and it is my opinion that for some of the negative changes we have had to thank Helmer. Recently a young couple ran out of gas as they arrived at our station. They went into an all-glass phone booth in front of the restaurant, made a call and then had sexual intercourse in the booth while a whole restaurant full of shocked people looked on. I don't see why anyone was shocked, after so many years of lessons from Professor Helmer's life-of-lie school. After all, isn't that the way all sophisticated people behave?

Anna M. A. A. A.

Fredericktown, Missouri

We'd like to know what that phone call was about.

MARRIED MASTURBATORS

In the past 12 years, I have had more sex with a vibrator than I have with my wife. I jerk off to the fantasy of making love to my wife. When I am home and my wife isn't feeling up to intercourse, she has no objection to my masturbating and often helps me come. It is all very loving. My wife masturbates when I am away and we have even done it simultaneously while phoning each other; wait till Ma Bel hears about that.

(Name withheld by request)

Ottawa, Ontario

ANOTHER NIGHTINGALE

I am one of those who masturbated her naked while masturbating. Which means I was a very good masturbator. Nightingale Award, *The Playboy Forum*, October 1974, is not unique. In 1969, I was hospitalized for minor abdominal surgery and before the operation, the nurse shaved me from the waist down. I was embarrassed at first, but she put me at ease with her conversation. I married her, we are married and had three children. I also noticed she was a very attractive woman with a good figure and great legs which were well displayed by her short skirted uniforms. Eventually I got a divorce and found it increasingly difficult to keep up my end of the conversation. Noticing this, she put aside the divorce and told me of my problem and began sucking me. Without a pause in her conversation, as I came, she was on the brink of

telling me about her new pants. Then she started shaving me continued to chat and never in any way acknowledged what had just occurred. Following her lead, I made no comment in her.

She was so good she made it seem like a good routine, yet I'd never heard of anyone having a similar experience. I called the *Playboy Forum* and I wanted to see if there were many nurses who, as the letter writer put it, "are interested in coming to me, not the whole body."

(Name and address

withheld by request)

THE VANISHING MR. AND MRS. SMITH

Fictional names on hotel registers soon may be changed permanently to the way in which old hypochondriacs are buried. According to *The New York Times*, on married couples increasingly insist on staying in so-called couples and hotels are more than willing to oblige them as such. The story says that phone calls to eight cities—New York, Chicago, San Francisco, Cincinnati, San Diego, New Orleans, Washington and Lincoln, Nebraska—found that two thirds of the reservations received were willing to reserve a room for a man and woman with different last names. This is a refreshing change from the mentality that previously prevailed when the old morality insisted that everybody pretend to honor the puritan code whether or not they actually did. One woman quoted in the *Times* said, "It makes you feel cleaner" and another said that she refused the "Mr and Mrs. single" because it was "sacred." Exactly! Is it possible the America is finally getting rid of its old morality? It is only to a sane ethic based on honesty.

P. Kennedy

Washington, D.C.

ANTI-ANALISM

As a subscriber and reader of *PLAYBOY*, it seems to me one can find just about anything in *The Playboy Forum*—anything dirty, that is, such as the letter in the October 1974 issue praising anal intercourse. From some of the letters, I think that some people consider looking at pictures of nude women to be bad. Well, let us assume that no woman would ever let me look at her. But if it were as advertised by *PLAYBOY*, I would have no objection to pictures that are sensible and reasonable.

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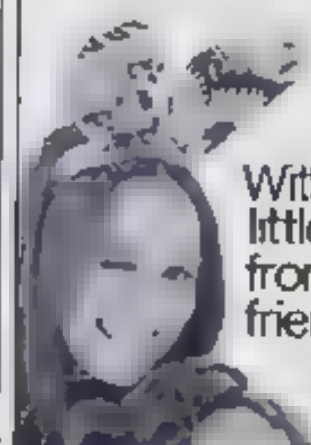
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• Dr. Robert G. Newman, head of New York City's methadone-maintenance program, told the annual meeting of the American Corrections Institution that "it is futile and stupid to send people to jail for [drug] possession and I think it's your responsibility to speak out against such laws that are futile."

• Dr. Thomas Bryant, head of the Federal Drug Abuse Council in Washington, D.C., spoke out against marijuana laws that are "making criminals and criminalizing particularly young people in this country whom we say ought to have respect for the law." Dr. Bryant said that the Drug Abuse Council, like the President's Commission on Marijuana and Drug Abuse, favors decriminalization or pot.

RIGHTING FORNICATION

NEWARK, NEW JERSEY—A county appeals court has upheld New Jersey's 12½-year-old law against fornication and confirmed the \$50 fine levied against a 29-year-old man convicted under the statute at an earlier jury trial. The defendant had appealed on several constitutional grounds, but the judge ruled that the state had compelling reasons to enforce the law—in prevent the birth of illegitimate children and the spread of venereal disease.

GOOD TRY

PARIS—In the tourist area of a local jail, the wife of a prisoner managed to distract guards by performing a show



striptease while her husband and another inmate tried to scale the prison wall. The plan might have worked, but the escape rope snapped before the first convict reached the top.

BRAVE BOYS IN BLUE

FORT LAUDERDALE, FLORIDA—Under a new city ordinance that prohibits the touching of another person's sexual organs for money, Fort Lauderdale police have concluded that the only way they can arrest the women who work in massage parlors is to catch up their rump and submit to a complete sexual act. The

police chief explained to the city council that any man who offers to pay a massage before he gets the full treatment is suspected of being a cop and no money is accepted. "I have to love ourselves with the act of the earth," said the detective who directs the vice squad. "We do it for the community."

DAUGHTERS OF LYI

MONTES CLAROS, BRAZIL—A local judge acquitted a young man charged with seducing an 18-year-old girl. In the verdict he declared: "Really shown us that the real seducers are the daughters of Eva."



who make their way through God's world with their miniskirts, low-cut and ice-through blouses and tight-hip pants, for the sole purpose of exhibiting their curvaceous bodies to attract the attention and the eyes of men."

MEINNESS OF THE MONTH

MEMPHIS, TENN.—The campaign of district attorney Curtis Harris to protect Oldham County from topless dancers received another setback when the trial of two gogo girls charged with indecent exposure ended in a hung jury. Judges had dismissed charges in 21 other strip-tease cases and because of the mistrial there still is no jury verdict to establish a "community standards" precedent for the numerous cases still pending. In the latest case, an assistant D.A. warned the jury, "If you turn these two girls loose, it will be the 'go' signal for all the nude dancers in the county, and then we'll have men exposing themselves to young girls in public places." Another assistant D.A. asked, "How can you look your preacher in the eye next Sunday and say it didn't bother you to let them loose?"

annoyance of people who live near the beach. Les Frank, the city's public engineer, said that part of the beach or some of the houses might have to be sacrificed for a parking lot. Local conservationists may have something to say about that.

H. V. Davies

Sacramento, California

BURGLED AND BUSTED

I read in *The Milwaukee Journal* about a 21-year-old woman whose apartment was entered by police responding to a burglary and progress report. The police told me the burglar—he had already taken off with the woman's stereo and jewelry. But they *did* find some marijuana plants, so when the woman returned home, the cops searched her apartment. She only had been indicted but was busted as well. Since reading the story, I have learned that the woman also has been fired from her job. She would have been better off if she had just been caught without anyone's trying to protect her.

Robert Borden

Milwaukee, Wisconsin

REEFER MADNESS

Coat hangers and dope smokers who roll their own in Madison Heights, Michigan, may have to resort to other means of indulgence. A news story reports that the city council in that progressive town has tentatively approved an ordinance where the city would require a public health or reefer paper must first offer identification which is to be recorded by the merchant in order to comply with this law or face a suit in a penalty of \$100 fine and 10 to 30 days in the pokie.

The law was approved by a councilman who had witnessed what he described as "several dozen" young adults buying beer and reefer paper in a party store, a violation of the councilman would approve a law requiring him to sign up every time he bought his good ole 100 proof for the same party store.

Lane Longoria

Dallas, Texas

MONKEYING WITH MARIJUANA

Now that they don't have Nixon to kick around anymore, TV newsmen need a new cause to jolt the public. Last September, John Chancellor devoted a special report on *NBC Nightly News* to an old-fashioned "kifer story" attack on marijuana. He showed monkeys at Tulane University that were forced to inhale marijuana fumes and suffered "profound and perhaps permanent brain impairment." He went on to say that other studies have "linked" pot to "birth defects in man." His report ended by showing two Vietnam veterans who used marijuana overseas and now contribute to have difficulty thinking and to hallucinate months after giving up grass.

It seems to me that with several

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1.2 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report, March 74.

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I moved into town with my new-found friend, much to the joy of my wife's lawyer. Almost 22 months from the original filing, we went for the dissolution hearing. Much of the testimony centered around the fact that I was a lead-lined, double-barreled, 12-gauge SOB, mostly for moving out of that oven of a barn and into the loving arms of a kind, understanding woman. I had not even met her six months after the divorce was filed. The judge gave my wife everything: cash, livestock, furniture. He broke down to about \$50,000 worth of property for her and \$23,400 worth for me. So much for no fault.

My appeal came back with one word from the state supreme court: denied. Despite repeated attempts, I never was able to get any explanation for the denial. My ex-wife's lawyer sued me for court costs, declaring that I was the losing party (he is so right) and as such must pay the costs. My new lawyer argued that in no-fault divorce cases you have no loser or winner, but merely a dissolution. I lose again.

I feel that the legislature never meant for our law to work this way. It appears the courts in these matters are behind the times, choosing to follow not the intent of the law but their own inclinations. My advice to men contemplating divorce is to try to make a property settlement out of court if they can, for the courts will rip them off like they never thought possible.

Mark Saunders
Tacoma, A. W.

JUSTIFICATION FOR TYRANTS

In the September 1974 *Playboy Forum*, J. Green makes a case for moral relativism, stating that "no moral dispute can be settled by an appeal to philosophical doctrines. It has to be settled on the level of practical politics." Really? I can just see Hitler and the Jews or Stalin and the Russian peasants trying to settle their moral disputes with practical politics. Hitler and Stalin were moral subjects; all they ever claimed was that their actions were right or just to them.

Green advocates that people leave one another in peace, but if moral disputes can't be settled by appeal to philosophical doctrine, what justification is there for leaving others alone? No tyrant can function without the sanction of the victim. If a victim denials himself or says nothing, thereby approving his own destruction, what more could any tyrant ask? If, however, the victim protests that the oppression is wrong, unjust, immoral and if this is stated loud and long enough, the noisemaking will eventually stop. But no tyrant can avoid an objective set of values.

Is such a moral code possible? It is. Its principles are only two: that the life of everyone is an objective value, an end in itself, and that no one has the right to

initiate the use of force against anyone else, not even the Government. You say that's anarchy? You are quite right.

George Morone

The Society for Individual Liberty
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

SCIENCE AND PUBLIC POLICY

George Berry, in his letter about medical laws (*The Playboy Forum*, September 1974), falls into the confusion fallacy that ultimate values can only be arrived at "intuitively, without much help from reason and science." He gives as an example of an ultimate-value conflict the Government's right to regulate chemicals, the freedom of the individual. Presumably, Berry feels one must opt for one or the other value on the basis of hunch, sentiment or faith.

It's certainly true that we don't know enough about man and society to make precise scientific judgments about values and policy and it's equally true that value controversies tend to be terribly muddled and irrational. Nevertheless, it is possible to try to be guided by science as far as it goes. Our starting point can be our understanding of psychological self-observation. This can tell us what our species' basic needs are. We can then attempt to find out what kind of society will best satisfy these needs. The science of psychology and sociology can help answer Berry's question. (But as a biologist, I must admit that I have trouble with a Government controlled or by maximizing individual freedom. Granted, science is fallible, but even a poor map is a better guide for a journey than no map at all.)

John Little
Denver, Colorado

MURKY GUIDELINE

In claiming that any organism that can be called *Homo sapiens* has a right to life, Hugo Carl Koch is mixing science with religion (*The Playboy Forum*, October 1974). Science can tell us what species an organism belongs to, but it can't tell us our moral obligations toward that organism.

If we are going to think rationally about morality, it is not enough to follow law rules blindly; we have to ask ourselves what the purpose of a rule is. It seems to me that the purpose of asserting a right to life is to protect and preserve any being capable of experiencing an enjoying life. The right to life should not be extended arbitrarily to all organisms having a human genetic pattern but only to those with a consciousness that wakes and deserves protection. This would, for example, obviously exclude sperm and egg cells on one end of the life cycle and people whose brains have ceased to function on the other. It could also exclude fetuses conceived in vitro and stored in a petri dish for future use.

of terminal illness who are in extreme pain and want to die.

This test for the preservation of life, does it serve any worthwhile purpose?—may seem a little odd and murky compared with the clear line Koch draws. But, as Aristotle observed, it is a good way to seek more precision in an inquiry than the subject matter allows. It is virtually impossible to develop universally applicable guidelines for moral judgments to which all men of good will can agree. That is why the state should not make and enforce laws based solely on moral considerations.

John Little
Denver, Colorado

ANTI-ABORTION AMENDMENT

Abortion opponents are vigorously campaigning for a constitutional amendment to make abortion on demand illegal once again. Their contention is that, using abortion to end an unwanted, unplanned pregnancy is morally indistinguishable from killing a troublesome two-year-old or a late-term octogenarian. This assertion is based on a subjective, not objective fact. In pressing for an amendment when there is no objective secular way of deciding the issue, some of our lawmakers are violating the United States Constitution's separation of church and state.

Laws may, and often do, coincide with religious moral teachings, but laws must be founded on secular needs. Statutes against assault and murder, for example, are based on the need for social stability. Unless a moral secular inquiry shows that abortion cannot be justified on the basis of the need for social stability, it is not the need for religious sanction that is the basis for the need for social stability. Unless a moral secular inquiry shows that abortion cannot be justified on the basis of the need for social stability, it is not the need for religious sanction that is the basis for the need for social stability. Unless a moral secular inquiry shows that abortion cannot be justified on the basis of the need for social stability, it is not the need for religious sanction that is the basis for the need for social stability.

Victor H. Frank
Great Neck, N.Y.

CATHOLIC LAWS FOR JEWS

The so-called Buckley amendment in attempt to overthrow the U.S. Supreme Court's abortion ruling, is a Catholic national amendment outlawing abortion except where the life of the mother is directly threatened. It's nothing but an attempt to force laws inspired by Catholic doctrine on this country. If passed, a right-to-life amendment will severely suppress the freedom of religious expression. The idea was that Catholics would be the only ones to support it.

On October 20, 1974, the New York Times carried an article about the gene associated with Tay-Sachs disease, a hereditary affliction of infants that blinds, cripples and inevitably kills a child before its fifth birthday. There's a one-in-four



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City

State

ZIP Code

Phone Number

Area Code

Telephone Number

Number of Dependents

Spouse's Address

Spouse's City

Spouse's State

Spouse's ZIP Code

3. Firm Name of Employer

Nature of Business

Pay Year

Address

Street

City

State

ZIP Code

Telephone Number

Area Code

Annual Earnings

Net Worth

Amount and Source of Other Income

Other Income

Other Income

Other Income

Previous Employer

Firm

Address

City

State

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Previous Employer

if employed by same less than 3 years

or College University - Parents & Spouse

Yes ☐ No ☐

Name and Address of Personal Reference who living with you

Name

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City

State

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Branch Address

Account Number

Type of Bank

Checking ☐ Savings ☐ Loan ☐

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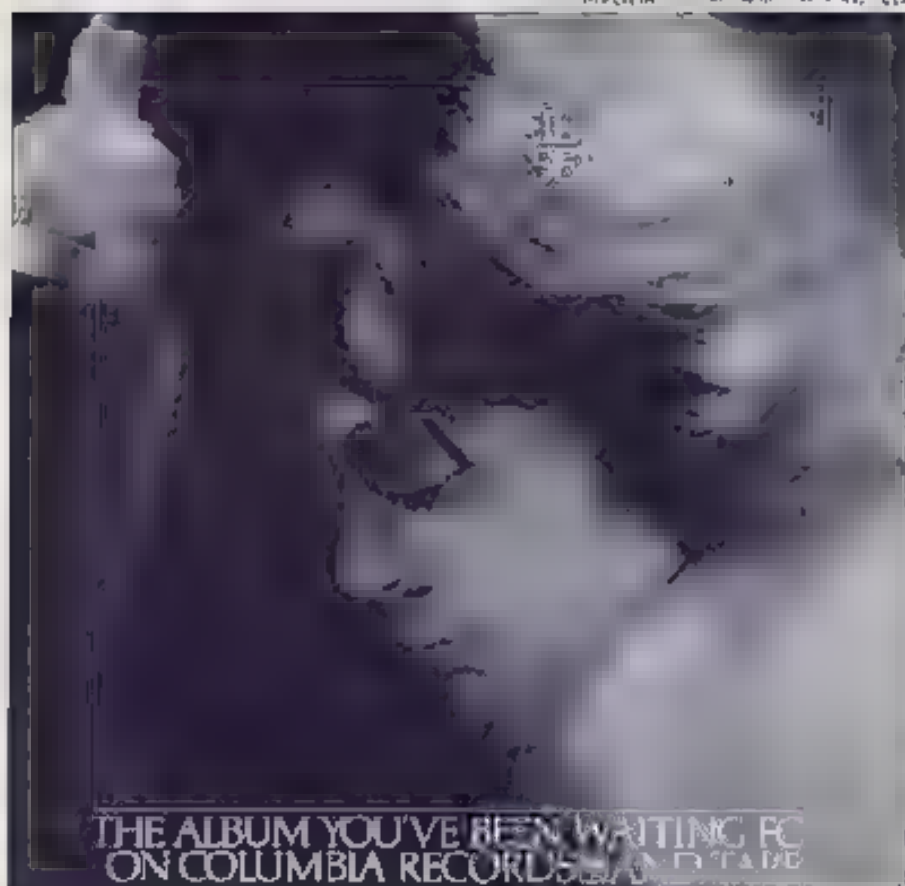
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those same beliefs, and change or growth would come from that. Playboy is almost wholly liberal and even liberal in its most respects when it considers that it is not as addressed to an audience presumably interested only in the wilder fantasies of male desire.

My personal belief is that worship of youth, flesh and beauty is a natural one.

It is a primary American male fantasy, in so far as it is beside the pathological products of hard-core pornography which glorify not the flesh but its mutilation. Should you compare PLAYBOY with sadistic pornography, in which women's bodies are not worshiped but destroyed, you will find that your age, like the Playboy and its hedonistic philosophy, is possibly misdirected.

The United States is a land of young, energetic and not very intelligent men who value the values of material excitement and who do so in a way that is the outside world of other people in some material possessions. The images of beautiful young girls that adorn magazine covers and billboards are in a manner of speaking icons of a sort not the Virgin Mary, not quite, but yet a form of the feminine essence as an icon, just as saints. Like all people, Americans must worship something and most of them seem to worship material things. So the female is seen as material something out there in the world. Of course it's a myth—sad—all irony—but it is the only place I can find it. It is a myth, right now it is a story, there would be nothing a blank card. But human nature. No emotion at all, no feeling, no interest, nothing. It is a delectable story of popular culture is a far cry from the time-honored pathway of salvation through Jesus (as in Tamar's story). In it is, at least related to it. We have many years to go before we might be able to feel the expression of the desire in the apparently rational.

This quotation may be of interest, coming as it does from a Christian saint. "For our part, I think the chief reason which prompted the invisible God to become visible in the flesh... was to lead captives away from the love of the flesh and to the beautiful love of his flesh... and afterwards, little by little, to spiritual love." Saint Bernard's view may seem overly idealistic yet it is as plausible a view as any. I would not dismiss it too quickly.

Joyce Carol Gates
Windsor, Ontario

The Playboy Forum offers the opportunity for an extended dialog between readers and editors of this publication on subjects and issues related to "The Playboy Philosophy." Address all correspondence to The Playboy Forum, Playboy Building, 119 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60611.

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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: JOHN DEAN

a candid conversation with the man who blew the whistle on richard nixon

When he was a boy he had been caught at some mischief and tried to worm his way out of it. "You're cornered, son," his father said, "and when you're cornered, there's only one way out. Tell the truth." That made sense to John Wesley Dean III, and some 30 years later—trapped this time in a web of intrigue he had helped weave around the White House—it still did. In March of 1973, Dean decided to tell everything he knew—or at least everything he had to—about the spreading scandal that had come to be known as Watergate. He knew plenty.

That June, with encyclopedic recall, the 36-year-old former Presidential counsel testified for five days before the Evans committee—and its estimated \$100,000 television viewers—about the political paranoia and ethical pragmatism that had led to the creation of a covert White House intelligence operation—the "plumbers"—that had not only committed the original break-in at the Democratic Watergate headquarters and the burglary of Daniel Ellsberg's psychiatrist's office but also laid plans to detonate five bombs, nugging squads, kidnapping teams and prostitution rings for the purpose of sabotaging the political opposition.

Dean also told about a far-reaching conspiracy to cover up these crimes—a

conspiracy that involved blackmail, hush money, perjury, destruction of evidence, even a death threat directed at White House aide Jeb Stuart Magruder by G. Gordon Liddy, mercurial leader of the plumbers. Dean testified that the cover up, which had involved nearly every high-ranking member of the White House staff, had been orchestrated by Presidential lieutenants H. R. Haldeman and John Ehrlichman with—and this was Dean's biggest bombshell—the express knowledge and consent of the President himself. Dean also confessed that his own transgressions included making a democracy offer to Watergate burglar James McCord a safehouse for his silence, coaching Magruder about how to lie on the stand and attempting to spur E. Howard Hunt, another of the Watergate break-in team, out of the country. He did not then admit as he was later forced to do, that he had also tossed him of Hunt's notebooks containing incriminating evidence into a White House shredder.

At his subsequent trial, however, Dean pleaded guilty only to one charge—conspiring to obstruct justice by hiding the truth about the Watergate operation—and dealt worked out with former Special Prosecutor Archibald Cox in exchange for his cooperation as a witness. Dean sought to lighten his sentence further by emphasizing the role he said he had

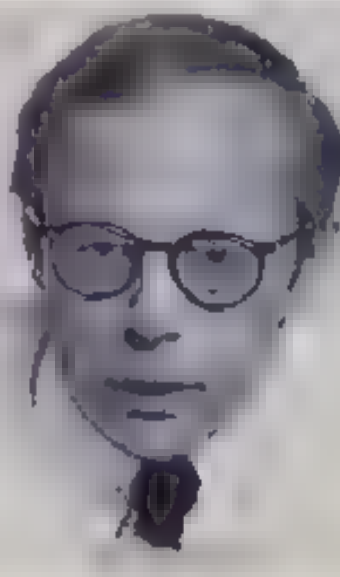
played—eventually corroborated by the White House tapes—in trying to end the cover-up. But he underplayed his role—also confirmed by the tapes—as an efficient executor of, even a cheerleader for, the Administration's repulsive policies. And on September 3, 1974, Dean exchanged his Brooks Brothers suit for prison denim and began to serve the one-to-four-year term to which he had been sentenced by Chief U. S. District Court Judge John J. Sirica.

It was a stunning end for one of the strangest success stories in American political history. Son of a prosperous Pennsylvania corporation vice-president, Dean had begun his career earnestly, as a precocious 17-year-old at Virginia's rural-straight Staunton Military Academy, where he roomed with Harry Goldwater, Jr. (and a close friend). At Wooster College in Ohio, Dean was only a C student majoring in political science, but he became known around campus as a cordily aggressive and relentless debater. He didn't make many friends, but his room-mate recalls that Dean would sometimes accept pay dollars or so—though he didn't need it—to write threats for other students and that he always delivered the goods they requested.

During a semester away from Wooster at American University in Washington, D.C., Dean met Keith Henning, the



"I tried to give President Nixon good advice, but I didn't have the courage to tell him, 'You're dead wrong.' Rather, I told him, 'If you want me to go out and sell 11 hentes, I'll sell 11 hentes.'"



"I think the decision not to prosecute Nixon will influence his role in history. The question of whether or not there will be further revelations involving him, I believe there will be. Big one."



"The severity of my sentence surprised me. I had never prepared myself. I had not been involved in planning the cover-up and the record is clear that, in my own way, I had tried to stop it."

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married and Dean enrolled at George town Law School, where a fellow student recalls that "he always looked like he'd just stepped out of the shower, even after a four-hour exam." And as a young attorney in 1965, Dean had no trouble landing a \$7500-a-year job with Welch and Morgan, a Washington firm that specialized in communism law, mostly in procuring TV licenses for its clients. Six months later, however, Dean was summarily fired after an angry dispute with the firm's senior partner. An associate at Welch and Morgan remembers Dean as "a very ambitious guy" had political connections. Well, you marry a Senator's daughter, you're bound to get a job on the Hill." How right he was. Within two months, despite the circumstances of his departure from the law firm, Dean was hired as chief minority counsel on the House Judiciary Committee. After a year on the \$7800 job, Dean left to become associate director of the National Commission on the Reform of Federal Criminal Law—at \$25,000 a year. Moonlighting with other Republican lawyers on Capitol Hill, he helped write the crime-related provision papers used by Nixon in his 1968 law-and-order campaign and was retained after the election with an appointment as associate deputy attorney general under John Mitchell.

In the course of his duties, Dean conferred often with Nixon speechwriters Pat Buchanan and with Egil Krogh, chief counsel of White House third-in-command John Ehrlichman, who was invariably impressed with his ability and modularity, and in June of 1971, he was invited to join the White House staff as chief counsel—at \$37,500. He accepted on the spot.

All went well for a while, although Dean, with his Ivy League wardrobe, his maroon Porsche, his taste for wine and his busy social life (he had quietly divorced Ruth before going to the White House), wasn't exactly in synch with the white socks-and-collared-shirt style of the Nixon White House staff. On a personal level, he and the imperious Ehrlichman cultivated a cordial dislike for each other; but he claims to have worked well—and become close friends—with the even more imperious Haldeman. This amiability began to deteriorate early in 1972, however, as Dean was drawn increasingly away from his legal responsibilities into closed-door sessions with Mitchell—chief law enforcement officer of the United States—and senior characters such as Hunt, Liddy and Special Counsel Charles Callahan about million-dollar plans for campaign "dirty tricks." One of the roughest opinions appeared at a subsequent meeting was carried out on the night of June 17, 1972.

a mission headed by Hunt and Liddy to break into and bug the Democratic National Headquarters at the Watergate. As the world knows by now, a piece of tape left carelessly on a door led to their arrest, precipitating a chain reaction that finally engulfed the Administration in the biggest political scandal in American history. As each fresh revelation showed the blame closer to the Oval Office, Dean was dragged deeper into what he finally told Nixon were "indictable" acts that wouldn't stop this "cancer on the Presidency" from spreading. But his warnings were ignored. Eventually, Dean could take no more, and resolved to ease the cancer—or at least to save himself from being consumed by it—by telling the truth.

What he did choose to tell he recited in measured and appalling detail, and while the backlink between him a liar and a criminal—the White House concocted a prison paper charging Dean with misleading not only the cover-up but also the conspiracy itself. And when that wouldn't fly, it tried floating a rumor that he'd cheated on his new wife, Marjorie. As explosive as his testimony was, it was still Dean's word against that of the President of the United States, and the doubts lingered among diehards until the release of the first tape transcripts confirmed Dean's version of events—and effectively put the lie to Nixon.

But as the evidence began to unfold the President's last line of defense, forcing him to resign, Dean had been convinced and was about to go to prison. Having witnessed at first the death of an epic drama he had helped create, did he think he had finally won, or that Nixon had lost? What, if anything, had he—and we—learned from this President Ford called "our long national nightmare"? For the answers to these and other questions, we turn to Los Angeles journalist and broadcaster Barbara Gandy to interview Dean a few days before his prison term began. (When President Ford pardoned Nixon, a couple of questions dealing with that topic were sent to Dean and answered—a few weeks after this interview took place.) Here is Gandy's report.

"People magazine had used the word cheeriness to describe John Dean's hilltop home in Beverly Hills, but I found it more of a sunny fortress with all the charm and warmth of Fernside, Member von Nixon's World War Two bunker. Two U.S. Marshals, looking like well-dressed bowmen, moved silently down through wrap-around windows from a second-story picture window to the front door. Dean greeted me and looking briefly up over his shoulder at his guardians, led me inside.

"Decorated in California Georgian with comfortable cushioned furnishings, the living room told a good deal about Dean's quick move to Los Angeles. The wall bookshelves were sparsely filled with expensive art books and current best sellers, nothing pictures stood leaning against two walls, personal mementos were conspicuous by their absence.

"As I was setting up my tape recorder, Dean came into the room briefly to greet me and tell her husband about her afternoon shopping plans. She kissed him goodbye and left. Dean then settled himself on one of the two long couches that faced each other in the center of the room. In the language of the Fifties, he looked sharp. In his French cashmere sweater, dark slacks and polished black loafers, with his unobtrusive-rimmed glasses and neatly parted short brown hair, he was an Ivy League Wally Cox.

It was easy to see how Haldeman and Ehrlichman could have underestimated Dean. As a friend and confidant, but it he was only a 'prize fish' that swam around the sharks. But for all his Town and Country Eastern breeding, there was something of the shuck about him, in his plain his disavowals, Dean had been very much one of 'the boys in the Build' as someone had called the White House staff if only in the sense that he ethic seemed governed not by what was right but by what worked. In telling me that he saw no difference between Republicans and Democrats, Dean was telling me that he worked for Nixon less because he admired him or his policies than because he was the President. Subsequent events also made it clear that he worked less for the President than he did for himself.

"Given smiling wryly, Dean refused to speak on any subject that dealt specifically with Watergate matters still in litigation. It was impossible for me to coax him from his go-to-it stance, but frequently as he talked around certain questions, clues to those that he would be compelled to answer at the courtroom trial and dropped by hints of 'more in some details surfaced. personalities emerged: most of all, and perhaps unintentionally, his own. Until now, the dimensions of Watergate had been defined almost entirely in terms of tapes, transcripts, affidavits, testimony. In breaking his silence, if only to speak to write, Dean has added at least a footnote—or perhaps it's only a preface—to the story of his own place in history."

PLAYBOY: Your fall from Government was as meteoric as your rise within it. Do you have the beads?

DEAN: Al I can say is that this has been an amazing education for me. It is a sad

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take a week to tell you everything I've learned—especially about myself, since being through this interview now and a week I'll be in prison, let me say simply that this has been the most important experience of my life. There's a lot of things I don't know, for example, the fact that my Government record ended where it began, before the House Judiciary Committee. After a very short time, I was released from the prison and I was brought back to work at the desk, that I appeared as a witness in the impeachment inquiry against the President of the United States. It's kind of a relief, you know.

PLAYBOY: Another worry is the fact that your departure from Government is suited to your emergence in the wake of the Ervin committee hearings, as a kind of media star. Has this strange new status disrupted your life in any way?

DEAN: Well, it's become a full-time existence. The only place I go—airports—where I'm recognized. I don't go to the gym, even when I'm wearing dark glasses. I suppose it's not surprising, though, considering the fact that I was on television all day every day for five days in June 1973 by around 80,000,000 people.

PLAYBOY: What's the general attitude of the people who recognize you? Do you sense much hostility?

DEAN: Not at all. I guess if people feel it, they're reluctant to show it in any face. When I do get on double takes, you know, and the whispering, and the pointing, but no one has ever come up and spoken to me with an angry remarking. It's kind of a relief, and that's been enough as well as a relief.

PLAYBOY: How about your family?

DEAN: Our family has continued to be voluminous in fact it's out of hand. Most people write to say thank you. And they use the word courage a lot. I hope to thank them all someday for their kind words of support.

PLAYBOY: What do they thank you for?

DEAN: For telling them what was going on.

PLAYBOY: And the rest of the lot?

DEAN: Maybe one or two out of every 100 call me. Among their foremost book I have are the ones that aren't signed.

PLAYBOY: Have you received any threats?

DEAN: There have been threats from time to time from various official channels, as well as through the mail.

PLAYBOY: What kind of official channels?

DEAN: I'm afraid I can't be more specific.

PLAYBOY: I'm sure you're smart enough so that

the Special Prosecutor would have noticed them.

DEAN: I testified before the Senate. Protection was given during the summer after

my testimony, and then it resumed again

full time shortly after the first of 1971.

I've had a U.S. Marshal with me 24 hours

a day since then, so there's been a total

loss of freedom. I only wish I'd received a "life" of my sentence for the loss of my freedom, this protective custody imposed on me.

PLAYBOY: If the public or general security has been put in jeopardy, what about the people who were your pre-Watergate friends? Have you lost any?

DEAN: No, not at all.

PLAYBOY: I know you've had some of the other members of the White House staff—men you used to work with—who have all returned on you?

DEAN: For some reasons, I feel no bitterness toward them. Surprise, disappointment, but no bitterness.

PLAYBOY: No sense of personal betrayal?

DEAN: Someday I'll have a lot of things to say about them that they won't want to hear. But I won't do it out of bitterness. I'll simply tell what happened for the sake of making the historical record accurate and complete. All the chapters of this story haven't been written yet, though. Not by any means. Maybe my own feelings will change. I don't know.

PLAYBOY: What about you relating to the other people long with the others played in the Watergate conspiracy?

DEAN: I feel guilt about having misused my office to obstruct justice. The other way it now appears to me in a far different light than it did when I was a staff member. With a fancy title. If the key White House tapes are ever made public, they will show that I was an agent rather than a participant.

There's no question that I participated in the cover-up. The most haunting guilt I feel, however, is for taking so long to muster my own internal fortitude, to resist and say "I can't go any further."

PLAYBOY: At the time the cover-up policy was begun, weren't you determined to help carry it out?

DEAN: Yes, that did happen in many ways. There were times after the election when I was very much in a

state of mind. The nights were very tough at home. I drank too much, and I had trouble sleeping. But when I became aware of what had happened, I could see the

falling together, and I just couldn't receive of any alternative to cover-up.

There was virtually nobody I could talk to about it. My friends had

phoned me to do that.

PLAYBOY: Didn't you ever find anybody to confide in?

DEAN: I did. I had a friend, a former CIA agent, who was in his

office and told him as a friend that I was scared to death because I just didn't know what was going on for the country. Today

he denies that happened, but I guess he has to. In any case I was frightened be-

cause I thought it would go all the way to

the top, to the President. It could shatter the image of the Presidency, affect all our relations with foreign countries.

It's a part of history. But the President was in a way to send down the war in Vietnam, and that seemed to be more important than anything else. I believed that nothing should be allowed to jeopardize that overriding issue.

My God, with a weakened President, what would happen if the Russian invaded the country? I used to lie awake nights with terrible thoughts like that. What could I do? I had

months of my document. I decided to go in the prosecution and tell them the

truth. I was a lawyer, I was a

man. Bob Haldeman and John Ehrlichman had borrowed me very much because

of Haldeman's importance. It was the President worked. Haldeman was

merely an efficient manager of the

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here were simply too many people involved in the cover-up, that the truth was going to come out anyway?

DEAN: I wasn't sure. But I knew it was possible to continue the cover-up. After McCord released his letter a judge on the bench there was a series of telephone calls around the White House. Our assumption was that none of us would be touched—that McCord would have been sending out there along with his letter saying that higher-ups were involved. There was that much insulation. I at White House could not have been seriously hurt by the re-election committee if everybody had agreed to be less than truthful. However, by this time, in late March 1974, I had finally decided that I couldn't continue to go along with this. **PLAYBOY:** Vermin, you awed by the thought of the vast repercussions your decision was bound to have?

DEAN: Very much so. Also, it's never fun to be a fat target. And, as I said, it was particularly unpleasant for me to have to furnish the office of the President a public. But I had reached the conclusion that while it might be a little painful for me and my family, we were very small to a very large picture, and I felt I could be a catalyst for resolving it all.

PLAYBOY: Was your week of testimony as anguishing as you'd anticipated?

DEAN: I had one of those periods of anguish had ended for me when I decided to tell what I knew. It's easy when you're telling the truth. So what I felt then was a deep sense of relief. There were a few unexpected moments, however. My committee appearances each day. I'd go home and a lot of friends would come over and want to turn the television on and watch my testimony with me. That was something I just couldn't do. Once was enough. I was very familiar with what I'd said, and I really didn't want to hear it again.

And the appearances were physically exhausting. You'll notice that in all the pictures of my Senate committee testimony, I'm always leaning forward. On the first day, Bush asked me to pull the mike toward me, but I couldn't because the wire was too short. So I had to lean forward in order to be heard. Later witnesses had a longer wire, but I had in all there the entire week, bending forward, and by the end of the day, my back and neck were ached. When I got home at night I'd have to get them massaged. There's also for an excuse to get your wife to give you a back rub. Plus there was the issue of answering those questions. And you've got to sit down sometime and read aloud for six hours at a stretch to see what it does to your throat.

Well, finally Friday came, and they wanted me to finish my testimony that day because other witnesses were scheduled

for the following week. I had been drinking water all day because of my throat. By late afternoon I had to go to the bathroom so badly I was about ready to explode. So I asked my lawyer to get a signal to Bush that I had to take a break. But Charlie said, "If you interrupt this now, you're going to be back here on Monday." So they're getting ready for their first round of questions and Gurney and Thompson are ready to show their last hostility at me. And I was sitting there in almost unbearable pain, but still drinking water for my throat. By the end of this last afternoon session, my hands were starting to tremble. One or two newsmen picked that up and thought the Senators had lit on some sensitive area of questioning that had really rattled me. What was rattling me, of course, was that my back teeth were floating. But I didn't want to begin another work, so I just sat there until it was through. You can't believe how quickly I made it out of that room and around the corner to the phone.

PLAYBOY: You've been quoted as saying that Senator Weicker's "holding" question in the course of your testimony before the Senate committee extracted certain things from you that you wouldn't have said otherwise, and that there were other things that the committee could have found out if it had asked. Have these things since come out?

DEAN: Some. But some are not totally relevant to part of the criminal investigations as I'm going on. There will be a time, however, when I'll sit down and re-examine my years at the White House and they'll be a part of that.

PLAYBOY: Would it be premature for this sort of thing to be made public now?

DEAN: I think it would be at the time of this interview, because it could adversely affect the reputations of those currently under indictment and might influence the outcome of their trials.

PLAYBOY: But shouldn't the public know the facts?

DEAN: Yes, and I think I have a duty to do so. I'm explaining those things I don't know about, but not now. I've already given a very handsome book contract of letters to me, but I turned it down at the request of the Special Prosecutor's office.

PLAYBOY: Well, can you tell us if you've testified to everything you know about Nixon's involvement in Watergate and the cover-up?

DEAN: Anything I might add to what I've testified about President Nixon's role in Watergate would involve others whose cases have not yet been resolved, so I'll have to defer on that one, too.

PLAYBOY: What do you think would have happened if, prior to your testimony before the Senate committee—Nixon had decided to tell the whole truth himself?

DEAN: If the President had stepped forward and told the American people what he'd done and vowed to spend



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A woman with voluminous blonde hair is shown from the chest up, wearing a black, strapless, form-fitting dress. She is looking directly at the camera with a slight smile. Her right arm is raised, and she is holding a small, rectangular, textured object (possibly a gift drum) near her shoulder. The background is dark and out of focus.

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the rest of his term making it up to them—I think a lot of people would have said, "Well, he's an awful man and we might as well let him finish it out."

PLAYBOY Don't you think that a full, truthful confession would have subjected him to impeachment or criminal prosecution?

DEAN I doubt it. Nobody would have noticed it. That was probably my thinking when I finally—on March 21, 1973—went to see him about what was happening to the Presidency. It also came up in a later conversation when I did I don't know when to the Prosecutor. It was a difficult conversation for both of us. Before I left the office, I felt I had to make my best bet that he might be impeached. But I brought it up almost indirectly when I told him that I thought that if things were handled right, he would not be impeached. The President said to me with an almost reverent laugh and a smile, "Well, I assure you, Jimmy, it will be a human struggle and have to be a quiet struggle and order in my way to try to avoid impeachment by keeping the lid on, but by taking it off. The compulsion to hide—the conviction that telling the truth would mean curtains—was too strong."

PLAYBOY You said later that during that conversation with the President about impeachment, you had had a creepy feeling that it was sparking or he recognized that it might be revealing your conversation. Were you shocked when you found out that he had been talking to me and never to a clerk?

DEAN I was elated. After all, the White House and Reagan's supporters had been calling me a liar. I remember, after my appearance at the hearings, I was taking a few weeks off to relax at the beach in Florida and Dash called and said, "John, I'd like you to come back to Washington." And I said, "Is it important, Sam?" I'd really like to spend another few days down there before I get back in. He told me that. And he said, "It's very important." So I flew back and met with Sam and one of the people on the staff in my house. Dash opened with some of his stories and a few general questions and I was thinking, "Why in the hell does he want me out here for—?" But I said he said to me, "John, you & Lynn believed that all your conversations with the President was taped. Do you think all of his staff did the same? Look in the White Building conversations to do have been taped." And I said, "Yes, I don't know, but I'll tell you how you could find out. First I would go to Albert Rosen, the head of the White House Communications Agency, and subpoena him. He's a military man and I think he'd be terrified because he wants to protect his career and would not want to be caught lying. If he doesn't know about it, the other people who would know about it would be the Secret Service." And Sam started smiling.

"Well, we have confidential information that all

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that the tapes show that. Remember where he said, "Well, we're carrying a lot of the press this time? Particularly during the campaign, there was a lot of editorial support for the President at both ends of the political spectrum. I think there's been a bit of overplay about Presidential paranoia toward the press, particularly by the press itself. There's no doubt that there were elements in the White House who were convinced were not to do what the President. These they defined as "enemies" and said, "We'll get them out."

A press conference in the White House, I think, was a very good example of the White House's attitude about the whole press. If any time the Administration tried to manipulate the press, it was a very good example of the White House's attitude about the whole press.

PLAYBOY: But it didn't stop with news management. When the Administration used FCC license-renewal powers as a club to subsidize local TV stations, and when the telephone bureau to CBS News had Richard Nixon over an uninvited friendly breakfast that he should send White House correspondents. But rather I think to Texas, that was intimidation, not news management.

DEAN: No question about it. But I think we've got to get the press is independent. It's strong enough to do what it wants. It's strong enough to do what it wants. It's strong enough to do what it wants.

PLAYBOY: In the daily news summaries you prepared for the President by the White House staff, was there any indication of the press's attitude toward the White House?

DEAN: No. I think the press is independent. It's strong enough to do what it wants. It's strong enough to do what it wants. It's strong enough to do what it wants.

PLAYBOY: They didn't play at Nixon's pressmen.

DEAN: In some instances they did. For example, every now and then the White House would send a batch of political cartoons to the news columns. But I think they were not a lot of use. I think they were not a lot of use.

PLAYBOY: Then Nixon had some sense of a false sense of security with regard to public opinion about the Administration.

DEAN: Well, he got that much from his staff. But he did read *The Washington Post* and *The New York Times*. In many instances, he'd talk about things he'd read in the papers.

PLAYBOY: Was he as naive and as we've been led to believe.

DEAN: Yes, very naive. One thing that impressed me early on was his refusal to read directly with most members of his staff. Everything was so controlled through Haldeman and Ehrlichman and Kissinger that he seldom got the flavor of what the rest of his staff was thinking. An opinion paper might be sent in, but that wasn't the same as giving the man who wrote it argue that opinion in front of you and being able to ask him questions.

PLAYBOY: Were any of those opinions that were offered to Nixon the kind of things that could have been expected to be unpopular with him, or were they narrow in those his senior staff thought he could deal with?

DEAN: I think the opinion was the guttural. It's been reported in the press that Nixon could deal with any kind of criticism as long as it was in written form. But he simply couldn't deal with any kind of face-to-face confrontation. Is that true?

DEAN: Well, let me give you a brief example from the morning he asked for my resignation. I refused to give it to him without the assurance that Haldeman and Ehrlichman were also going to resign. I was very surprised by his reaction to my refusal. He was flustered. He was nervous. And he cried in. He had obviously been misleading me when I said that he already had Haldeman and Ehrlichman's resignations.

PLAYBOY: Why don't you go draft a letter that they can use for a number of years? When I read the transcript of the conversation, I was very surprised. I was very surprised. I was very surprised.

DEAN: Well, I think that's a good idea. I think that's a good idea. I think that's a good idea. I think that's a good idea. I think that's a good idea.

PLAYBOY: What do you think held Nixon, Haldeman and Ehrlichman together? Was it friendship, the loyalty of a shared past or just a shared paranoia?

DEAN: I think it was a shared paranoia. I think it was a shared paranoia. I think it was a shared paranoia. I think it was a shared paranoia. I think it was a shared paranoia.

PLAYBOY: I was always a good friend of his. I was always a good friend of his. I was always a good friend of his. I was always a good friend of his. I was always a good friend of his.

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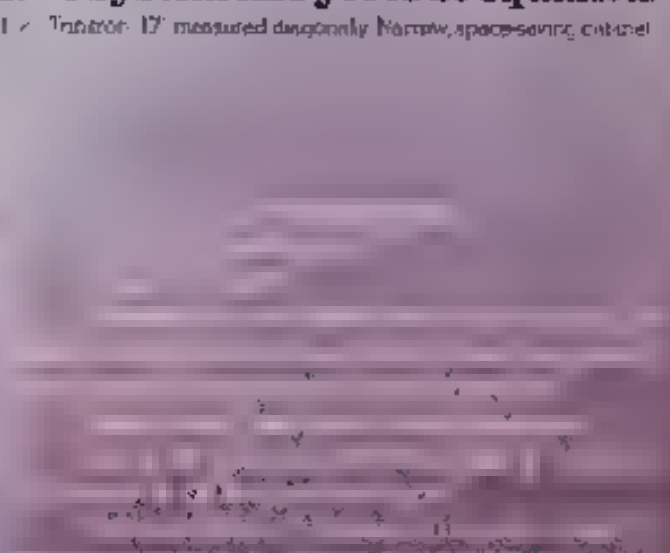
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THE BEAUTY OF ONE GUN.

Trinitron's unique one-gun, one-lens system has yet to be equalled.

Models KX-1 & Trinitron 17" measured diagonally. Narrow, space-saving cabinet.



For a picture
as bright as the sun,
as sharp as a razor,
as clear as a crystal ball,
you need a picture
as big as the sun.
So big gets you a
focused picture.

Also, these are the only guns of the mill
beams we're shooting.

Because only Trinitron has something
called an Aperture Grille.

Translated: The picture you see is made up
of unbroken stripes, not isolated dots or slots.

So, add an Aperture Grille and you have
a brighter picture.

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less to say all-solid-state.

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The spirit of success.

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Can you spot the Camel Filters smoker?



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Almost every skier up here today has a g-manick. Find the one who doesn't.
1. Nope. He's Sanford P. Bruchberg, resort owner.

2. Grimick. Every weekend predicts "two inches of powder," is convinced it's his wife—wearing heavy make-up. Just bought some paper, incense, mouth, cigarettes, and they turned to slush.
3. She's Arlene Houie. Cut grimick. Stretch pants so tight she mends them with spray paint. Thinks a ski pole is a "athlete" from Warsaw.
4. No, he's

Boyer & Dunn, begins. Skis like a man being attacked by a lumber yard. Has been picked up so often by ski patrol they've sewn a handle on his ankle. His filter cigarette's taste is recessed so far it sounds like tickets he brings in.
5. Right. He likes to put on skis and grimicks too. Camel Filters. No nanger, just good taste and great tobacco.
6. He's Gay Avander, ski mode. He's either wearing a hug for hat, or he's hebe is unbecoming. Thinks a giant's also is something you buy in an Italian deli.
7. A pigeon, on his way to a formal dance.

Camel Filters.
They're not for everybody
(but they could be for you).

CAMEL



Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

10 mg. "tar," 1.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette. FTC Report MAR. 74



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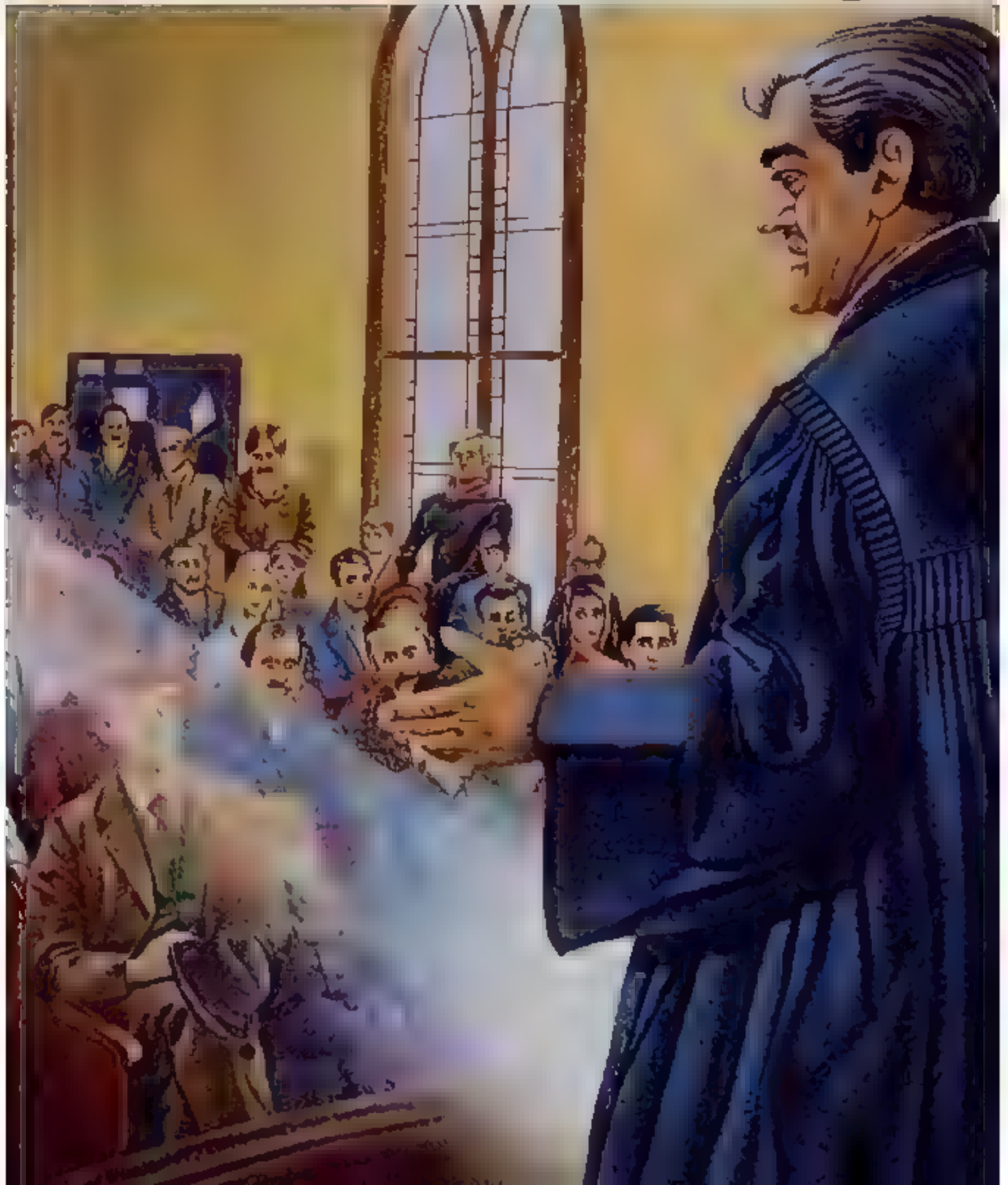
New York • Chicago • Detroit • Los Angeles • San Francisco • London • Tokyo

joy to the
world, the preacher's
wife has come

fiction By JOHN UPDIKE Illustrated by Virginia H. F. J. The preacher's wife, at first, was a surprise to dynamism only of the men of the church. I was an interest in our flock and its flock, turning the people's eyes, felt me a popular and less attendance. I was in the church, but the Reverend Father's (she) believed in nothing so becoming as a woman's life as the leaving of it, with a voluntary request to the church for it. At any



A Month of Sundays



... I nominal members stayed away from the black pews as from an uncollecting point, until the word went aloud in the land that let the new parson was not a building one but a hunted. Oh, shame upon me as I recall those Sundays, my sermons so fetchingly agonized, so seductively ... I ... happy in my work, pale ... of holy agitation, self-pleasing in my sleepless sweat, a fevered scapegoat taking ... regarded me with guarded but approbatory grimace as a curious sort of specialist. The thick smoke thicker than direct from between the legs of their sea of wives. But enough of such sheepskin. I was sincere, and the work has meaning. ... spoiled ... grew, while writing hung ... like entrails in a butcher's shop, and no collection of interior pornography improved as technical quality (the early profusion expunged by computer enhancement from these latest Danes ... ports), and the organ before ... shed a glow ...

... and rather metronomic. My organist ... the previous church had been a ... and ... the ... of ... on the bench like a flywheel ... the pews to swaying ... so the plates slapped from hand ... and like the bouncing ball at a singalong, sweeping the floors became a franchise. There was so much ... then. Ah, why do you stop ... and these wuercracks? When ... I play, I wondered if the thick soles of your trendy shoes wouldn't keep you ... pedaling properly. Chutrense ... peeked from beneath your ... Behind your tinted conoidal spectacles, were your red ... eyes really so shifty? I found out, didn't I?

Mrs. Cuck, did you feel you vulgar ... *A Mighty Fortress* a dash ... She is divorced, with two small ... Hire the handicapped. Her age ... more is on that of it. ... her lips, stiff as a sugar rose ... pulent monacle flash of one or the other of her spectacles as she tips her head good me to add, "At your tempo. *A Mighty Fortress* might be the better title. You tell the choir (proceed) ... halfway down the aisle."

"The children's choir dawdled (sing out)" is Mrs. Cuck's response. And "You

can't drag every hymn just because it's religious."

... retrospect, and no doubt then as ... enough my prickles of dislike, I loved her standing up to me. Life, that's what we seek in one another even with the DNA molecule cracked and our vitality attenuated before us as a ... in Pinkerney.

"There's such a thing as feeling," I ...

... and ...

When I ... the ... past as, on many a night, the clatter of the choristers having closed in a wash of ... lights, she would switch off the organ ... 250 red ink electropneumatic, with a ... (halloping of steps), gather to her breasts her *Sunfische Orgelwerke* von Dietrich Buxtehude and *Chorales Completes pour Orgue de J. S. Bach* *Année et Douceur par M. J. L. 1792* *Tabernacle Favorites for the Organ* and sigh ... the ...

Good night, Mrs. Cuck. ...

The draft from her opening the door, traveling along the carpet with a ... man's tread, arrived at my ankles ... the closing ... I feel my cassock sway in this ... deal winter. Reverend, ... the ... her life apart from Thursday nights and ... She gave piano lessons ... She had two ... Sunday school. She must have had lovers.

"You are implying," I said on the above-mentioned occasion, "that?" My ... of the watcher ... for some time, not ... the ...

She sat on the rim of a pew and hugged her pastel sheaf of music tighter. In this ... position her knees, bonier than the rest of her, protruded and pressed white edges into the stretchy knit ... tights. Was she about to weep? Her voice was dry. "I'm sorry. I don't know what I was implying. You ...

... saying something else has upset me, not you."

"Would you like to tell me what?" I asked, though it was more about me, but image of me if I wanted to hear.

"Oh, some man, some stupid man."

"Who won't marry you?"

She looked up, her eyes behind the tinted lenses blurred. I never, as a rule, look toward people's eyes. Their mouths tell all. Hers was tense, prim. "That

man ...

... again. "You just get so tired," she said, of another "you." In weak apology.

I was anxious not to overdo, I ... my vestments, which vent me, enable me to speak with a voice coming from elsewhere ... the Gothic carpentry of the ... the night, outside the pews and ... only of ... me as if trying to build a house of ... in the air between the cavity of my ... and the glow of her bowed head. Then palms tingled. To this moment, toward ... I ... I had never ... to my wife ... been tempestuous as strong, but ... to be resigned had been weaker.

"Tired of what? Tell me." She lifted her face; her face was behind glass.

What did I mean ... And imposing backward upon the ... the later moment when only she was behind glass, her face and her hair, was ... Or did my knowledge that a process of seduction was at work, that this face could, if not now, later be touched, ... create in panic a transparent ...

... I ...

I ... when ... a golf club or partying with a woman. Let the club do the work. ... have resolved, also, in this pocket of my ... to make her pay later for this ... of hers, or again this may be read in retrospect, a later loop of the film overlapping.

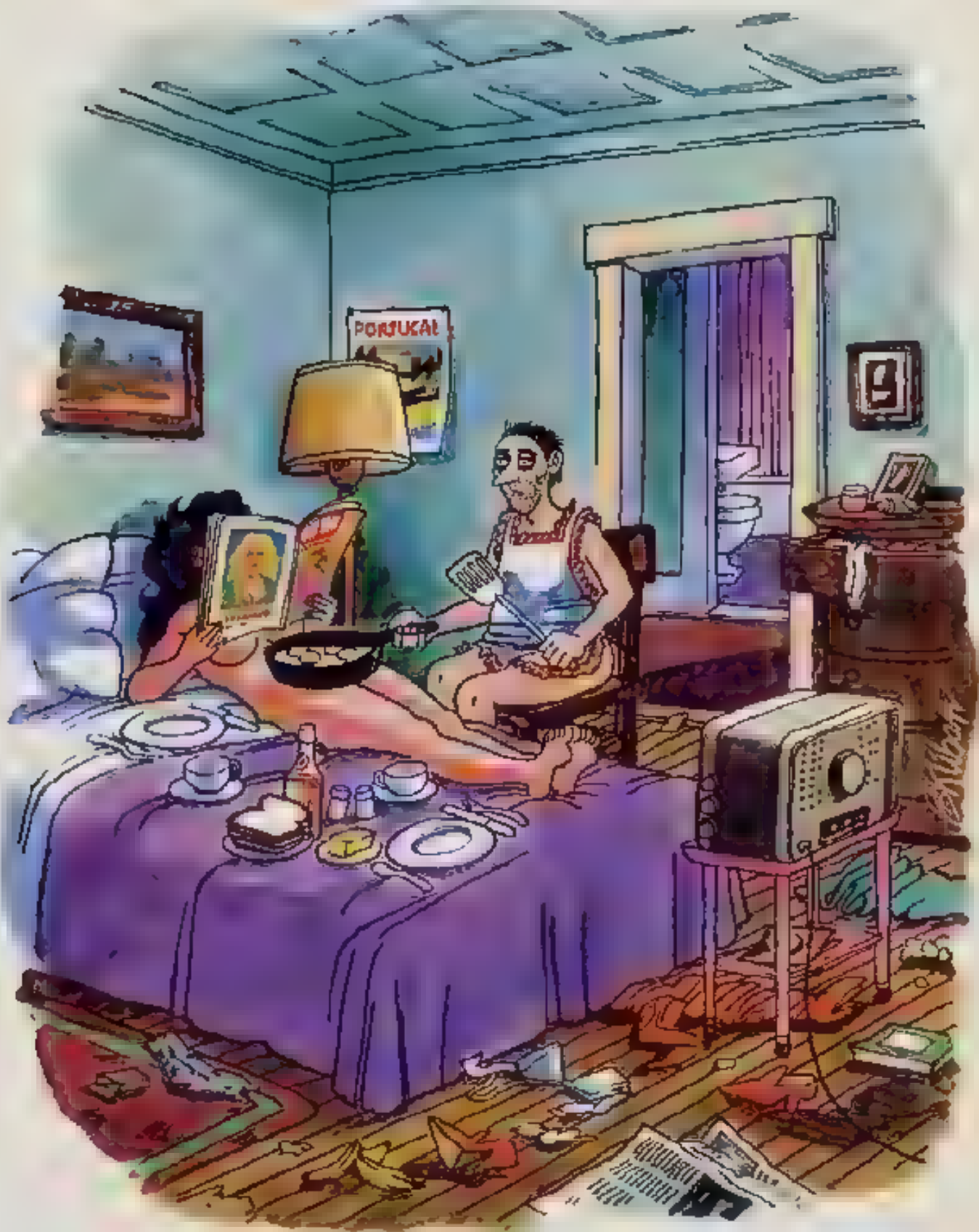
"How did you know me?" said I ... a modern clerk, perhaps ...

A ... she became arguer ... "she said "I don't understand goodness. The term doesn't have ... Things happen, ... I know you ... You exaggerate ... the edge of eter ... the congrega ...

... why they're hating, or going ... empty, or knocked up ... ever. You shouldn't act out your personal psychodrama on their time. I ...

"I see," I said, lying.

She saw I was ... she said



"it's not easy Alvin being married a new wife now"

and I saved the fish of concubines stealing that arrogant grin-chewing cool from her features. "Don't be so angry about patterns and obstacles that are all in your head."

"Angry? Am I?"

"I'd say," Alicia said, "you're the angriest man I've ever met."

So you've met angry men before. But I didn't ask that. I asked her neutrally. "What do you think I'm angry about?"

"What we're all angry about. You're unhappy."

It's nothing, still cooking my soup with interior vows of revenge. I asked her calmly. And what makes me so unhappy?

I assumed she would answer. Your theology. Instead she said, "You think I'm angry."

Am I perfect? I asked, the words coming yet clumsily unprepared, just beyond me, in some private angel's update.

My dear sexy organism laughed. The laugh filled the church-like golden mud-or-do-I-misquote? It's terrible, she pronounced, joyous and merry and her knees thrust wholly through her panty hose by some stress in her perching position. "It's worse than mine even and that's what has kept you."

There is a Biblical phrase whose truth I often loved: "Scars tell him no more, he was right, in his belief of centrally eldritch gold, this angel had come and with a shining sword washed the gray (as carbon, it, as brain cells) walls of my prison."

This day's action took place late in Lent. I found her in the vestibule of a church of Holy Saturday gathering her in between the fence doors going onto the nave and the weather-stripped doors going onto the expectant north, gathering her into my arms, her head tossed with hair above the worn back of Lenten pamphlets and appropriate verses directed at the audience, the church, the door. She was a good girl, going in to my arms, a startling sign and, conflicted, unresisting, a softness. Her forehead was a spot and cool, her body. After Easter, her black Chewbacca propped calmly having seen a gasket, she let me drive her home and took me upstairs to her bed.

Probably the conversation as I have set it down is a medley of several scattered laughs, not out of position past hearts, interlarded in daily cool and looks, mounted by words. A liquid was and spoke, side or even downward, moist with white out, pale, hands groped for the handles of all the automobiles.

* * *

Alicia in bed was a revelation. At last I confronted an in an ecstasy,

in, not my own sexual deson. In such a hurry we did not always take time to remove socks and neckties and underthings that clung to us after the shocks of episodes. We would tumble upon her low square bed, whose headboard was a rectangle of oak and whose bedspread a quiltwork sunburst, and she would push me down and her right hand spayed on her belly, digging upward the unfastened girdle of her public fur so as to make an invasy. I would see here I know my honored phallus, whose neck she had fixed with fingers and lips, and whisper and come and sin, and come up to her vaginal stem, from so captious my ultra-sensitive glans and through a delicate skin as a fish, and politely declined to proliferate so that she came once more and her white-skinned joy, witnessed her own laugh from her chest. This laughing was it, premeditated for me under my wife's administration, sex has been a serious business.

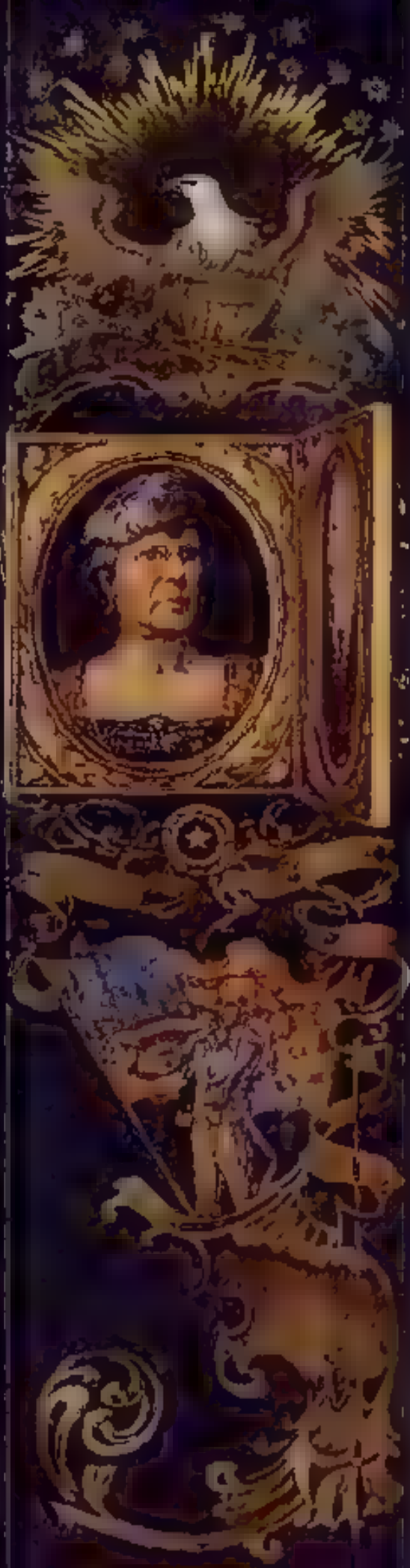
Her many breasts were small but smartly tipped, her waist comfortably thick, her feet homely and webbed, looking as were her active hands, all muscle and bone, and her pubic patch, as I have said, the curious no-color or tarnished gilt gold dulled to the edge of brown, the high note of her blonde head transposed to a seductive chin.

At the join of Alicia's abdomen and thighs you could count the ten ribs one by one; they thickened in the center to a virtual beard that, when we snuggled together, were returning to the sensory world, she would let me shape with soap into a pretty posture. She loved her own cunt, handled it and evoked of it as if it were not the means to a could cur a ritual used, tender and tiny and in haste and most consciously willful. "My little cunt," she told me. "I fuck with my cunt." "I'm kissing my own cunt," she sighed unforgettably once when I leaned my mouth fresh from below and pressed it wet upon her own. The lover as violator. The lover as skinned, the lover as stuck from earth to cloud to earth.

Though she was a fair enough sky herself. We played on each other like children in mudles, labored and stared, labored and stared. The mud of her, white and rose and polio, after all have seen.

Play. There was that, in daylight, laughing over a marriage bed of high-tone solemnity and spirit religion, spirit usually at the wrong angle, at the moment when the cup had been withdrawn. What fun my forgotten old body turned out to be.

(continued on page 92)





THE UNITED STATES CELEBRATES
SPECIAL ANNIVERSARY THIS YEAR AND IN THE SPIRIT
OF OUR HISTORIC SESQUICENTQUADRAGENARINOVENNIAL
WE PAUSE TO REMEMBER OUR GLORIOUS PAST
AND TO HONOR SOME OF THE MEN AND MOUSETEARS
WHO MADE IT WHAT IT WAS

Happy 199th

AMERICA!

THIS IS A HISTORIC OCCASION. It is the year of America's sesquicentennial—our 150th birthday. It is a year that makes us think back to our past, our heritage, our great traditions. And we at PLAYBOY would be remiss if we failed to strike up a brass band and celebrate with a few fireworks of our own. And so, we salute you, America—beginning with your top men, our Presidents!

George Washington will always be remembered as the father of our country, but these days people enjoy going over his elaborate expense accounts and talking about his wooden false teeth. The accounts prove that he was, indeed, a considerable imagination, but the part about the teeth is a malicious slander. He had several sets of dentures in his lifetime. One was carved from walrus tusk; another was lead-based and inset with hippo, cow and elephant teeth; and his last set, built around a metal spring that held them in place, boasted a variety of such tusks and teeth—including a couple from people who weren't using them anymore. Let there be no more tasteless jokes about splinters.

Our next President, John Adams, was also known as His Rotundity. It was suggested in public during his term that he had sent someone to England to procure four actresses—two for himself and two for his Vice-President. When Adams heard the allegation, he shrugged it off, saying that if it were so, the someone kept them all for himself. His son, John Quincy Adams, was our sixth President, and he was accused of serving on one occasion as a pimp for the czar of Russia, in spite of Washington's warnings about foreign entanglements. Old Quincy, in a departure from his proper New England upbringing, also went skinny-dipping in the Potomac every chance he got. Between the Adamses, of course, came Thomas Jefferson, who, in a democratic gesture, freed his slaves—after many democratic gestures in the barn with those who struck his fancy. Another of his interests was vivisection. Tom experimented with animals so frequently that one wing of Monticello became known as Dogs' Misery.

James Madison we remember for being all of five feet, four inches tall and for having a memorable idea on national defense: When war with Great Britain seemed imminent, he proposed that the U.S., instead of building a Navy from scratch, simply rent Portugal's. Martin Van Buren was rumored to be Aaron Burr's illegitimate son. He wasn't actually that interesting, but his Vice-President, Richard M. Johnson, was. He considerably improved on Jefferson's earlier example by keeping three black mistresses and making absolutely no secret of it.

Then there was Millard Fillmore.

There were a few vague rumors about Honest Abe's having other women, but talk chiefly centered on his family most of whom—such was the loyalty he inspired—were Southern sympathizers and slaveholders. One of Lincoln's brothers-in-law called him "one of the greatest scoundrels unhung." Word of Mary's disloyalty reached such proportions that Abe felt obliged to go up Capitol Hill and assure a

Congressional committee that there was no treason in his family. The unfortunate Andrew Johnson was drunk when he was sworn in as Lincoln's second Vice-President. He was drunk again when he took the Presidential oath. General Grant, as President, did his best to follow in Johnson's footsteps. Like many drinkers, he trusted his fellow man. On the solid advice of his phrenologist—whom he saw twice a week—he let his friends pull off the great Crédit mobilier scandal. But then, during the Civil War, eight generals were appointed from his little prewar home town of Galena, Illinois—making it the next hotbed of military talent since Sparta.

You probably don't remember President Tilden, even though he actually won the election of 1876, since he made a deal

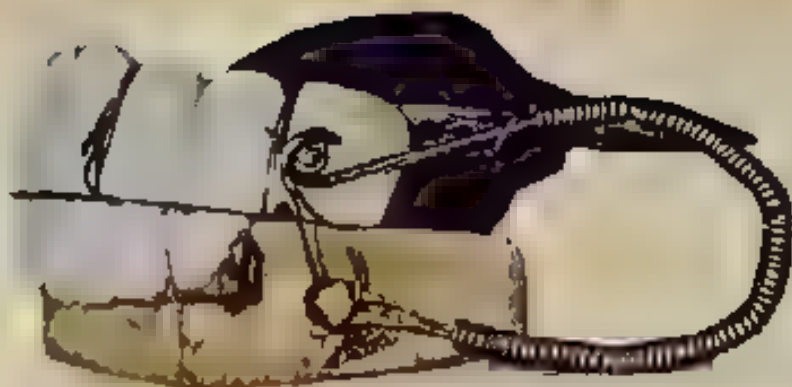
that gave it all to his Republican opponent, Rutherford B. Hayes. Another of our finest elections took place shortly afterward, in 1884, featuring Grover Cleveland and James G. Blaine. Back in Buffalo, Cleveland had carefully cultivated his bachelorhood and liked to relax at a men's club where women were allowed, provided they weren't related by marriage to a member of the club. A fling with one guest resulted in child support and some attempted blackmail for Cleveland. The Republicans did their best to tell people about it. On Blaine's side, he had clearly taken some bribes and was blithe enough to admit it, though it seemed honestly earned money to him. So the Democrats chanted "Blaine, Blaine, James G. Blaine, The gentleman from the state of Maine!" and the Republicans replied, "Ma, ma, where's my pa? Gone to the White House—ha, ha, ha!" It never got that lively again.



Our most celebrated Presidential scandaler and, justly so, is Warren G. Harding. His brief Administration was highlighted by the Teapot Dome scandal, rumors about his affair with young Nan Britton (substantiated a few years later, when she wrote a book about it claiming she had a child to prove it) and general ineptitude. He once told his biographers, "My God, this is a hell of a job! I have no trouble with my enemies. I can take care of my enemies all right. But my damn friends, my goddam friends, White, they're the ones who keep me walking the floor nights." When he died, many people believed that his wife had poisoned him.

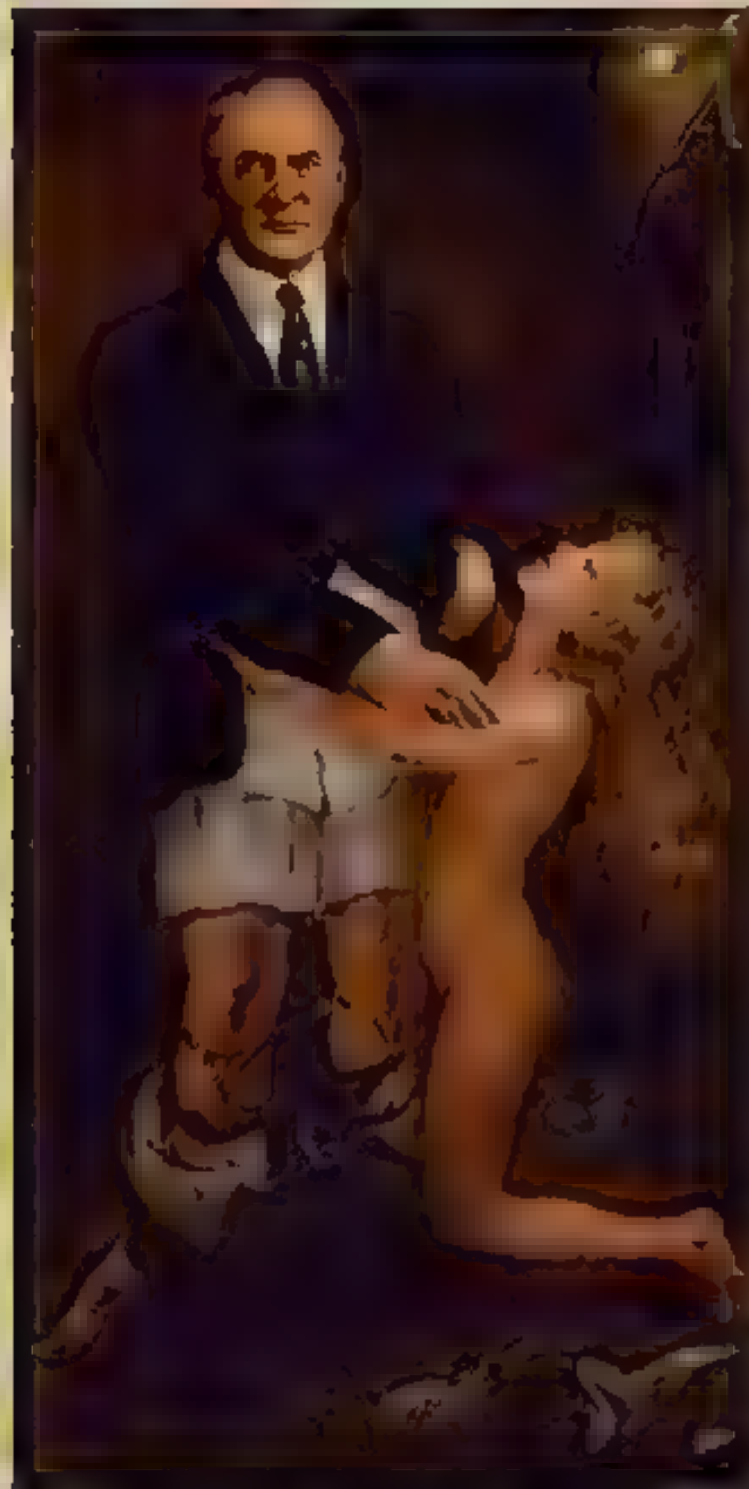
Certainly, there is much to know about our Presidents. But we can stop with Harding. It is a hell of a job. We should give every man who takes it a mug of beer and credit at the liquor store.

Many historians credit President Warren G. Harding (below) with two unforgettable achievements: growing his magnificent mane of silvery hair and holding the first joint session of Congress ever held in a White House closet.

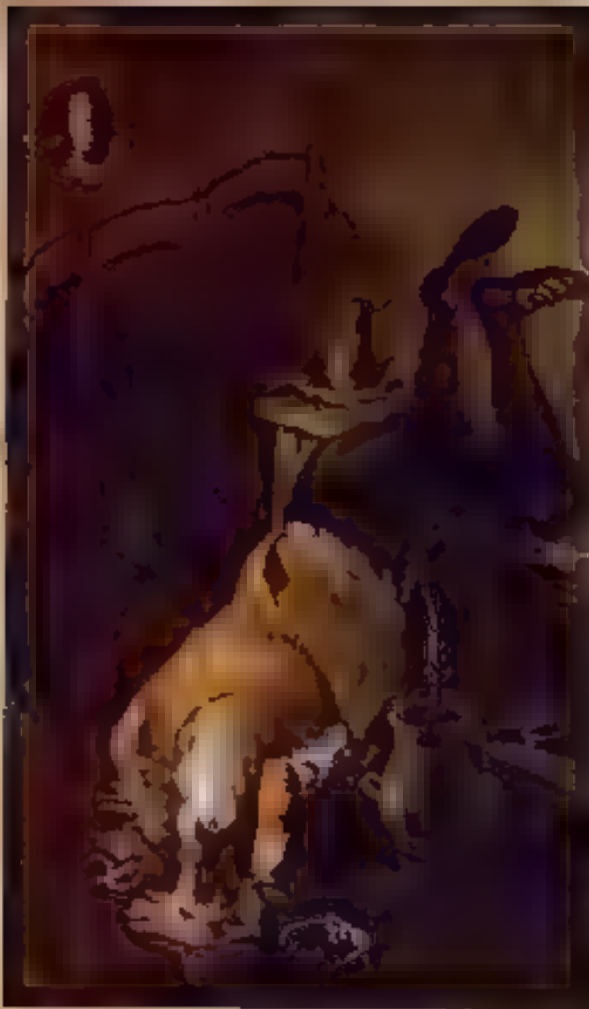


George Washington ate here.

President John Quincy Adams (below) was a refined New Englander who knew the value of good health and regular habits. He went swimming in the Potomac as frequently as possible and never dived himself underwater.



Andrew Johnson gave us two splendid inaugurations. Senator William M. Stewart was there for both: "When he entered the Senate Chamber to take the oath of office as Vice-President, and to call that body to order, he was very drunk — and was unable to stand without assistance. I do not believe he was conscious when he took the oath of office." He took the Presidential oath in his bowler suit just hours after Lincoln was shot. "In a few minutes Johnson came in, putting on a very rumpled coat, and presenting the appearance of a drunken man. He was dirty, shabby and his hair was matted, as though with mud from the gutter, while he blinked at us through squinting eyes, and lurched around unsteadily. He had been on a 'bender' for a month." from *Reminiscences*.



Ben Franklin (above) gave the world bifocals, a more efficient stove and a radical grandson known as Lightning Rod, Jr. But his greatest contributions were to medicine, including a practical solution to his chronic bladder-stone problem. Typically, he tackled it head on.

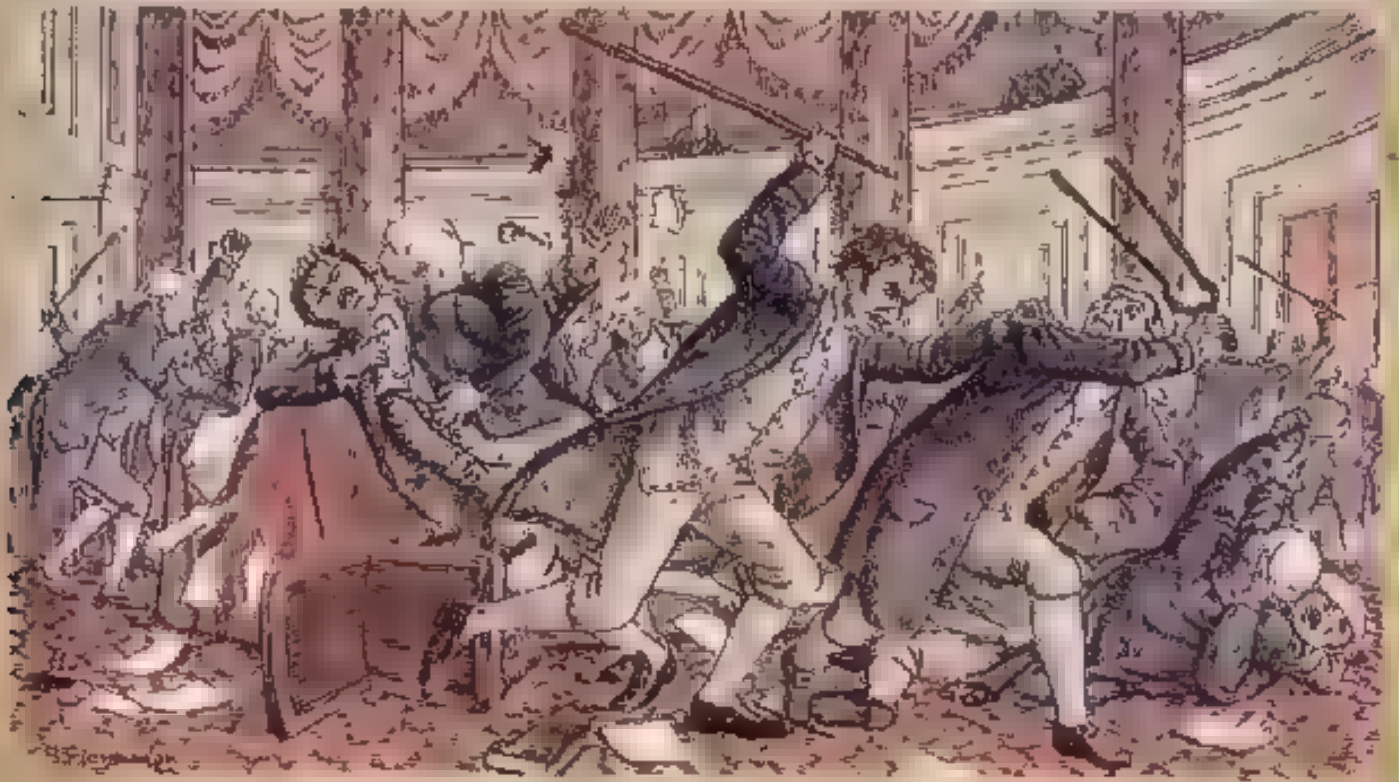
Like the republic for which it stands, the Liberty Bell smashes a long, glorious heritage. Originally cast for the Pennsylvania State House in Philadelphia, it didn't crack until 1752—the first time it was rung. It has been melted down and recast only twice, and in 1828 civic-minded Philadelphia gave it to a bellfounder as part payment on a new one. A hardheaded businessman, he left it behind as worthless scrap.



After his Boston midnight ride—during which he stopped for a snack), Paul Revere was caught by the British and ordered to talk. He did. For his exemplary service in the war, Lieutenant Colonel Revere was put under house arrest and relieved of his command—on charges of disobedience and cowardice. He did, however, make fine traps and bows.

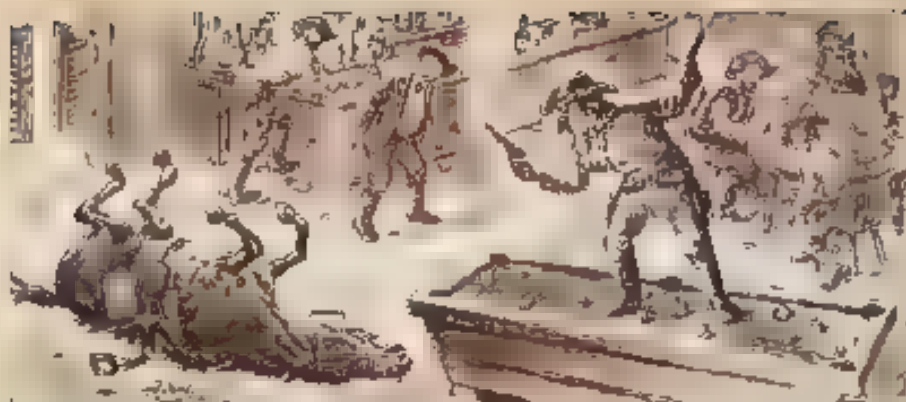


In Congress (below), solemn traditions rapidly formed. A great debate in 1797 unfolded brilliantly when Lyon of Vermont spat upon Griswold of Connecticut; a few days later Griswold attacked him with a cane (a precedent revived against Charles Sumner in 1856) and Lyon countered with some fire songs he kept handy. American oratory had begun.





Pioneering tamese bulls combat the brother to record spectacular vistas few men had seen.



The Old West attracted brave, daring men with imagination—men like General George Custer and his woefully neglected brother Tom (above), who also served proudly and well in the Army. Tom's military feats pale before the tactical brilliance of Little Big Horn, but he was expert at sliding a horse into a saloon. The horse was then expected to leap atop the billiard table, if it didn't, Tom knew how to handle bakers.

WANT TO BE A YANKEE?

Someone famous once said "Put an Englishman into the Garden of Eden, and he would find fault with the whole blasted concern; put a Yankee in, and he would see where he could alter it to advantage." Good Old American Know-how. It's what



Progressively equipped Riot Policeman, 1157

sets us apart as a people. Have you ever heard of Bulgarian ingenuity or Paraguayan inventiveness? We thought so much. Many other aspects of our heritage have parallels elsewhere, but it was America that singlehandedly gave the world the (continued on page 228)



Month of Sundays

(continued from page 44)

the toy I should have been given for Christmas instead of the paleolithic or the little paper train between two square black sticks, or the (Lionel) locomotive recurrently entering its papier-mâché tunnel. Thank you, playmate, for such a lighthearted snowy morning, your own body never had and can't have the same past again. I had a telescope. In holiday with my wonder did seem to rebound upon you, merry, merry, and make you chime.

Her and pain. For women he was or not troubled or at the very best because I naively imagined I was in my new-found night hugging her ("You're warming me!" she once cried, startled) and next because I feared such depth of pleasure was not enough any creation, was too much hers, and could too easily be shifted to the agency of another. There is this to be said for cold women: They sick. So beneath our raptures I heard the searing silk of infidelity and she heard the sickening clock that would lift me from whatever height of self-forgetfulness, on to the next appointment, and home, to check the patch of myrtle mending on my absence. Alicia found it hard to let me go, I know. For I was a rare man, in this latter world of overexperienced men, with the degree of power I granted her over me. Her bestowals had not for some years, I judged, won such gratitude and ardor. So my small resumption of my suit of black, even so rubber overshoes in the postpaschal season of slush, raised all of her skin, bare on our bed, to state amazed. Her clinging to me naked, at the head of the stairs, is the only embrace it displeased me to recall.

Play, and pain, and display. Her house was a little peach-colored one in a row of such houses on a curved street so newly scraped into being that mud ran in the gutters when it rained and the only trees were staked saplings. The upstairs windows were decorated: her children had a small room and facing the street and Alicia had a room. She used to come giving onto the back yard, with its brave spindle of an infant beech, and an incipient box hedge, and a bleak garage, and an alley where an old truck seemed often to be idly churning, and the backs of the next street in the development, and across a waiting tract of purple woods tinted ruddy with coming buds what seemed to be an abandoned gravel pit and, on the crest above it incongruously, the little spikes and buttons of tombstones in a cemetery. I had, a few times, buried souls in that cemetery. I loved this sparse, raw neighborhood, for its impoverishment suggested that Alicia did not have the means to leave me, however often I brashly dressed and left her, and its lack of trees—the opposite of my own heavily oaked and elmed neighborhood of Gothic McKinley-vintage mansions—

let the light, in unclouded, nude as ourselves and, like us, eternally young. Oh, Alicia, my mistress, my colleague, my advisor, my betrayer, what would I not give—a hand? No, not even a finger, but perhaps the ring from my finger—to see you again mounted at the base of my belly, your shoulders caped with sun stone, your head flung back so your jawbone traced its own omega, your hair on false fire, your breasts hung undefended upon the delicacy of your ribs and anus for any mouth to taste them, any hand to touch them, but unclouded taking pleasure, it seemed, in their own unrelated swaying, in the smooth wash of light. I lifted my back, the muscles in my thighs pulled, my face was fed, you nudged. We bent a world of curves above the soaked knut where our rooms mixed.

Alicia was nearsighted and had to look closely. Else, but for my voice and smell, I was a lost leader as in A.D. I borrowed courage from her shamelessness, and looked my fill, and reduced under the caresses of my eyes the brute biological engineering of her pores, striations, pimples, mucuses, wrinkles, wobbles, calluses and widening flaws—for time had made familiar with her, younger than I thought she was—reduced to the service of love. There. That is what I meant by display, though the word love pains me as imprecise. Precisely, I worshipped her, adored her flaws as furiously as her perfections, for they were hers, and thus attained, in the bound of a few spring weeks, a few Alicia lays, the attitude that saints bear toward God, and that I in a Christ's lifetime of trying (40 [present age] minus 7 [age of reason] equals 33) had failed to reach that of forgiving Him the pain of infants, the diabolism of disease, the wantonness of fortune, the billions of fomented deaths, the helplessness of the young, the filioy of the old, the crankmanship of torturers, the authority of murderers, the savagery of accident, the unbearability of water and all the other repulsive flecks on the face of creation.

We preened for each other, posed, danced, socketed every dubious elbow of the mortal envelope in an avid French kiss of acceptance. You've read it before, I know. Skin is an agreeable texture. Penises and vaginas notably so, patent pending. Weaning is an incomplete process. Sex can be fun.

Sold, what a relief to have intelligere become ease. Latid hot! She appeared to me during those afternoons of copulation as a promontory on some hitherto sunken continent of light. I had to drive from her town to move along a highway that once threaded shadily through fields and pastures, was now straightened, thickened and jammed with shopping malls, car lots, gas stations, hero-sandwich par-

lors, auto-parts paradises, driving ranges, joyless joy rides for the groggy offspring of deranged shoppers, go-go bars windowless as mausoleums (GAY NITE TUESDAY), cum in mean), drive-in insurance agencies, the whole gaudy ghastly gasoline-jammed landscape bubbling like tar in the heat of high summer. Yet how washed and constellated it all looked in the aftermath of my shaming! How the fallen world sparkled now that my tooth was decisively lost!

We look alike, my wife and I. That is what people meeting us for the first time say, sometimes with evident amusement. We do not, ourselves, feel this: not during our courtship, was it anything but our differences that intrigued us. She was serenity and beauty: I, agitation and energy. She was moderate; I, extreme. She was liberal and ethical and good, I, Barthian and rather bad. Above all, she was female and fruitful; and I, masculine and hungry. My impulse, to eat her, to taste, devour and assimilate, which impulses into even this our misery, though my life has been a miserable failure with the best of people, she was struck up in playful weeks close to the world's warmth of an April day when tennis had become suddenly possible, beneath a blooming fruit tree a small apple or a crab apple—a distinction I was too youthful to make at the time. Within this dappled shade, her head grazing the petioled limbs, the lowest was so low, Jane's peculiarly pale form appeared new with her arbor. There was a piquancy in her seeking the definite shade, the definite light. A day I later learned she was allergic to the sun and so she has remained!

Both pale, both moderately above medium height, both blue-eyed and not a bit fat—tendancy, rather—with the something tense about us qualified by an awa undifferent and ashen as of stalks of smoke, we make, in public, a twinned impression intensified, of course, by two decades' worth of phrase twapping, signal giving and unconscious facial aping. We have been worn by the same forces into parallel spindles. We lie down in bed together side by side and turn as if on a single lathe. We react, I sense, to a common expression under stress—an upward tilting of the head and tighter transitory closure of the lips. I know, I know, we have withdrawn into a fastidious, and despite ourselves shared, privacy.

Oh, I know, I know, dear unknown reader, that just thinking of this women tracks my prose into a new case of fancy and attitude of cadence: I am home. But do not be fooled, this ease and comfort are not palliation, they are the disease.

The Reverend Dr. Wesley Augustus Chillingworth, Jane's father, had loomed as professor of ethics at the divinity school I attended. A green slanting (continued on page 211)

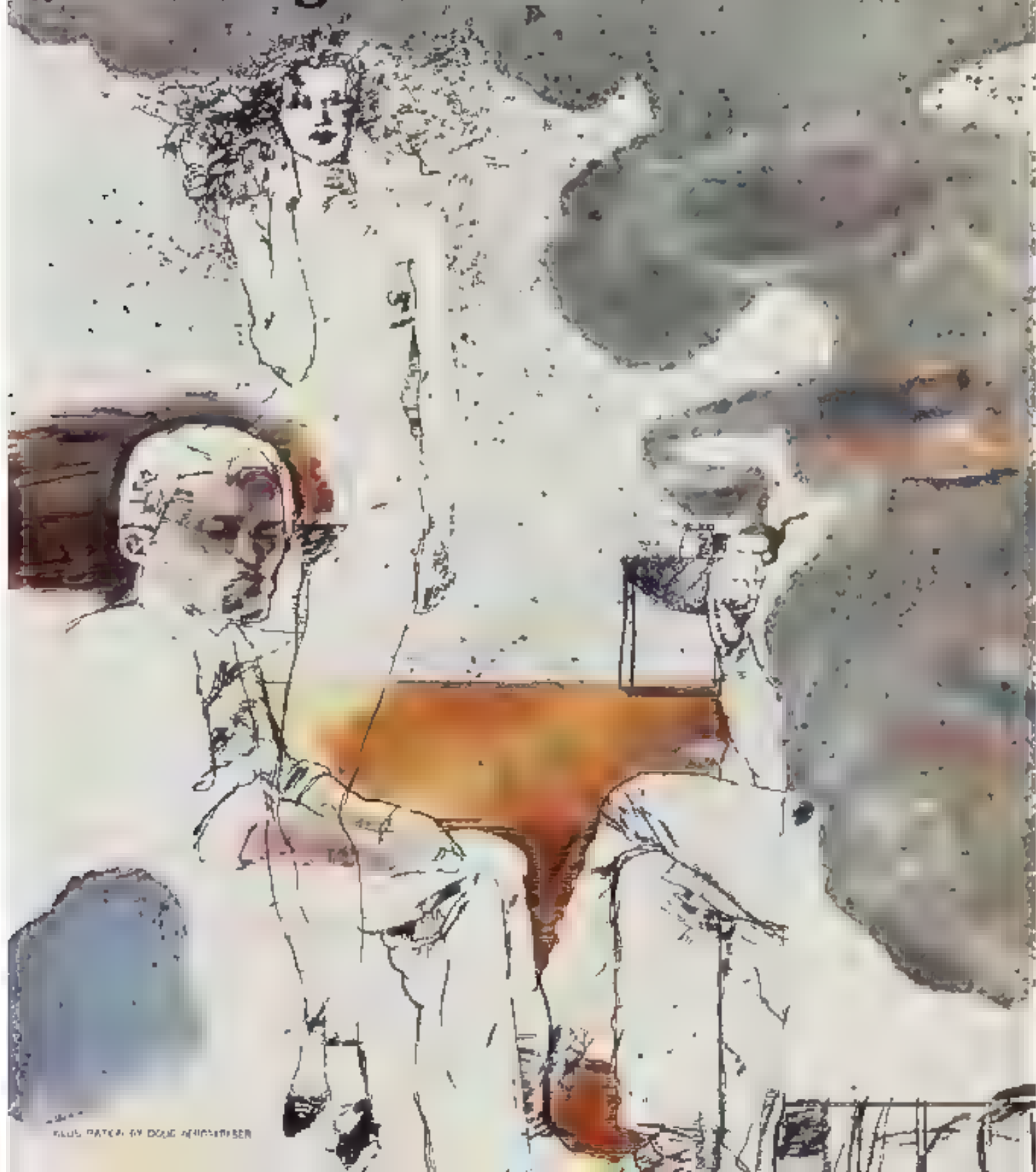
fiction By John Collier *in his mind's eye, he could see the murder victim—almost*

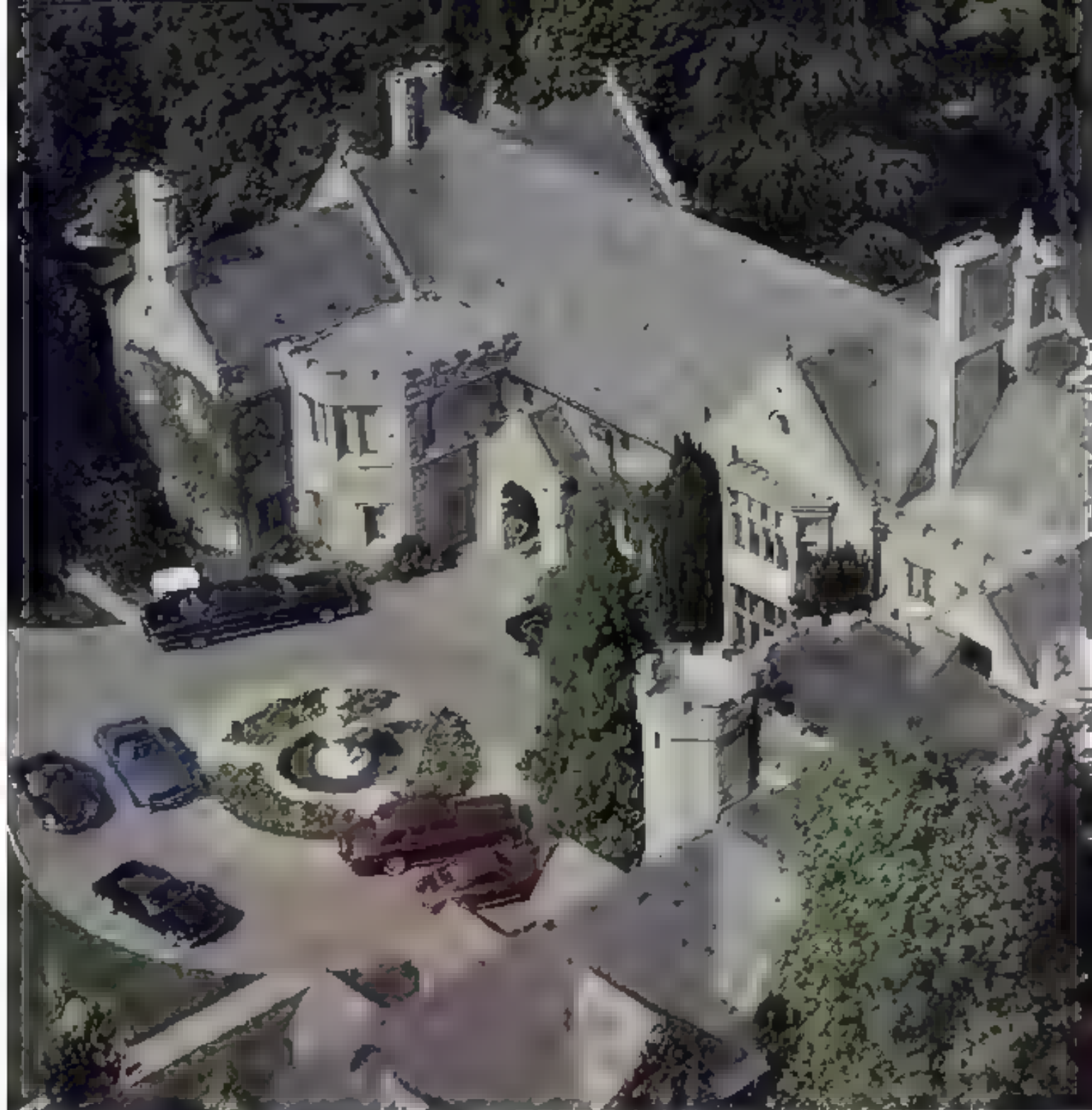
TWO SQUARE MEN with unimpressive haircuts were taking a drink together a few long hot days after the war. They worked in the Marseille branch of the E. F. & Co. firm and I was in Alec Weaver's apartment where they now had their drinks.

asking for it

Alec's features were not unpleasing and his smile was that of one who is anxious to please. The combination can suggest a certain vulnerability. "I don't like 'em," Alec, "to write a story about a murderer."

His friend was Roy Wenden, who had a face like his name, a face with a pipe in it. He now removes this accessory. At once I went out on page 136.





PLAYBOY MANSION WEST

a visit to playboy's new paradise by the pacific, a contemporary shangri-la for work and play

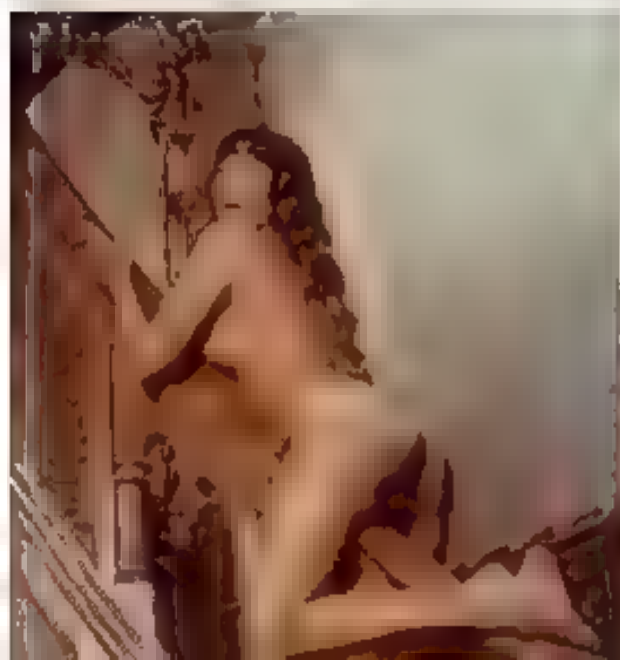
A MOST PLAYBOY readers know, the ultra-hip headquarters of the teen-kable corporate empire known as Playboy Enterprises, Inc., is the 27-story Playlery building on Chicago's Magnificent Mile along North Michigan Avenue. It's a imposing architectural landmark topped by the gleaming Burton Beeson—recently the most powerful & grandest migration high-rise—and its lobby caters not to two-story-in-line photographic spots. Playlery's of the Month magazine drawing plan for new Playboy Clubs and Resort Hotel's secretaries and their typewriters, and six sketch assistants and more than 100 clerks a five-story and disordered thousands of letters, manuscripts and other confederations daily. But the true & exclusive of the epic & most after-undone have long realized it's a living room blocks away—the society 24-room brick and stone one of the known is the Playboy. *Text continues on page 108*



An aerial view of Playboy Mansion West and a part of its five and a half landscaped acres in the lush Holmby Hills area of Los Angeles. Modeled after a 15th Century English manor, the 30-room Gothic Tudor home is set among redwoods and pines in a pastoral seclusion that seems a world apart from Century City and Beverly Hills, just a five-minute drive from the gates of the estate. But the Mansion is center of operations for Playboy Enterprises' new ventures in the film, television and recording industries, and it is complemented with spectacular added attractions—some of them, such as the lava-like pool and waterfall, almost visible even from the air—that have made it a business and pleasure headquarters for hundreds of famous friends and associates of host Hugh H. Hefner (circling at top).

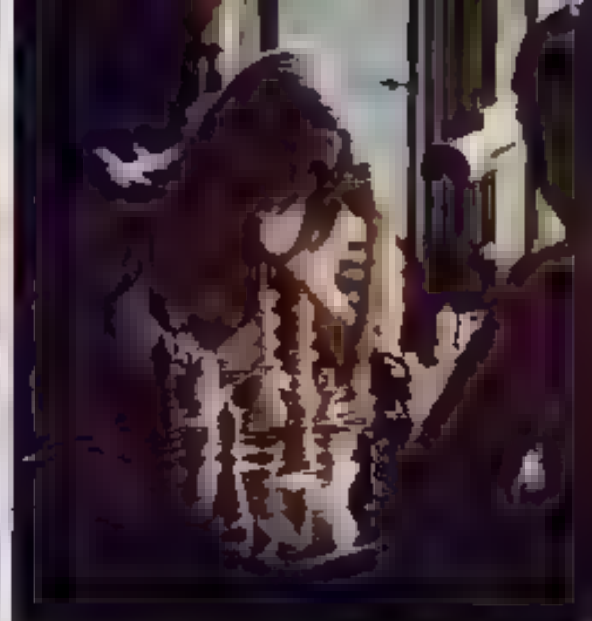


Hefner (above) welcomes actor Michael Callan and friend Kiefer Sutherland at the front door of the Mansion. For a last—and for her December '73 pictorial—Barbra Benton (below) slides down an ornate oak banister in the Great Hall.



A jovial Joe Namath and Sunny Davis Jr. (above left) are greeted by Hefner as they arrive for an evening at the Mansion, and flower lover Will the 5th Chombarlain tries to convince a little lady that he's really a gentle giant. Hefner and Barb (below) mingle by the Great Hall's double staircase with an assortment of friends ranging from this issue's Playmate—Yvonne Kurbal (foreground), to actors Peter Lawford and Marlene Cullen.

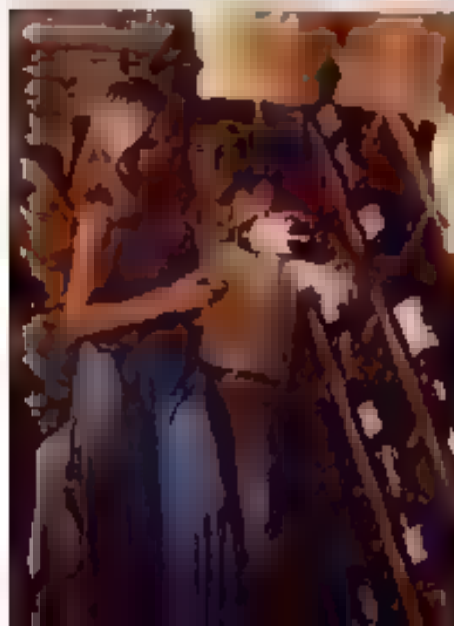




An animated charades player (above left) acts it out in the Marriot's baronial living Room. In a quiet corner of the room (above right), up coming Playmate Ingeborg Sorenson waits for a chess challenger to make his move. Helmer visits with friends and bearded brother, Kenh—a devoted thug who's a year-round resident of Aspen—at one of the impromptu dinner parties (below left). That seems to be a nightly event in the library (below right). Helmer and Jason Muller, star of *The Emerald* and author of the Pulitzer Prize-winning play *That Championship Season*, discuss with Playmate executives Sal Annunzi and Ed Kissin the screenplay of Sorenson's first completed for Playmate Productions.



Los Angeles lawyer Dan Busby, a Helmer client, shares a bottle with a lady in the wine cellar (below). Busby leads Helmer and friends in a library ping-pong over, seen by a striking Gloria bust of Busby.





Hefner introduces actor Stuart Whitman (above) to Morbeth, a rare hyacinth morrow named after Playboy's first film production, Roman Polanski's award-winning version of the Shakespeare classic. Hefner and Bu Casby (below) jokes with guests (among them actor John Phillip Law) in line for a poolside buffet. A nude sun bather (bottom) fondles Lombard, a pet — one that stalks the grounds.



Noquel the raccoon, another Mansion pet, romps beside one of the man-made streams that wind across the estate's huge "back yard" (above) as a group of swimmers guest plays volleyball in an audience of squirrel man-hays hidden from view in the redwood trees at right.

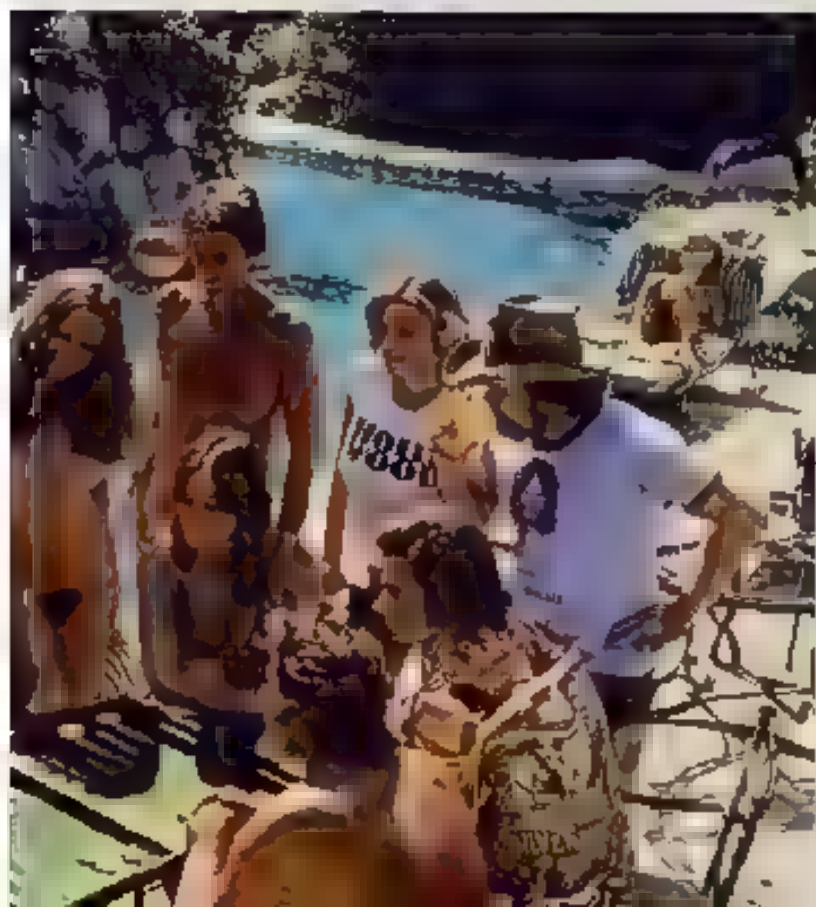




As part of her December '73 pictorial, Barbi walks a pair of pet woolly monkeys—additions to the menagerie inspired by a trip Helner made to Africa. Peter Sellers leads the Japanese kol and Peter Lawford shows actress Kathy Baurman around the greenhouse, which also features aquarium and aviary



A circle of friends (below, including *Deep Throat's* Linda Lovelace, seated right) watch a showcase of postcards between Helms and a tough team; backgammon pro John Rockwell and reaktor Leonard Row. Backgammon fever runs so high at the Mansion that Helner and several other aficionados were prompted to open Pips, a private restaurant/disco/backgammon club in Beverly Hills.

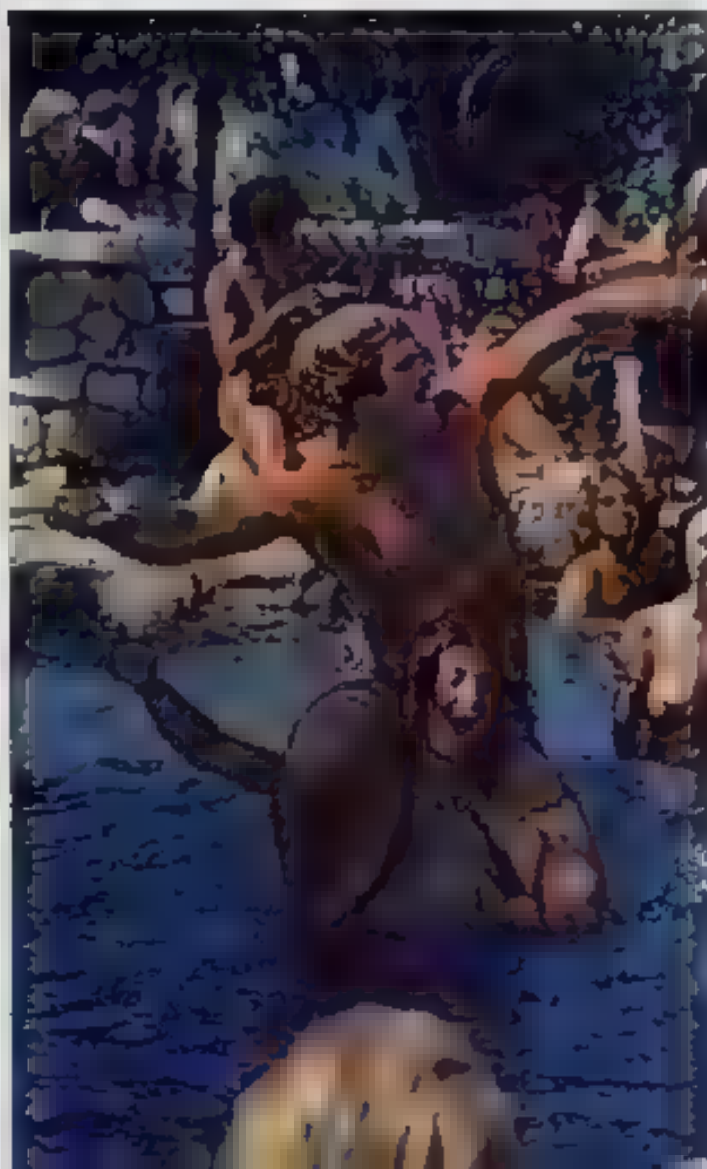
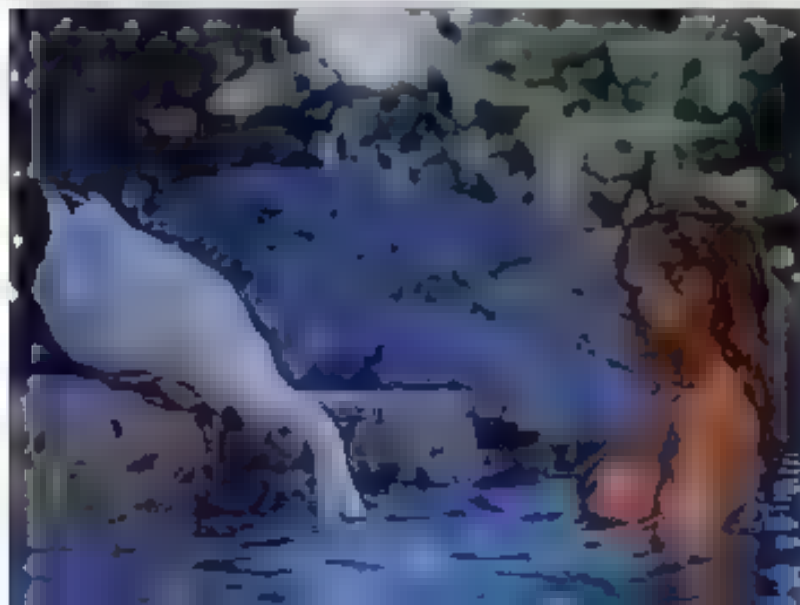


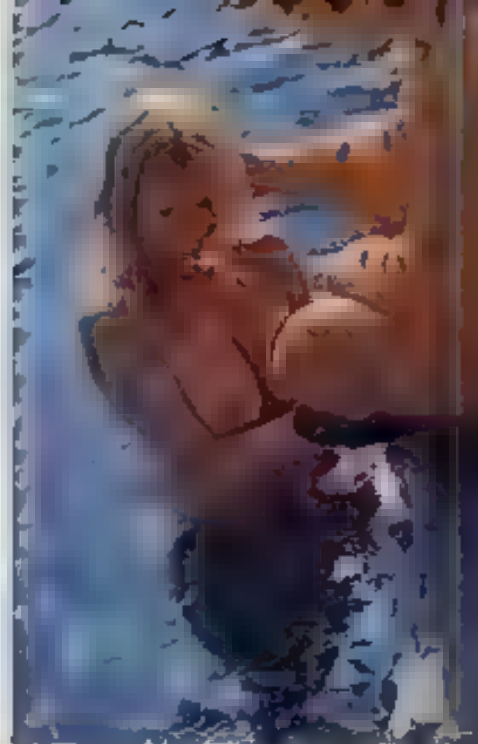
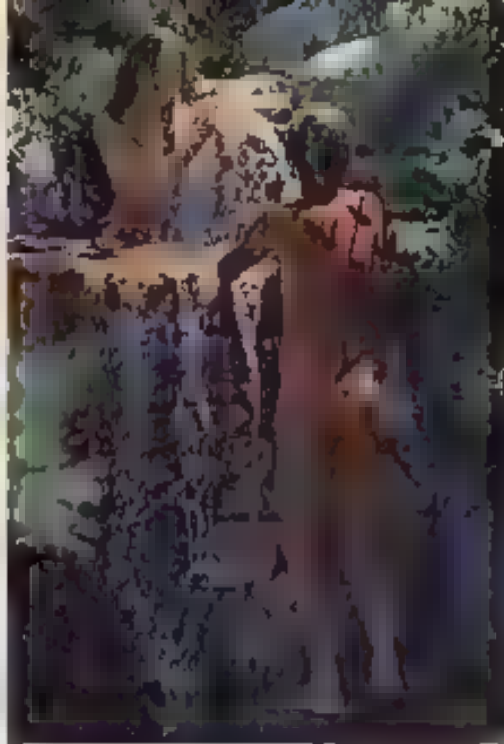
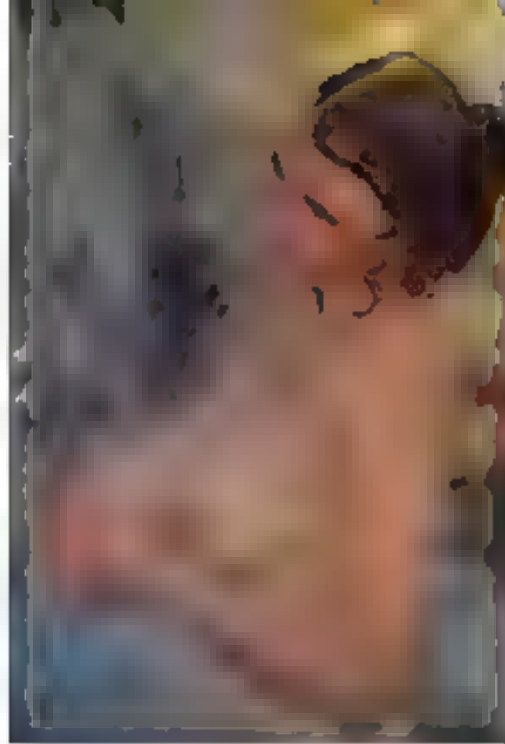


On a sunny summer afternoon, Hefner and Barbs (above) chat with fellow swimmers at the edge of the pool, an organically designed configuration of rocks, flowing water and verdant landscaping linked with stonework paths that gives the grounds the look of a luxurious estate park or estate that some guests call the estate Shangri-la.

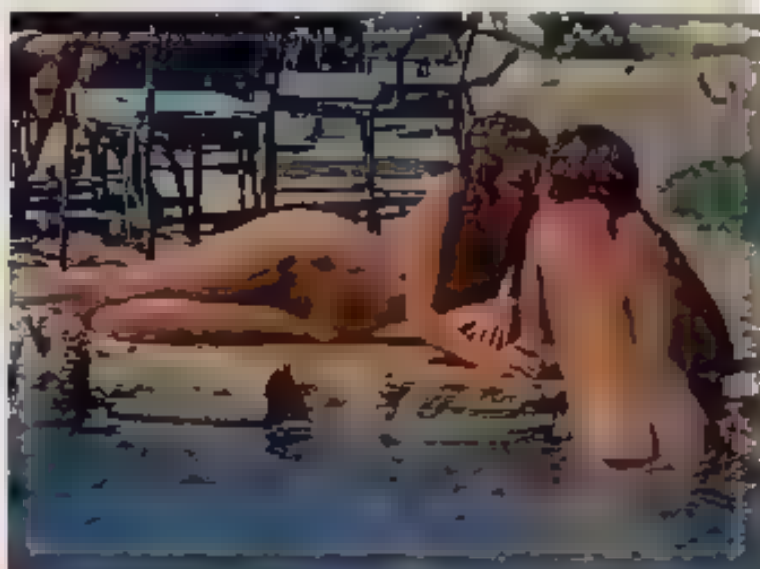
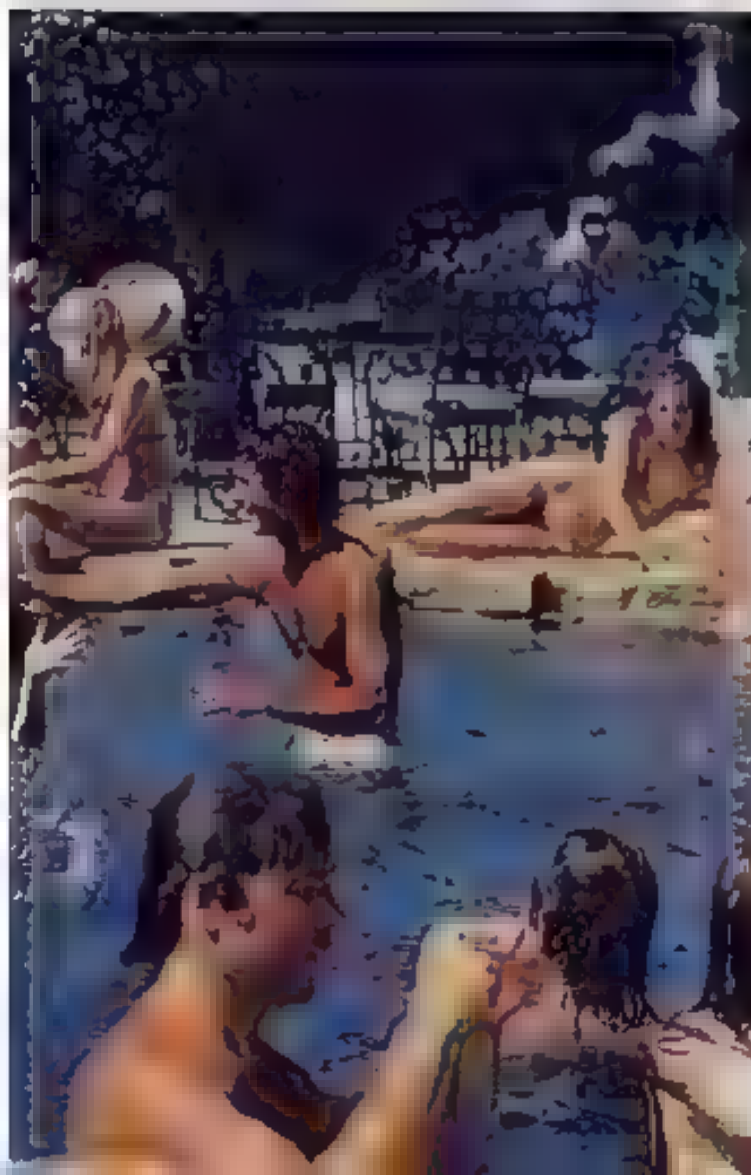


Cyndi Wood, 1974's Playmate of the Year (above), takes a macaw named Merlin for a wade in the pool. During the shooting for her November '73 pictorial by ex-husband John Derek (Frank Ardina) (below) was discomfited by the antics of a pet goose named Lucy that kept getting into the act. Hefner gave the goose to Ursula as a gift.





Tina Farrow, Mia's actress sister (top left), takes the plunge beneath a waterfall during a photo session for a pictorial, *Tao*, which appeared in *Playmate's* July 1973 issue. An uninvited butler (top center) dashes warm water onto the pants of an intruder. A tender moment is shared by Hefner and October '72 Playmate Sharon Johansen (top right), a professional dog handler who was responsible for the early taming of the *Mansion's* two sheep dogs. It's splashing season only in the uniquely shaped pool (below left) as an overflow crowd gathers at the water's edge. Sun worshiper and dunny-dipper (below right) meet halfway. Producer Lee Wolfberg (bottom) administers a leisurely lube job.

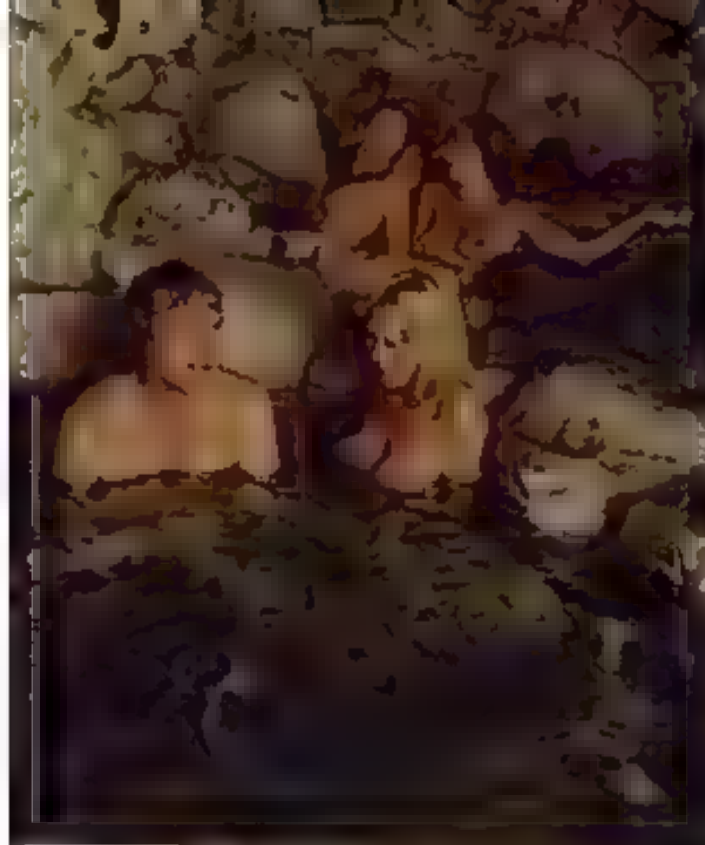




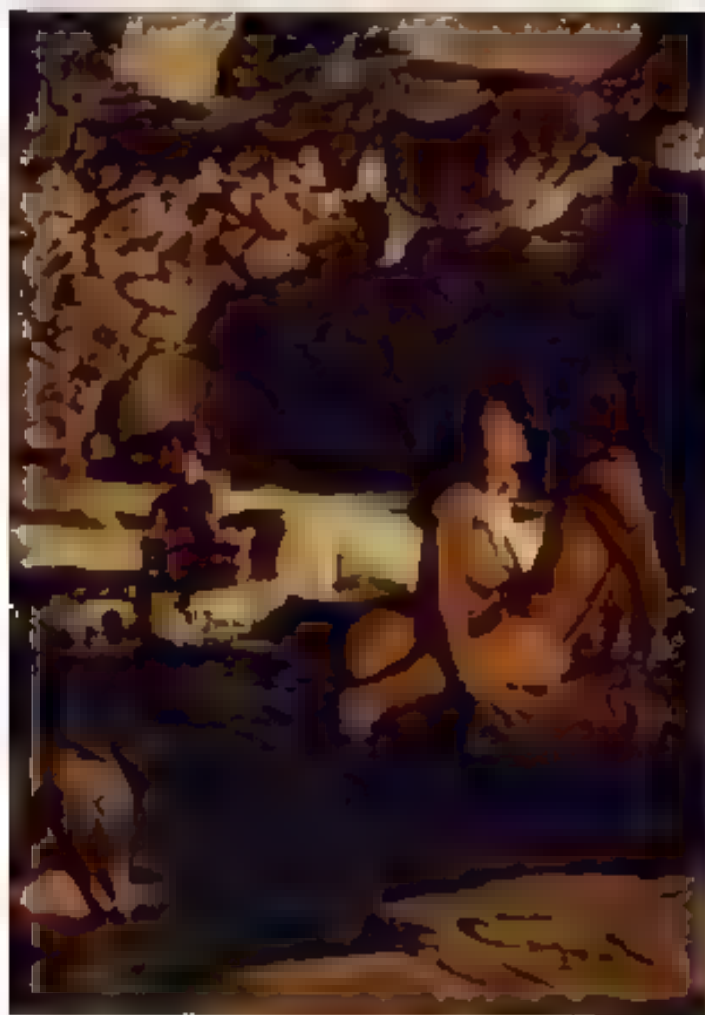
Helner and Barbi (above) take a breather after a bit of singles. Movie star Jim Brown (below), the ex-football great and a highly competitive tennis player, too, prefers the love game of courtside. Helner smashes one over another net (bottom) in a volleyball game on the lawn.



Reachable by swimming through a waterfall, the Mansion's unique Jacuzzi cave (above)—a romantic rock grotto equipped with thermostatically controlled air and water temperatures, dozens of strategically located high-intensity jets and even stereo from simulated rocks—has become the most popular spot on the grounds, probably because of the emphasis Americans place on health," says Helner.



After a sauna, guests cool off—and warm up again—in the Bath House, infrared playroom (above). Others repair to the Game House (below) for pinball, any of the electronic permutations on Pong or an old-fashioned rack of pool—tonight between Tony Curtis and Jimmy Boyd, coached and lubricated by Keith Hefner, Joe De Carlo and Dan Adams.



The many moods of the cave are enjoyed by an embracing couple (Kathy Sayers and boyfriend Don Busby, opposite, top right) in the sensuous turbulence of the Jacuzzi, and by a playful foursome (top left)—two of them, Hefner and upcoming Playmate Hope Olson, in the cool at the pool and two in the heat of the whirlpool.



Mansion parties range from charity affairs (an A.C.U. benefit drew Yul Brynner and Arthur Schlesinger Jr. below) to shindigs such as the one at which Hefner is upstaged (right) on the dance floor by Playmate Janice Pennington in an abbreviated wedding costume.

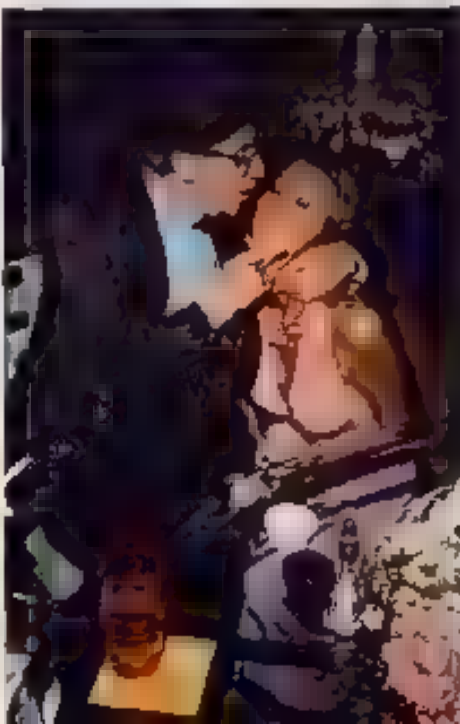


Stars and superstars really came out on light night at Mansion West. Jim Brown and Jack Nicholson (above), Mick and Bianca Jagger (top right), and Clint Eastwood (right) showed up for the closed-circuit telecast of a recent heavyweight match.

At the black-tie A.C.U. fund raiser, a chic lawn party that attracted an enthusiastic crowd of some 400 celebrity guests (below left), master of ceremonies Burt Lancaster addresses the gathering from beneath an enormous outdoor canopy in front of the bandstand.



At a pair of charity benefits, Playboy Foundation Director Burton Joseph chats with Ralph Nader (below), and Red Buttons and Lloyd Bridges huddle (bottom). Indefatigable Graciosa Mora (below right) rewards Marilyn Cole for her 1973 Playmate of the Year victory.

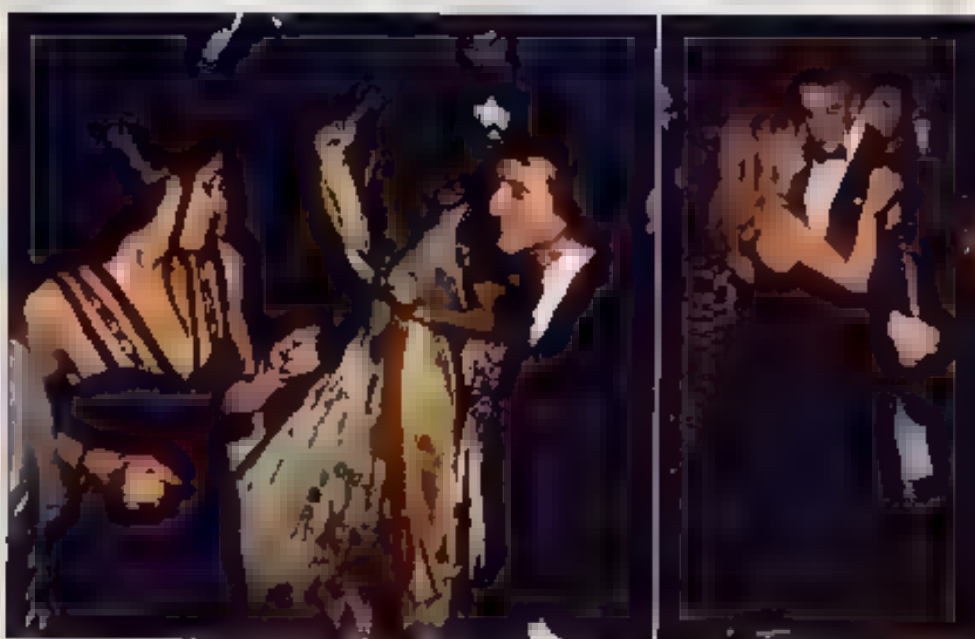


An overview of the preflight scene in the Great Hall (above): a night, unlike most at the Mansion, when male guests outnumber female. Among those in the crowd: Joe Namath, Graciosa, David Langan.





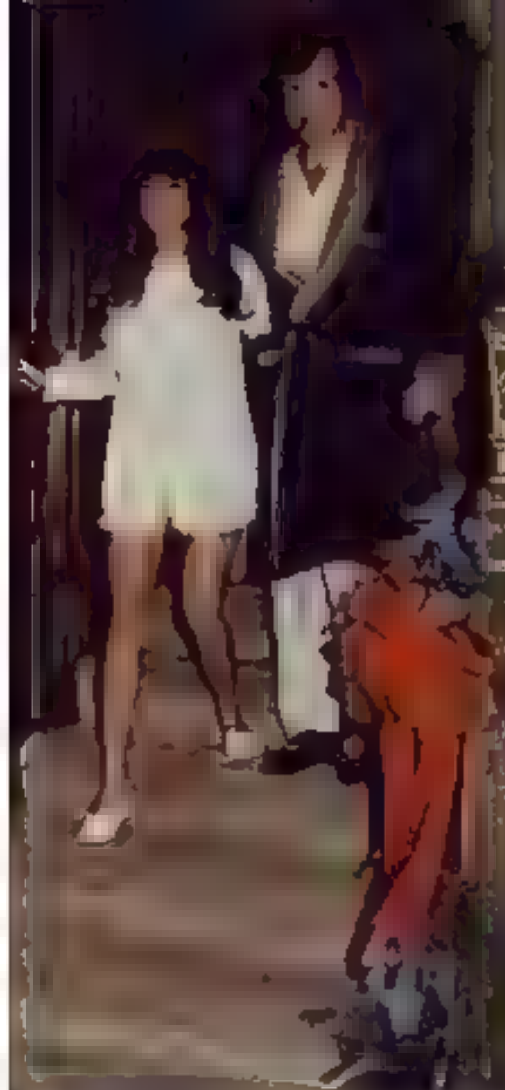
On a more informal evening at the Mansion (above), Hefner—in his familiar terrycloth jump suit—is greeted with an affectionate hug by friend Linda Lovelace, in a blouse that attracts a lot of attention to an undeservedly overexposed portion of her anatomy



Going formal on a more elegant occasion (above left), Hefner dances with actress Barbara Leigh (subject of a May '73 pictorial), and Anthony Quinn takes a turn with his wife (above right). Songwriter-singers Ringo Starr and Harry Nilsson (below) share a drink on the patio

After a rousing title fight last year, Paul Newman and James Caan (below) "escape the ring action and trade banalities with friends, publisher Warren Cowan, left, and L.A. businessman Joe De Carlo



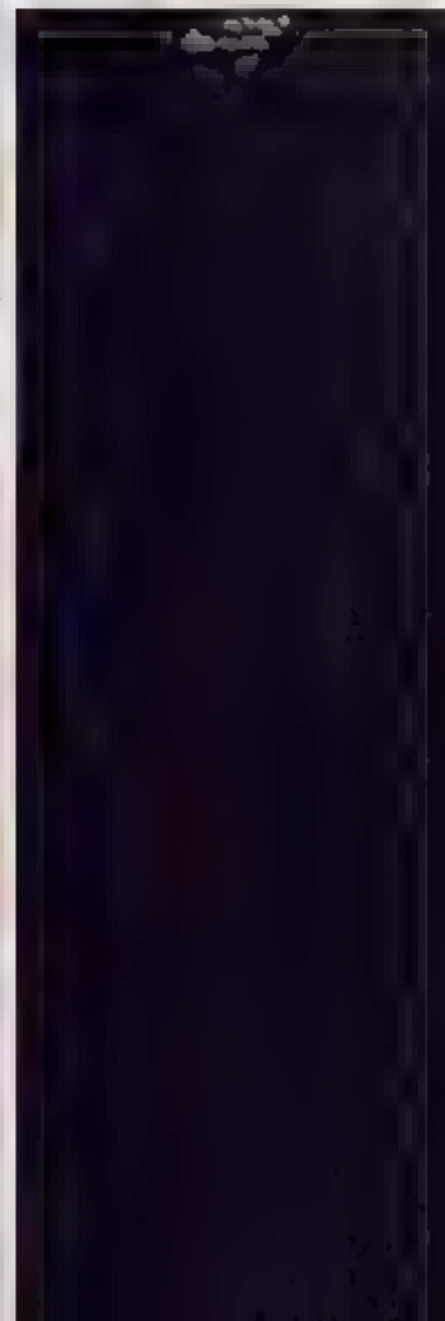


Topping off a typical Sunday at the Mansion, Hefner and Barbi are joined in the Living Room after a buffet dinner (right) by assorted friends (including Tony Curtis and spouse on the couch beside them) for the special showing of a new feature film on theatrical projection facilities that are also used for screening the rushes of Playboy films in production.



Dressed to the nostalgic tunes almost entirely in white (below), Hefner and Barbi pose for a beautiful mock-formal portrait in front of the fountain-enclosed driveway of Playboy Mansion West before being driven in that 1928 Rolls Royce touring car to the Hollywood premiere of *The Great Gatsby*, F. Scott Fitzgerald's story of a man to whom Hefner, with his legendary lifestyle, has often been compared.

Hefner and Barbi make their appearance (above left) at the New Year's Eve pajama party that's held at the Mansion every year. Later on, Hefner pauses to greet Elke Sommer and writer husband Joe Hyams (top right). Still going strong near dawn, Karen Black (above) strikes a leger pose in her shortsie nightgown. Barbi and guests on Hefner's birthday—"Twentyone at last!" he said—break up over his surprise (below): at finding Playmate Christine Maddox popping out of a giant cake.





overcoat it would have been a fair bet 24 years ago that at least one out of every ten readers would at once recognize 221B. Today, of course, one in 50 knows it is the number of the famous London "flat" where the occulted crime magic for those of us who, in our issue may have known that the great detective in the world lived behind it for most of his professional life. What if, or only a very few of us, then knew now that he would die quietly on the Sussex Downs, whilst he had retired from 221B Baker Street to keep bees? How could we have known that Sherlock Holmes had already known in our hearts that his had never existed—other than as a character created by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle? The answer, of course, is that a few homicidal scholars who, in the early 1920s, had analyzed the Sherlock Holmes character have been in the grave around 1989. They could, of course, have told us just as eloquently what Ophelia had sat up for breakfast on the day she drowned, or what she thought her Black Prince wore.

But what if Holmes's body had never opened unto magic because it does no longer, because last night, when he died, he was already dead—dead, alas—while reading the *Illustrated London News*. I found an illiterate puzzled pleasure suddenly troubled by the suspicion that somebody—Doyle?—was having me out. I felt a little annoyed at this, for if there were any justification for such an uneasy feeling, why had I never felt it before? I had known the venerable volumes and pondered the problems as briefly as it proper for anybody in the alert company of Holmes, who could solve a mystery by observing the blue stain on a man's forefinger, the chalky clay on his loecap, or Masonic signs on his tiepins. After my first hour of pondering, I was able to murmur, "It is of no significance." After the second, "The matter will be made clear in a moment." After the third fit shall wonder no circumstances could

GOOD NIGHT, SWEET SHERLOCK

WATSON
BESTEST DETECTIVE

the
gentle holmes
and dear old watson
irrelevant



without saying, "The problem is my unwarlike suspicion that the great detective is a little simple. The magic of Sherlock Holmes has faded because crime has caught up with him." I was not alone in this. I was with a whole generation. I wonder what Holmes would have thought of his odd modern counterpart, the detective in *The French Connection*, who, in the streets of New York, battered and battering motorists, and who, in the end, the violin-playing Holmes would probably be unprintable. Yet each of them must have exemplified a pure example of the social heroism of his time. Holmes was the hero of

an imperialist, capitalist society, the occasional Ripston whose life were always there to be filled into peace by the Gilbertian police and the Holmesian detectives. The rough, crude fellow of *The French Connection* is a sample of the countless working social heroes of our own brutal day—those cops who don't sell heroics as a commodity, those who have changed their lives to save the world, and we are a different people. With gratitude, then, we read *The Gold Blood* and attend the adventures of Monks and Clyde, for such books and film must gradually make us more and more fully successful. The world is a better place than it was, and it needs no unmasking.

We were content to see justice salaried and the law in action. It is the world of our skeptical age. We solve nothing. We live with the knowledge that we shall solve anything, whether in peace or by bloody force. We nurse no false hopes. We live in blissful despair. Nobody is so open to disillusion as the optimist; only the pessimist can be deceived. Holmes, the solver of all problems, the one who was never failed—or, well, hardly ever failed—now appears with bloodshot eyes at a time when, proclaiming on every page that Reason, Science, Progress, Technology and Systematic Deployment of the Intellect must inevitably lead to the millennium. It was in the air of his times. H. G. Wells, a solid believer in Progress, wrote *The Men of the Moon* in 1901. Conan Doyle's adventure of *The Naval Treaty*, Holmes and Adams Huxley were in the 1920s. The world was a clinical observer of the quality of Charles, and the greatest analyst of the mind, Sigmund Freud, was one of his pupils. Huxley, born a year earlier than Holmes, had the anthropometric means of which the world was full, and with a more accurate popular scientific education, supplied by the Technical Education Act of 1889, was to help create exactly the sort of scientific, systematic, and triumphant of Holmes's individual methods. Every horizon closed.

I know that I shall be a detective, which now seems infantile, but for the age of the world.

My friends, who were dwindling since they were first published 22 years ago, have multiplied with the years—the human race evoked for nothing more useful than the London of my boyhood: the development of the human race, the falling houses, the fog, the gas lamps, the quiet night, the

darkened in man



ROUNDELy A OBSERVED HISTORY & SEX

The Ancient Greeks
Had A Word For IT.

by ARNOLD ROTH

How IT came about

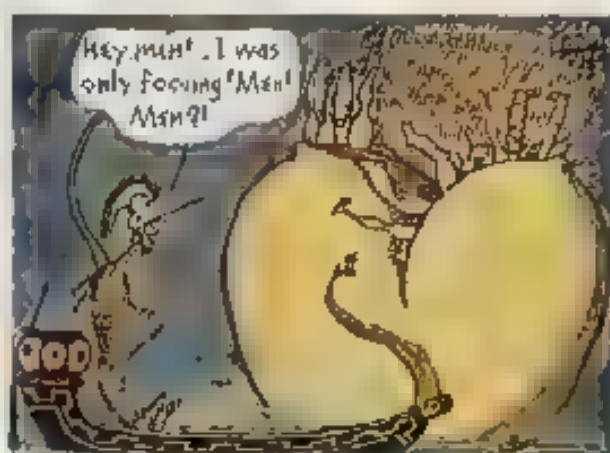


THE TRIALS OF ULYSSES

Ulysses' Winged Victory as seen by that ubiquitous voyeur... the dreaded person-eater Cyclops



Ulysses and the Sirens (introducing that unforgettable trio of Patty, Maxene and LaVerne)



A GENUINE GREEK TRAGEDY IN ONE ACT

(reviving the unforgettable Greek chorus of Patty, Maxene and LaVerne)



A classic case of Supply & Demand: The Lysistrata Embargo



THE GLORY of GREEK CULTURE—and HOW IT GREW

The Greeks created three rigid, classic styles: DORIC, IONIC and CORINTHIAN.



PORNOGRAPHY not having been invented yet, the Greeks did ART instead.



Greek scholars sought ways to measure all things.



Greek sculptors chiseled statues of everybody and everybody's.





food and drink

By EMANUEL GREENBERG

WINTER, in prior detail, comes only to Scandinavia and lasts forever. We wonder the descendants of the Vikings culinarily indulge themselves during the year-end holidays. It's their tradition in the frozen night—and it's a good one. Celebrating starts the day after Christmas and may go on for a fortnight, with New Year's Eve the high point. Luscious Scandinavian appetites and general *Gemütlichkeit* are sustained during the. (continued on page 126)

Skool Days

throw a
blues-chasing
year-end
scandinavian
bash



REMEMBER when you were younger and Mom and Pop would sit around the radio and listen to President Roosevelt talking to his fireplace? Remember when magazines were only a dime? Remember when Presidents stayed in office? Remember meat? Those, friends, were the good old days. It's a darn shame they're no longer part of our culture. But guess what, gang? We've found a copy of one of these good old dime detective novels, the ones you used to read in the barber chair. And it's here. How's that for nostalgia?



THE PLAYBOY DIME MYSTERY

10¢

THE CASE OF THE COCKAMAMIE SISTERS

drawings by
ROBERT ANDREW PARKER

text by
JOHN BLUMENTHAL



I'M SITTING in my office on 34th Street, cleaning the blood and part of my aunt's large intestine out of my .38, when this sharp sheila comes in and sashays on over to my desk. She's got a pair of galoshes on her that sure look waterproof. After we size each other up, she tells me her name is Myrna Leroy and that her sister Gesundheit is missing.

"How long has she been missing, toots?" I asks, taking out a flask.

"Seventeen years," she says, weeping into her hankie.

"Maybe you better sit down," I says, "and tell me about it."

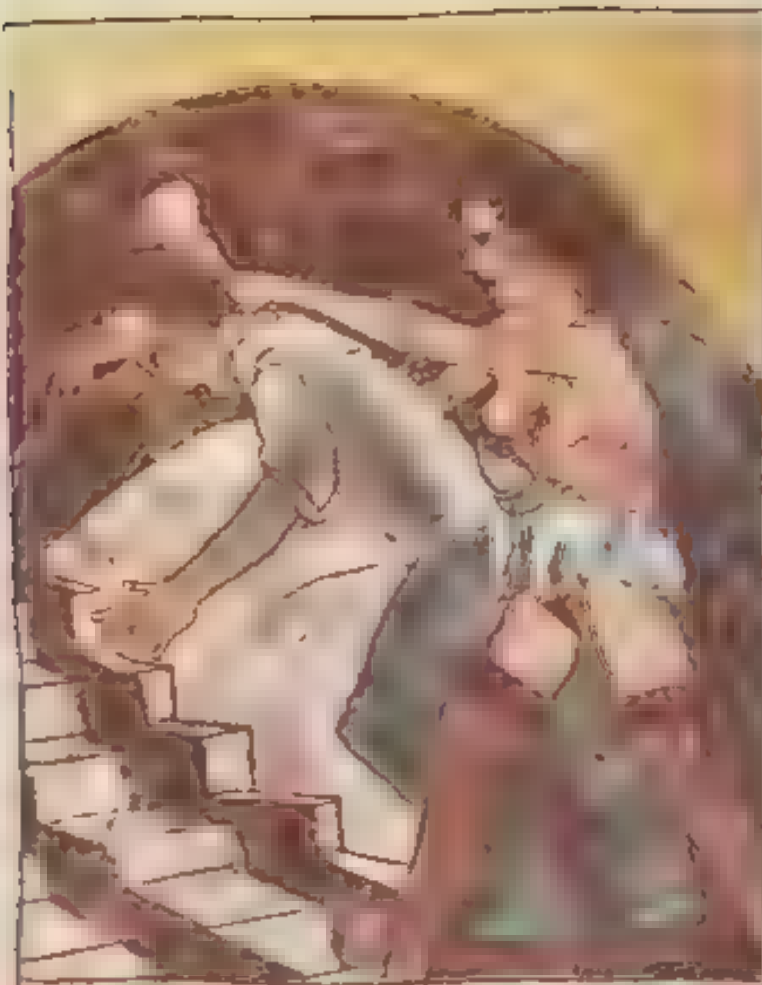


11

So she tells me this crazy story about how her sister was kidnaped by the vicious cad and ex-president of France, Lord Axel Esprit; how he carried her off to a Kenya motel, where he planned to ravish her and drink an iced coffee; how she'd been shipwrecked and brought up by a bunch of apes. . . .

"Wait a minute," I says. "You don't expect me to believe any of this salami, do you, sister?"

But her big brown eyes tell me that she's on the level. Since this is the first time I've ever heard a pair of big brown eyes talk, I decide to listen.



iii

"Oh, you haven't heard anything yet, Mr. Monroe," she says sweetly.

"Call me Elsie," I says.

So she continues. Seems this Esprit fellow had big plans for Gesundheit. He was part owner of a circus and since Gesundheit was brought up by apes, she'd be a whiz on the trapeze. So he kidnaped her and took her off to a dark cave somewhere west of the Jersey Turnpike. One day she breaks a milk bottle over his noodle and tries to escape.

"Then what?" I asks.

"She went to the store to get another bottle of milk."

iv

Well, none of this is making much sense to me, but I let the dame go on. Being a private eye, you meet all kinds of crazy dames and the best thing to do is humor them and then take all their dough.

"So," I says, putting out my cigarette on my chin, "keep talking, baby."

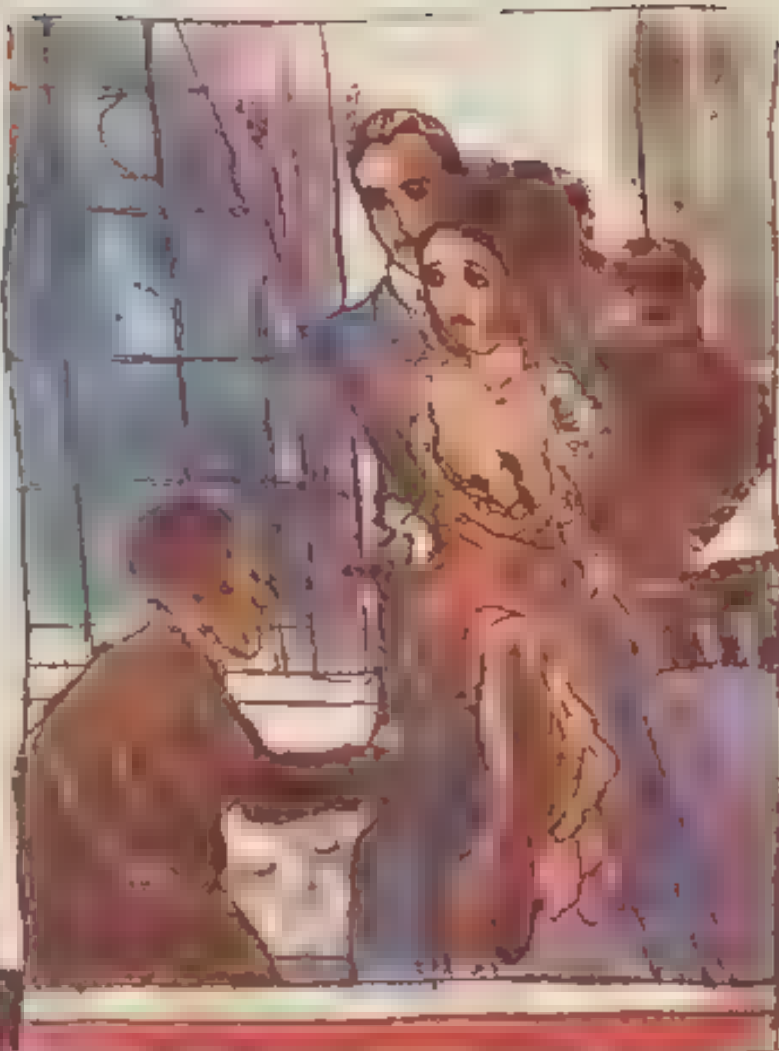
So she goes on with the story, telling me how Esprit has a whole covey of dames locked in his basement, how he likes to dress up in skeleton suits on Saturday afternoons and scare people, how he always tucks his necktie into his pants—



Then, all of a sudden, this punk comes barging into my office without knocking, grabs the dame and points a .45 at me. I've always been scared of guns, especially ones that are pointed at me, but this guy looks harmless, so I coolly stares him in the eye and says, "Please don't harm me, sir. I'll do anything you say."

"Shut up, Monroe," he says. "Or I'll make your head look like a pitted watermelon."

Then he motions me out into the hallway, where a couple of nasty-looking thugs are punching each other in the stomach for practice.



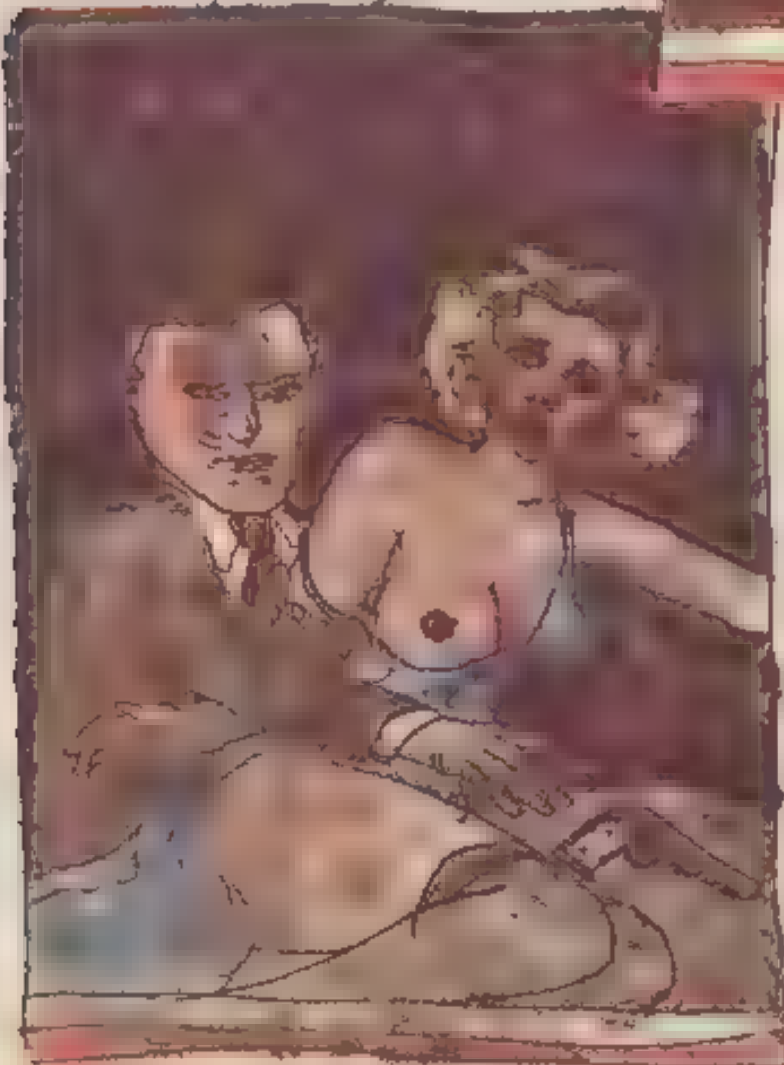
One of these thugs claps me one on the butt with his gun noggin (or something like that) and suddenly I'm sitting blind folded in a big black Packard, driving down a country road. I don't know it's a country road, though, for, as I says, I'm blindfolded.

Later, we pull up at this mansion and they take off the blinders and there's Esprit and a dame who must be Gesundheit.

"Well," I says, "you must be Miss Gesundheit."

"How did you know?"

"Simple," I says. "I sneezed and nobody said anything."





"Then . . . then you must be Mr. Monroe," she says.

"How can you tell?"

"It's written on your lapel," she says.

I make a mental note to tell my dry cleaner to be more careful next time.

"Mr. Monroe," says Esprit, "allow me to show you the premises."

Having no choice, I follow him into his basement, where, sure enough, he's got a bunch of gorgeous dames shackled to the wall. A couple of other dames are flying around on a trapeze. My instincts tell me he's some kind of pervert.

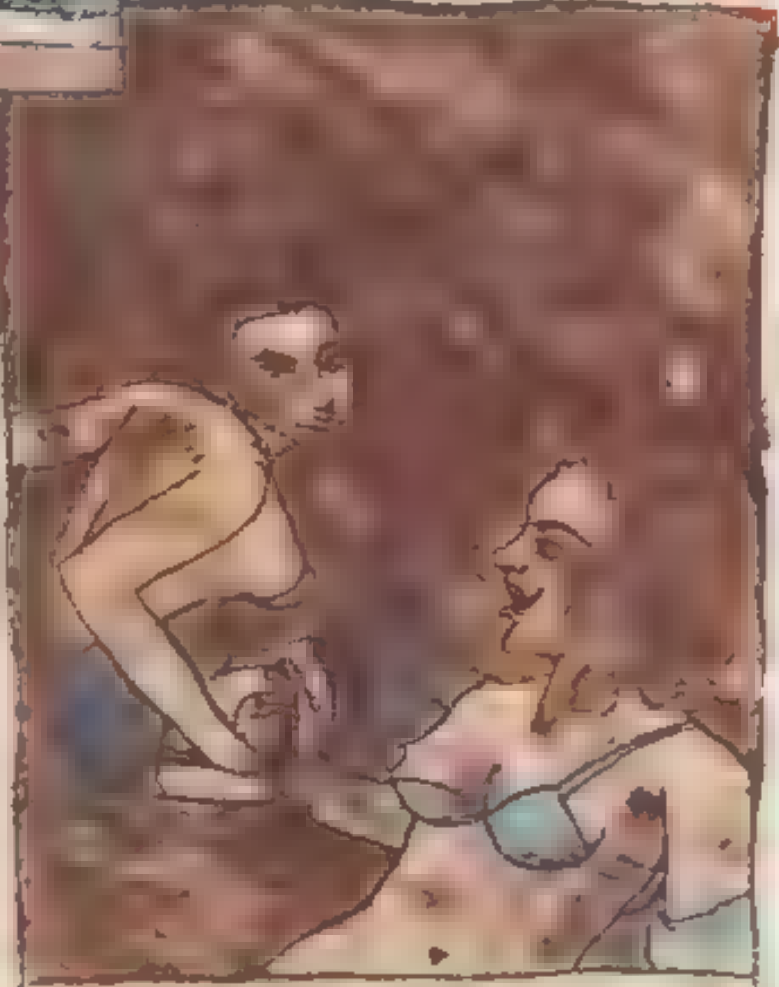


"You must think I'm some kind of pervert or something," says Esprit.

"Who, me?" I says, gazing into his gun nozzle. "Not at all. Hell, shackled dames are a dime a dozen. And I have trapezes in my basement. Doesn't everybody?"

Says he, "You see, Monroe, ever since I was a child, I wanted to own the greatest circus in the world. To be another P. T. Barnum. You might call me a circus impresario."

I think of a couple of other things I could call him, but I keep my clam shut and follow him back upstairs.



Back upstairs, Gesundheit is reunited with her sister Myrna and they're crying and carrying on.

Touched by their emotion, Esprit puts the .38 (marked down from .45 because it is secondhand) on the table and forgets about me. (A lot of people do that.) My private-eye training pays off, as I'm able to glide noiselessly over to the table and trip on a light cord, which startles Esprit, who grabs a plastic banana off the table and threatens me with it.

"Make one wrong move, Monroe," he says, "and you're as good as dead."

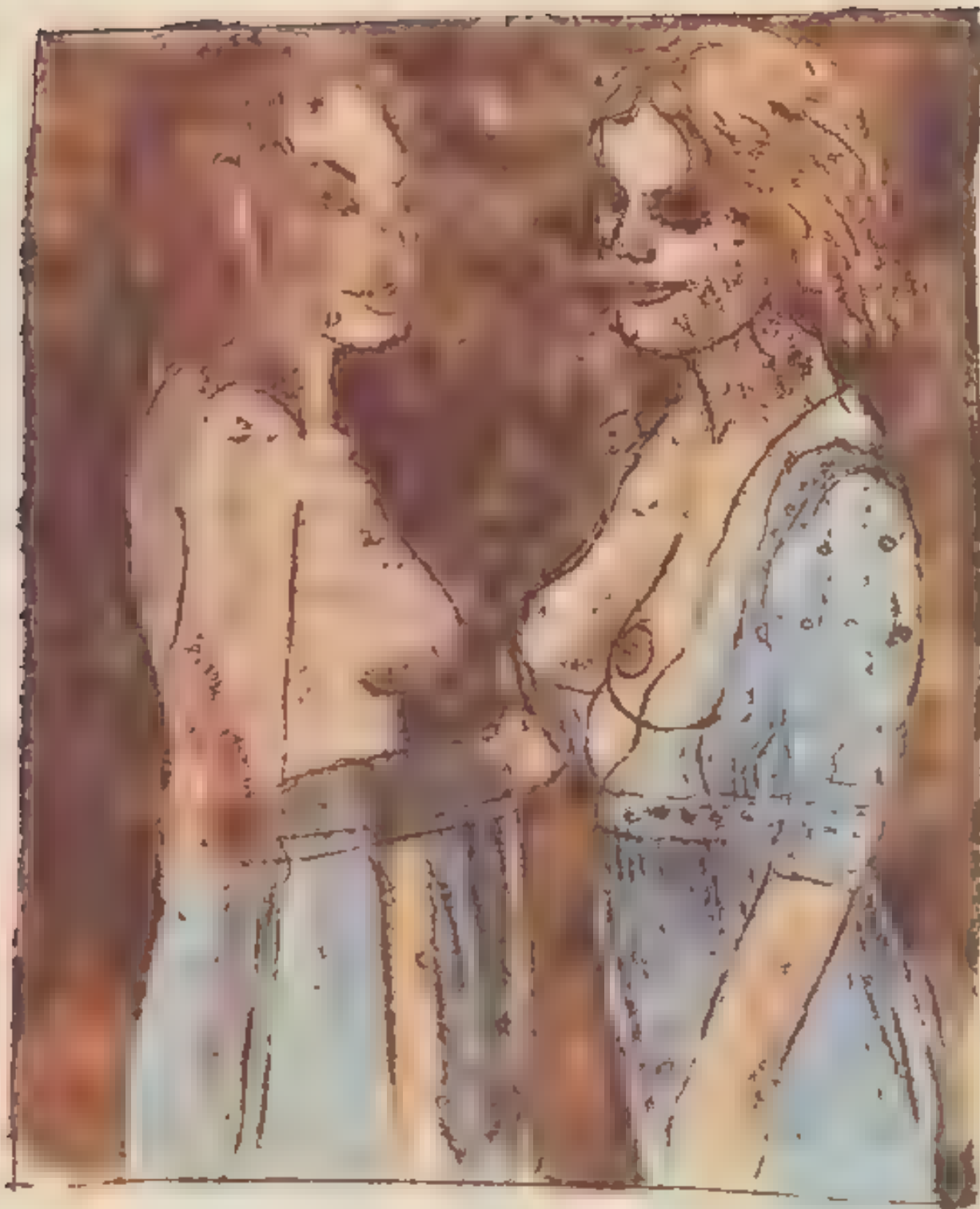


"Oh, yeah?" I says. "Go ahead. You think you're hot stuff, don't you? Well, you're not. Actually, you're room-temperature stuff."

Then he shoots me in the arm with the banana. How am I supposed to know it's loaded? I know *I'm* loaded, but that doesn't count.

In the melee that follows, Myrna grabs the .38 and pulls the trigger six times and once for good measure, which puts five holes in the drapes and one in Esprit. It's a fatal one, though, and he falls to the floor, gurgling some gibberish about where to send the drapes.





XI

"Oh, sister," Myrna says joyously, "after all these years, we're finally together again. I have so many questions to ask you; for instance, where did you get that idiot dress?"

After giving Myrna a sisterly punch in the solar plexus, Gesundheit turns to me and

says, "How can we ever thank you, Mr. Monroe?"

"You might try money," I tells her.

"One thing," she says. "How did you know where the secret door was?"

"Simple," I says. "I sneezed and nobody said anything."

16th Year of Publication

THE
GEM

Readers Digest

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FEBRUARY, 1937

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Skool Days

(Continued from page 11)

rounds of visiting and good-natured caving by smorgasbord, aquavit and glögg.

The smorgasbord is a widely generous buffet of meats, seafood, fowl, game, smoked delicacies, Wursts, salads and cheeses that never quits. Restaurants trace its origins back to pagan fertility rituals and Viking feasts when travel was difficult and the clan stayed awhile on the rare occasions they gathered. Visitors brought gifts of food—usually the specialty of the region—to make their lengthy layovers more palatable to the host. Contributions were stacked onto a huge table in the center of the hall and became part of the communal board.

While specifics have changed dramatically, today's smorgasbord still has a casual, visiting character—informal, lavish and expandable—making it easy to accommodate drop-ins and tag-alongs. You'll find it an ideal style for your own yearend binges, whether it's for half a dozen or half a hundred. For all its variety of savory fare, a smorgasbord is easy on the host. Many, or perhaps most, of the portions can be purchased as tins or in ready-to-eat form from delis, appetizer counters in supermarkets and department stores, cheese shops and gourmet and specialty food stores.

Aquavit is the traditional partner, a drink and a gesture (oil for the smorgasbord food). Thirty-two degrees is considered the perfect temperature for pouring aquavit—cold enough to frost stirred aquavit shot glasses. At restaurants and catered parties, the bottle is brought out in an ice jacket. Proper form requires that the entire contents of a glass be drained in one gulp. But even stalwarts usually take their drinks in two or three swallows.

Aquavit is typically clear and is spiced with caraway. Årbrø is the brand best known in the States. Årbrø also markets eight variations in Denmark, including a golden, dill-flavored Jubilæums—also available here, though in short supply. Lasse aquavit, from Norway, is even darker and slightly waxy. The name and character come from its crossing the equatorial line (nor) in old medieval texts.

The label pictures a sailor and describes the crossings, sometimes with actual dates and the name of the vessel. It's very hard to come by in this country.

Beer is also drunk with smorgasbord. You might try the excellent Danish Carlsberg, Norwegian Kingens and Swedish Pappas as alternatives to good domestic brews. An arrack-based liqueur Swedish Punsch, cherry heering or "a little black one"—aquavit and coffee—are favored after dinner and glögg is welcome any time.

Setting Up the Board

Smorgasbord has been described as organized potluck. Old hands go around

the table four times, starting with herrings and aquavit going on to chilled seafood, kidney, pickled, spiced or marinated in a mixed sauce, white wine, ginger, sauer or dill, plus shrimps, lobsters, oysters and clams—then to cold meats such as Danish boiled ham, sliced turkey, beef tongue, salami, Swiss, roast beef round, *lule skinka* or Westphalian or prosciutto, all with salads, and finally to hot dishes, for which recipes follow. Classics (try Vasterbotten, a Swedish sharp cheddar, or Netteklot, spicy and medium firm) may be taken with the cold meats or before the coffee and dessert. (The latter might include fresh fruits and berries, gingerbread, Danish butter cookies and *fuldkomne*—yeast cake with citrus.)

For breads, have on hand dark, light and sour rye, Linpa (white flavored, slightly sweet), knäckebröd (similar to Ry-Krisp), flat bread and whole-grain loaves, served with sweet butter, preferably. You'll also need plenty of plates—a fresh plate is presented for each round. The disposable kind make sense.

SMORGASBORD

(Serves 10 to 12)

- 3 to 3½ lbs. fresh salmon, center-cut piece
- 1 large bunch fresh dill
- 6 tablespoons coarse salt
- ½ cup sugar
- 1 tablespoon coarsely crushed pepper—corns (preferably white)

Have salmon spiced and boned but not skinned. Use a deep enamel, glass or earthenware dish about the size of the pieces of salmon. Line bottom of dish with sprays of dill. Combine salt, sugar and pepper-corns. Rub mixture into both sides of each piece of fish. Lay one piece in the pan, skin side down. Cover with sprays of dill. Put second piece of fish, skin side up, on top of dill. Cover with more dill. Put a heavy plate directly on top of salmon and weight it down—use 3 or 4 unopened cans as weights. Refrigerate 24 to 48 hours. To serve, remove salmon from marinade and scrape off seasonings. Place on carving board or flat platter, skin side down. Slice very thinly on the diagonal, cutting away from the skin. Serve with lemon wedges and mustard sauce.

MUSTARD SAUCE

- ¼ cup prepared mustard
- ¼ cup sugar
- ¼ cup salad oil
- 4 teaspoons vinegar
- ½ teaspoon pepper
- 2 tablespoons finely chopped fresh dill

Combine mustard, sugar, oil, vinegar and pepper; mix well. Chill. Just before serving, stir in chopped dill.

SMORGASBORD (continued)

(Serves 10 to 12)

- 1 lb. ground beef
- ½ lb. each ground pork and ground veal
- 1 cup milk
- 1 cup dry bread crumbs
- 1 egg, slightly beaten
- 3 tablespoons minced onion
- ¾ teaspoon salt
- ¼ teaspoon each pepper and nutmeg
- 2 tablespoons each butter and oil
- 2 tablespoons flour
- 1 cup hot beef bouillon
- ½ cup light cream

Have meats ground twice. Pour milk over bread crumbs; let stand until absorbed. Combine meats with bread crumbs mixture, egg, onion and pepper and nutmeg; mix well. Form into small balls. Heat oil in a skillet and brown the balls. Brown meatballs in several batches to avoid crowding the pan, adding more butter and oil as needed. When meat balls are browned all over, pour off all but 1 tablespoon fat in pan. Stir in flour, add bouillon slowly and bring to boil, stirring. Return meatballs to pan, reduce heat, cover pan and simmer 10 minutes longer. Stir in cream. Cook until sauce returns to simmer. Serve from chafing dish.

BEEF-APPLE SALAD

(Serves 10 to 12)

- 1½ cups sliced pickled beets
- 1 to 4 tablespoons mayonnaise, to taste
- About ½ cup juice of one
- 1 to 2 teaspoons sugar
- Salt, pepper

Cut beet slices into thin strips and place in bowl. Finely dice apples and add to beets. Thin mayonnaise with 1 teaspoon beet juice, then mix with beets and apples. (Add a little more mayonnaise and beet juice if needed.) Season to taste. You may not need to add salt if the beets are salty, and amount of sugar will depend on sweetness of apples.

Note: Scandinavian cooks often mix a little finely minced ham into this dish.

ROAST SHRIMPS

(Serves 10 to 12)

- 2 lbs. small to medium shrimps, in shell
- 1 quart dark beer
- 1 tablespoon salt
- 1 large lemon, sliced
- 6 to 8 sprays dill (crown dill, if available)

Rinse shrimps, but don't peel. Boil beer, salt, lemon and half of dill for several minutes. Add half of shrimps and bring broth back to simmer; simmer 3 minutes. Remove shrimps and discard dill in pot. Add fresh dill to broth and simmer second batch of shrimps. Take pot off heat, remove shrimps and add half a tray of ice cubes to broth. When lukewarm, pour broth over shrimps and put in refrigerator to cool for 12 hours. Scandinavians serve shrimps in the shell, usually without

(concluded on page 232)

THE SUN BURSTED through the summer dust of Fort-au-Prince, rosed grit and charcoal smoke. The smoldering way of palm was stifled at midday. With total candor, Fritz emerged from the shop and sat at unwrapped quest of ice cream on the floor of his Fiat. It would go too fast for mere melting, I said; it would explode—fissionable chocolate, the first Haitian atomic bomb.

"Wrong again, my friend," he said. "It's mocha. And I know from experience of my many years how nicely it will last from this creamery to my villa."

In the back seat the child, Marie-Claude, said, "Joujou." Toys.

PATERNITY

*a love spanning three
generations had been
crowned by this last
and purest passion*

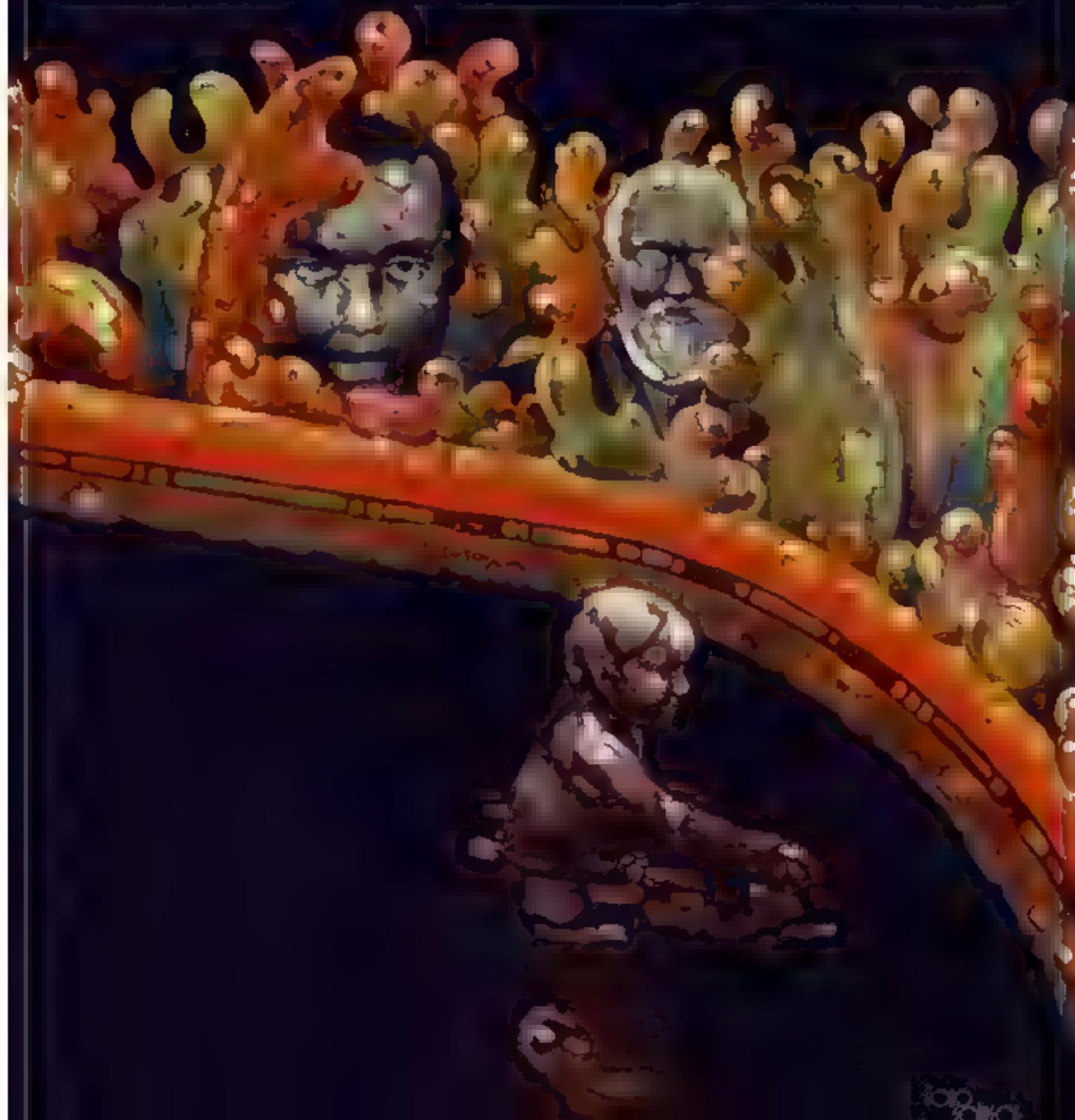
fiction **BY HERBERT GOLD**

"It is every Saturday like this," Fritz explained. "Only usually, not you or any other friend, although sometimes her real father comes for a sandwich at bedtime on Sunday. I keep her toys at my villa, a bath suit, a bathing suit. Now she must bathe at noon. She smells—mist—'chérie, tu as le pipi!'"

"It's just a little-girl smell," I said.

"I suppose you would be the expert, dear friend."

I have known him for 20 years now. For Fritz, tall, elegant, a blond, blue-eyed, coffee-colored Haitian who has delighted three continents and many islands with (continued on page 216)



THAT WAS THE YEAR THAT WAS

longue-en-check remembrances of sundry newsmakers who—in word or deed—made the headlines in '74
humor By JUDITH WAX

Though marriage is a clancy game,
 They seemed well-matched to hack it.
 If Chris and Jimmy came unstrung,
 Would Cupid raise a racket?



Chuck Cohen says salvation's his,
 The question now is, can he,
 Having found reform through God,
 Quit walking on his granny?

Bill Saxbe took on Justice
 And showed himself no mouse.
 His tongue appalled (at times, retailed
 A predecessor's spouse).

They tell us that porno's the public's sole taste,
 No subject is thought past the pale,
 But Groucho and brothers had all of 'em ached,
 Their "Animal Crackers" weren't stale.



Though whirlwind Tusten Kissingier
 Found time to wed Isakje,
 What if he'd got his schedules mixed
 And honeymooned with Golda?



To call the shah a nut, claimed Bill.
 Was just a verbal quirk.
 So Simon said: and now his sled
 Is how he rides to work.

The guru Maharaj Ji, who
 Proclaims a holy life,
 Has traded in his hobbyhorse
 To get himself a wife.



They got the bomb in Delhi,
 But they didn't come to grips
 With how to fill the belly
 On India's fission chips.

Miss Linda Blair of "Exorcist"
 Did not have time to grow up
 Before she hit the Big Star bed
 On talent mixed with throw-up.

Miss Quinn's brave try on CBS,
 Alas, did not ensnare raves,
 'Twas clear that by the dawn's gray light,
 Walters ruled the airwaves.

When bits of the story began to unfold,
 Herr Brandt claimed the whole thing was silly;
 But then when the spy left him out in the cold,
 It ended the late Wudy milly.



"The Biggest Showbiz Coup in Years!"
(The "Gatsby" flock insisted).
The one who came out lucky, though,
Was F. Scott . . . 'cause he missed it.

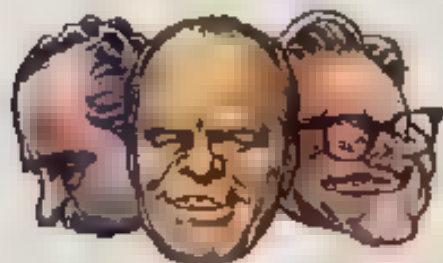
Though trauma abounded,
Most shocking to hear
Was Disney's Duck, Donald,
Turned 40 last year!

The transcripts proved Bill Reinquist,
A justice of renown,
Was moonlighting all other work
As Renschburg, well-known clown.



To film the Bernstein-Woodward tale
Deserves the screen's top pair,
Though Redford's set for Woodward, where
Will Newman get the hair?

Though Watergate was far away
From Richard Nixon's garden,
He swore, "If I have gone astray,
Dear Jaz, I beg your pardon."



Our brand-new President appeared
American as proteas.
"A good old trusty Ford," fans said,
And no one mentioned Edsels.

When Rocky got his V.P. bid,
He gladly took the chalice;
He's given up his White House aims
(He's got a bigger palace).



To say Hank Aaron's pitiless
Would probably be truthless,
And yet he showed no mercy when
He left the records truthless.

Did Connally skim milk-ied cash,
A pair of dairy pull?
Uncowed, he pleaded innocence,
Grand jury—though—said, "Bull!"



When put away behind stone walls,
Brave prisoners have cried.
(A judge could frighten Howard Hughes
With 30 days outside.)

The Aussies thought that Frankie had
A certain lack of tact,
And should he try to encore there,
Of Blue Eyes might get blacked.

Playboy Press bought Spino's book,
A mighty blow for art.
(Just think of spending all that dough
To give unknowns a start?)



The arts in Mother Russia
Were given every chance;
Was Panov not allowed to write
And Solzhenitsyn, dance?

Though Rabbi Koff backed Ronon up
(A real comfort giver),
The rabbi's words were not enough,
He should have tried chopped liver.



Jaworski, in pursuit of Dick,
Avowed to get the truth,
Yet Nixon put him where he is—
How sharp the serpent's tooth!

Mr. Bono does his act
Solo at the mike,
That's because he couldn't learn
To Cher and Ché: ahia,

asking for it (continued from page 93)

he looked as naked and surprised as the shortighted do when they strip off their glasses. "Since when have you had the notion of becoming a writer?"

"Only of late one thing. It might solve a problem that sort of has me hooked. Why should anyone want to get himself bumped off? It's been stuck in my mind for ages. I can almost see the guy. And yet . . . no, I can't see him."

"He probably looks like any other nut."

"What makes him tick? And how does he bring it off?"

No good asking me, brother. After all, you know the expert."

"At the Stripitase, you mean? I wish I'd never taken you there. To me, Louis Carraige is just another businessman."

"Not a one he's not."

"He lives for his kids. Good schools, nice friends; that's what he wants for them. He's proud of that horrible wedding cake of a villa. He wants to cover Marie with fur coats and diamonds and things."

They say she needed a bit of covering in the old days.

These words hung in the air as if they had no place to go. Unwilling to take them in, Alec stared out of the window. Far down the street, between high buildings, the water of the port showed as blue as a flag.

Jay wondered if he had said the wrong thing. He reinstated his pipe and, with it, his look of sagacity. "Didn't you tell me one time there was a girl you dreamed up and couldn't stop thinking off? Did you have to write a story about her?"

"No. But by God, I made one up, though! Under the influence of that shrink I went to in New York. Mimi. A slave."

"Mimi?"

"No. Just a type. A physical type. Psychological, too. Certainly a sexual type. The slave. Mauchnic. Made to be kept down. Crushed flat. Brutalized. And very—look out! A woman like a snake."

"Teacher of?"

"Asking to be trodden on. But tread on her—and you're done for. Do I make myself clear?"

"Clear enough," said Jay, lighting up. Anything is clear enough to a man who is lighting up.

It was the summer before I transferred here. I couldn't stop thinking about her. She became so real I thought I might be going round the bend. I was mostly because of her I wasted my money on that shrink. Fifteen hundred bucks! And stuck in the city the whole summer!"

But he put it all off her.

For what more or less I suppose. But see what a con the whole thing amounts to. He hooked her up with certain dreams I had and things I remembered from

when I was a kid, and he got me believing that this was a nursemaid I had when I was about four. Mami, her name was. Which seemed to make it plausible."

"Seems so to me. I must say." And Jay emitted a judicious smoke ring, which, however, was already disintegrating.

"Wait till you hear what this bird cooked up. When I was five, we spent a couple of weeks in Atlantic City."

"A traumatic experience in itself, I imagine."

"This girl was supposed to take me to the beach in the afternoon. Instead, on certain days, she took me to a cheap lodg'g house. To a back room, up three flights of stairs—dirty stairs. And there she left me hanging about on the land'ng while she was in there with a man—a Mami."

"Awfully?"

"Very much so. Until one day I thought she was shouting for me."

"So you opened the door?"

And there she was! Under him. A hideous, sweating, gubbling brute! Mami! Crushed down! Brutalized! And, blast her, enjoying it!"

Classical situation. And I notice the effect lingers."

"Yes. I can see it now. Smell it, too. That shabby landing. The sun coming through a dirty window onto a wall the color of pink. And he was up. And he was wondering. And opening the door. It seems I opened it slowly, because the first thing I saw was the belt and the Mami's cap. On a chair. And then—the bed."

"Well, I can understand your being a bit obsessed with your Mimi or Maudie or whatever you call her. But what's all this got to do with the other character, the murderer?"

"Oh, nothing at all. Absolutely nothing. Nothing to do with him. I was just giving you another example of the way I can get hooked on a person. But wait till you hear the parol."

Emitting smoke, Jay waived.

Alec, after one of those pauses that seem to allow for a change of gear, resumed in a steady, precise and reasonable tone. "Nothing could be clearer. Nothing could be more real than that memory. All the same, Jay, I was all a lot of crap. When I got my car I'd come over here by train. I think I told you that. Very well, on that boat, out from under the influence of that so-called analyst, walking my ten times around the clock one morning, I suddenly realized that that particular episode could never have happened. Listen to this: My father went broke and had his breakdown when I was four. After that, there wasn't any money for any nursemaid—Mami or Mimi or any thing you like—to take me around. I be year after when I was five, like I said, it's true we did go to Atlantic City. For a

cheap couple of weeks. My mother and her and nobody else at all. No lounge, no house, no stairs, no back room, no door to open, absolutely nothing at all.

"Might have been a set-up, not seen and forgotten," said Jay. "Something you'd seen in the park."

"In my opinion, it was nothing at all," insisted Alec. "Nothing but a bloody egg laid in my head by that dancer. I can bet out under my eyes at a distance. You'll see her in my next couple."

"And you certainly did. But isn't there always some little germ of reality in these things?" asked Jay. "Maybe something you don't even recognize at the time. As for example, with that murderer who's got stuck in your mind. Somebody's triggered the thought."

"I know nobody like that," said Alec.

"You know one fellow who's certainly asking for it." And Jay lifted up the stem of his pipe and he pointed it at the ceiling of Alec's living room. A little smoke coiled out, as from the barrel of a pistol that has just been fired. The pipe pointed, at an angle slanting up through several floors, to a row of flimsy structures on the roof of this bad modern building, structures such as are called scaffolds by the agents and, by the occupants, lurches.

"You call it privately mean Aunt?" said Alec.

The young man said Jay "a man" about as near likely it suited in ending up at the bottom of one of the balconies, with a hole in his head and a couple of yards of heavy chain wrapped around him. Like those two they fished up at Easter.

"You're out of your bloody mind," cried Alec. "You're talking about a guy who loves his life, loves his work."

"You call it work? Picking out a few bars on the piano and making with the offender manning in between?" Jay blew out long clouds of contempt for this ignoble occupation.

"That's not fair, Jay. That's what he does at the Stripitase. Everyone's got to eat. It's what he does in the daytime that counts."

"Exactly," said Jay.

"He composes. People say he's got talent. Certainly he lives for his music and he—"

But Jay was enveloping himself in a smoke cloud so dense that Alec was forced to stop and look and, hence, to listen. One should beware of voices speaking out of clouds. "It's the music he makes with Marie Carraige I'm thinking of," said Jay.

"How do you know?" cried Alec in almost childish distress. "What have you ever seen to make you say a thing like that? It's not true and I don't think you should go around saying such things."

Jay was not the man to press a point where he saw it was causing pain. "Well,

(continued on page 218)

*cocaine may be an elegant
way to get off, but the queen of
drugs isn't always a lady*

A VERY EXPENSIVE HIGH

article By **RICHARD RHODES**

COCOAINE—cok, fuke, blow and lady, the white crystalline compound that Sigmund Freud made famous in 1884—is also called snow—and now at the beginning of 1975, a blizzard of cocaine is blowing over us, like spoons hanging from our necks like crucifixes, snorting noses in the next room coming from people who don't have colds, people working 20-hour days who used to work four. The United States Bureau of Customs seized only six pounds of illegal cocaine in 1960, but 307 pounds in 1974, and the bureau estimates that each figure accounted for less than five percent of the traffic. Both estimates are probably low. In the past two years, cocaine has spilled from the ghetto and the mansion to become the illegal drug of choice, second only to marijuana, of many prosperous middle-class Americans. At \$60 to \$90 a gram, one user buying a wheel is unlikely to replace Jack Daniel's or Chivas Regal on the side table, but it is being used, socially and privately, in every major American city. Illegal laboratories in Chile, Bolivia, Peru, Ecuador, Colombia and Argentina are working overtime to satisfy the growing North American demand, a demand that must seem all the more surprising when you consider that cocaine is illegal. Inaccurately but legally, as a hard narcotic and as subject to the same Draconian penalties as heroin. Who, even as recently as five years ago, would have guessed that

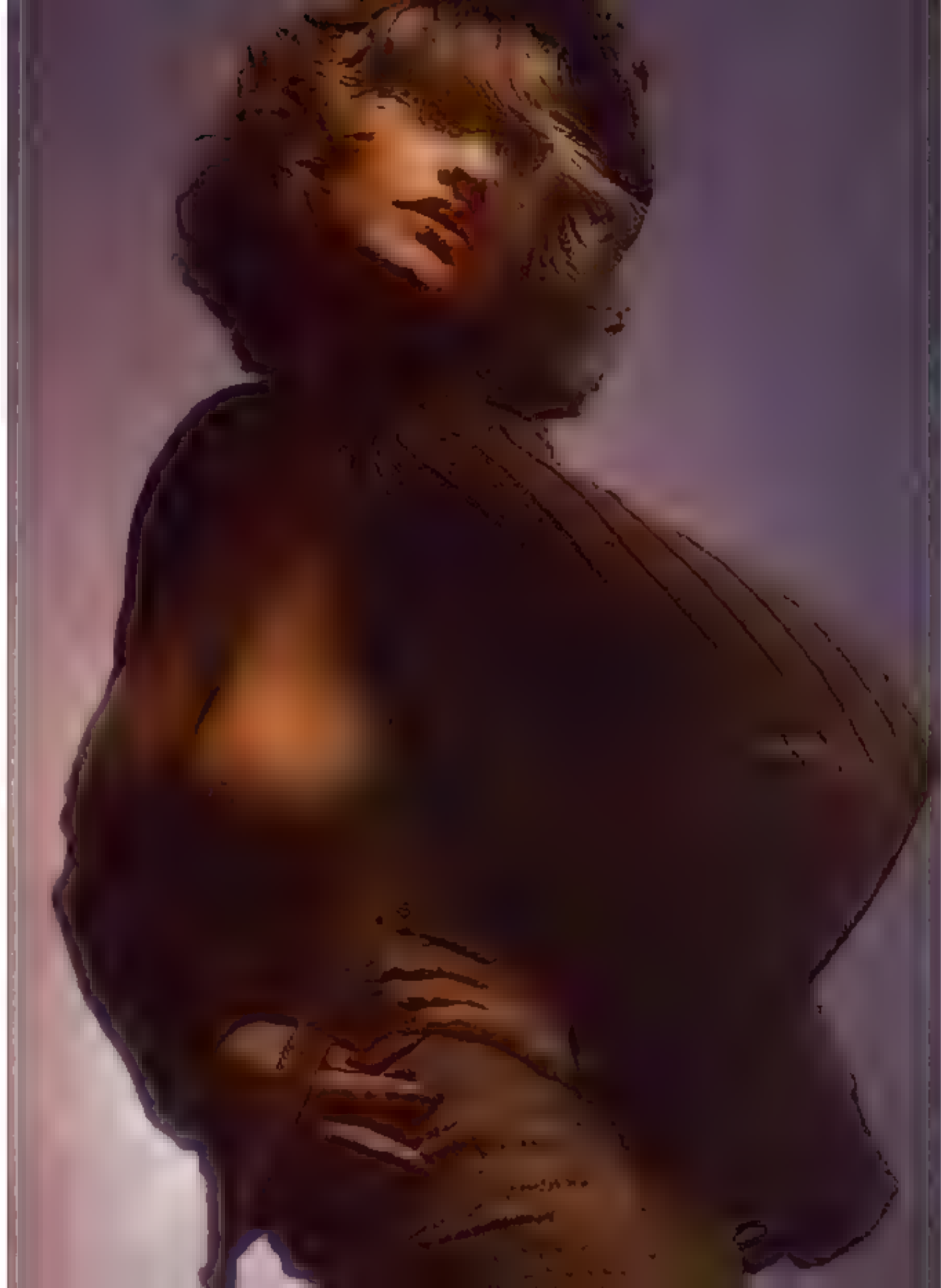
otherwise straight people, doctors, lawyers and merchant chiefs, would take such risks? And what are we to make of that?

Late afternoon in a friend's apartment the door locked, the semilight slanting through the windows. I've never tried coke before, have, in fact, even smoked grass, am apprehensive, feel the tension of this fiercely illegal act in my arms and at the back of my head. The tension shapes itself into an uncontrollable grin, the facial equivalent of a giggle, a child's response to the forbidden, playing dress-up in Daddy's shoes. I grinned so when news of another friend's suicide reached me years ago and was appalled until I understood that we sometimes respond by opposites, grinning with fear, crying with joy. My friend isn't grinning; he is grim with tension after a bad day at the office.

From the locked drawer of a low table he removes a glass one-ounce vial and a miniature spoon. The vial is half full of a powder not quite white, a tinge of brown to its white. The spoon, its bowl smaller than the nail on my little finger, has a ring attached to its handle and could be worn on a chain around the neck, though my friend prefers not to advertise his interest in cocaine by so wearing it. Others do, perhaps even some who don't use the lady, as once, as teenagers, we carried a condom in our wallets when we had no ladies to use.

"This is it," he says, holding up the vial. "It's fantastic stuff. It can do things nothing else." (continued on page 76)







*you never know—
sometimes the search
for a playmate
doesn't go beyond
your front door*

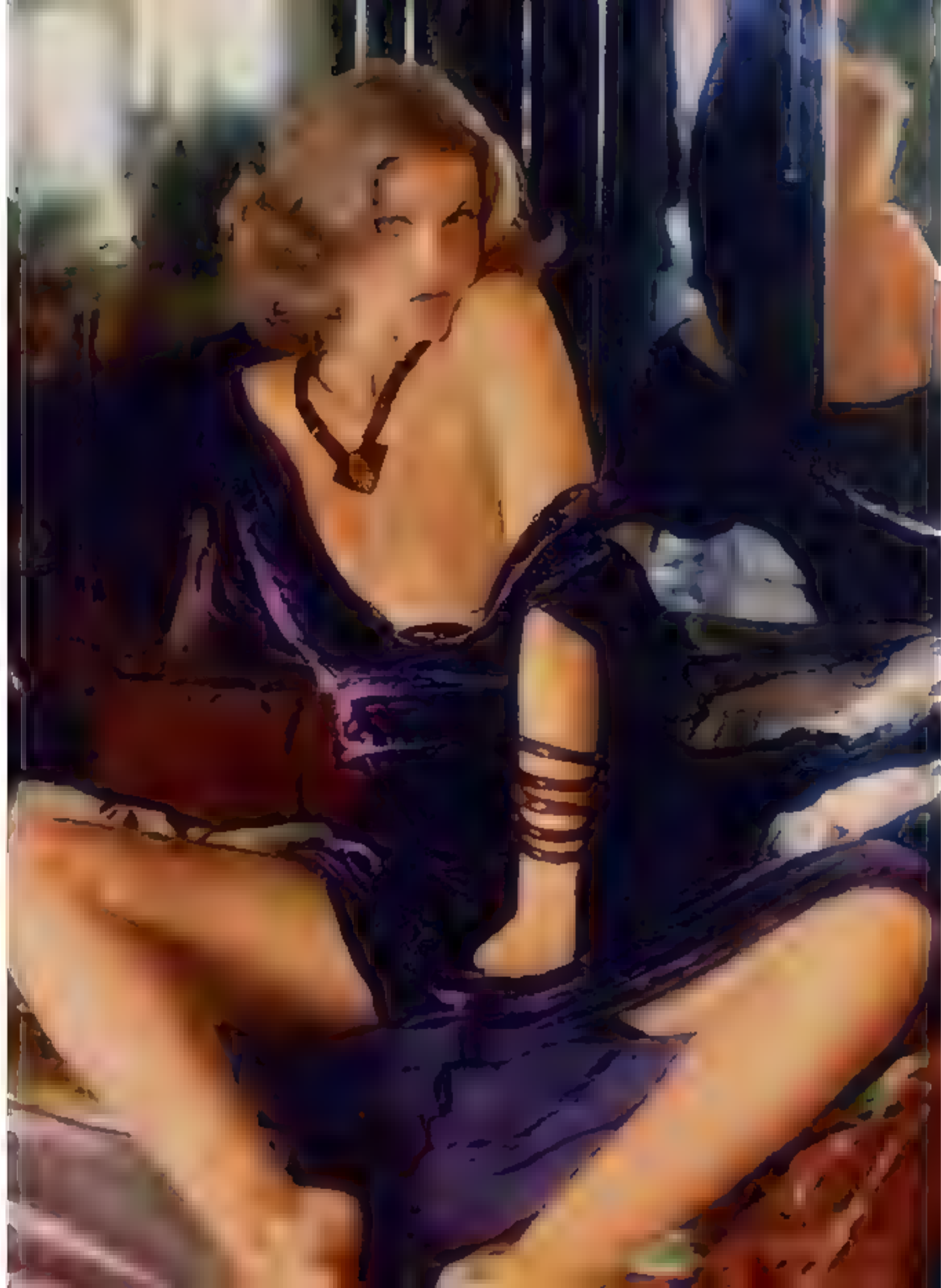
CLOSE TO HOME

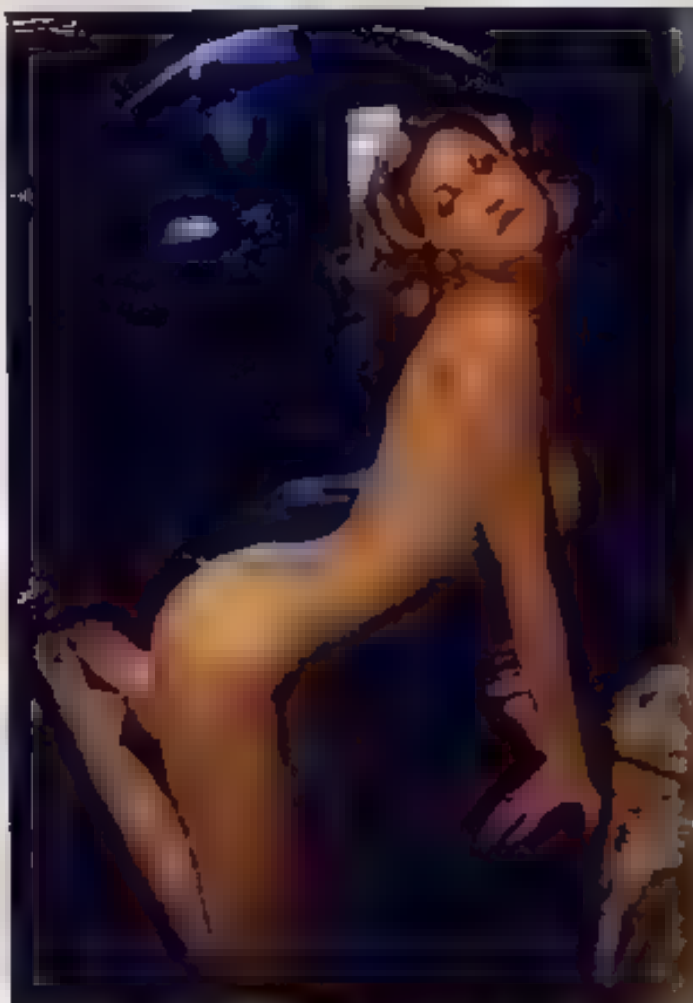
LYNNDA KIMBALL is the victim of an unusual occupational hazard. She was working as a part-time photo stylist in PLAYBOY's West Coast studio when someone asked her to pose for the gatefold. It's a familiar story, the stuff of late shows and soapers. A jaded staff photographer, unable to recognize the obvious when they're staring him right in the crotch and, one day put on his glasses, pulled the hair from over his eyes and beheld the lovely Lynda. Rumor has it that a tiny electronic flash went off in his frontal lobe as the full extent of his



As a photo stylist for *PLAYBOY*, Lynnda frequents antique-clothing stores and art-deco shops (above), looking for funky objects that will enhance a picture. Of course, we didn't mind when she turned up empty-handed for one of her own shootings. Look Ma, no props.







Lynnda noticed one difference between acting and modeling. "We do scenes in class where you have to convey the 'experience' of sunbathing or a cup of coffee or a visit to the dentist. You have to move your body in a certain way to convince the audience that your feeling is genuine. When you model, you don't have to be believable, only beautiful." Just look at these pictures. Unbelievable, right?



discovery became evident. The only thing that puzzles us is why it took so long. Attentive readers (we have no other kind) noted Lynda's potential last year in the July pictorial *Heavy Stuff* (she was the model perched atop two giant lips) and again on the August cover (she was the boardwalk waif ogled by a crowd of comic-strip crazies). Before she wandered in front of our viewfinder, Lynda lived with a friend in Bolinas, a seacoast town above San Francisco. "I was one of those people," says Lynda. "Who think California begins when you cross the Golden Gate Bridge driving north. There's no toll and the first thing you see is the rainbow on the arch of the tunnel leading into Marin County." There she raised vegetables in her back yard, sampled the dry red wines of the region, reread the *Lord of the Rings* trilogy and enjoyed what are sometimes called the muntz comforts. "When I lived in the middle of nowhere I did pick up nothing and that felt natural. Then I moved to Los Angeles. It was a liberation or vision. Suddenly, I was pure adrenaline. It took a while for my body to adjust to the rush. Now I'm addicted to the chaos. I've become an adrenaline junkie." To satisfy her activity habit, Lynda attends courses at Los Angeles City College and then goes across town to take acting, fencing, dancing and speech lessons at the Lee Strasberg Theatre Institute. Although it sounds like she's preparing for the lead role in a women's lib, swing and dance swashbuckler, she has no plans for a Hollywood career—she doesn't even own a television set. "An acting class just seemed to be the right thing to take in Los Angeles. Like a Berlitz course in a foreign language—it helps me understand and communicate with the natives. And besides, it's a lot of fun. Your mind and body have to be quite agile onstage. We do exercises that help shed inhibitions and free the instrument for self-expression. I am more aware of my body now than I've ever been before. And so are we.



"I keep busy just to keep my balance," says Lynda. An average day includes a music appreciation course at LACC (opposite top right and above) and a workout with her acting and fencing coaches at the Strasberg Institute (below). Emel Flynn, not your heart out.







Fear driving the props and costumes she finds is all part of the job and a chance for some spontaneous clowning. That's what we like: a stylist with style.



PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

The recent bride, who was already seeking a divorce, explained to the attorney that her husband was so hugely endowed that intercourse was a painful experience. "OK," advised the lawyer, "if you simply can't put up with it, you ought to hire your peccation."

"Like hell I will!" snapped the girl. "Let the big apt sandpaper him!"

We know a beautiful woman with lustrous raven tresses who does 100 strokes a night as a beauty treatment. And after that, if she has any energy left, she brushes her hair.



"My dearest darling," sighed the young man to himself. "I love you! I worship you! You are the sun and the moon and the stars and all of life to me."

"No, please, don't!" whispered his date as she disengaged herself.

"What's the matter, my only one?" he pined.

"It's just that I don't want to get serious," she answered softly.

"But wait," countered the young man. "Whos serious?"

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *madurbanism* as a selfservice elevator.

A kinky night-coach passenger grinningly exposed himself to the stewardess as he boarded the plane.

"I'm sorry," said the girl frostily, "but you'll have to show me your ticket, not your stub."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *madon-garde* as a french chastity belt.

Mused a film fan in for Pago Pago
As she mirthfully munched on a mango,

"Those who take that fuck

With its accen, on prick

Should have added a Poan to that Tango."

Pills, coils, condoms—they're none of them foolproof," said the man to his drinking companion at the club bar. "There's only one tried-and-true method of keeping your wife from becoming pregnant—good secretarial service!"

A bachelor rancher was sitting on the porch glider with his girlfriend and doing some heavy petting. He sorry you can't join me for the barbecue tomorrow afternoon, he said suddenly "but there's a date for the hands tomorrow evening. Can you come then?"

"If you don't control those hands," the young thing moaned, "I'll come right now!"

Called on the carpet for having been verbally savage in his handling of the football squad, the new coach snapped at the university president. "If you don't like the way I do things, you can shut up your hat! And as for you," he turned and snarled at the athletic director, "you can fucking well screw yourself!"

"Tell me," asked the educator mapping his brow after the coach had left, "what are Du-Lan's qualifications for the job?"

"In his ten years at Sorghum State before he came here," replied the athletic director, "his record was ninetyone wins, two losses and three ties."

"Hmum," mused the university president. "I suppose I can always buy myself a new hat—but I'd say you have a real sex problem."

A dolted young fellow named Fred
Had a tool with a corkscrew-shaped head.
He found, having hunted,
A girl corkscrew-canted,
But—ah!—with a Fred-reversed thread.

Our Unabashed Dictionary (Japanese edition) defines *rummaging* as constructive criticism.

It's rumored that the state of Washington has refused to register the acronymic name of a new, all-female organization called Women Helping Others Relax and Enjoy Seattle.

The plane hit an air pocket just as the gay passenger raised his glass of wine, with the result that a substantial amount of the liquid cascaded into his lap. "Well, now," said his constant companion in the adjoining seat. "let's take you right back to the washroom for a little clean-up. I've always wanted to sample *cog au vin*."



A fundamentalist minister, wrothly torqued, finally represented the laxton young couple to one evening after practice in the choir loft. "Where?" she enthusiastically inquired.

"Maybe . . . right here, on the floor," he panted.

"It'd be too cold," whispered the girl.

"How about on that bench over there?" asked the clergyman.

"That's way too small," giggled the chorister. "But wait, Reverend, how about doing it against the organ, standing up?"

"No, no, no!" exclaimed the minister. "Anybody who came up here might think, God forbid, we were dancing!"

Heard a funny one lately? Send it on a postcard, please, to Party Joker Editor MARYOY, Playboy Bldg., 319 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60611. \$10 will be paid to the contributor whose card is selected. Jokes cannot be returned.



' Well, tell me a little about her. Is she good in the sack?'



article By JOHN MEDELMAN

"DOES YOUR HUSBAND KNOW YOU'RE BISEXUAL?"

they've got a program in minnesota to help you over your sexual hang ups. they'll try to convince you to talk "dirty," but they'll settle for just talk

A FILM is being shown. In it, an angry man lurches out from a pornography library. The man's face is round, lumpy at the edges, with wild black hair like curled fronds and skin peeled white by the fumes and sulphurs of New York. In a black turtleneck, against a black background, he looks like one of the reckless, reedy, whoring, half-learned, hung-over mouths of the Middle Ages, methodically blaspheming after a tavern keeper has beaten him up.

The Monster Cock, Why Not Eat Cunt? They Fuck, We Fuck, I Fuck, The First Prick in Her Love-Dox, She Put a Time Meter in Her Snatch, Fifty Million Frenchmen Suck Cunt, The Cork Gobbler.

In the big room beneath the screen is an audience of pilgrims, professional people, mostly, lounging on hundreds of huge black and purple and yellow and orange and green and other pillows (\$25 each from San Francisco), come to see if what they've heard is true—that the

old rugged cross has been stashed with the collarbones of antique saints and the orgasm is the blessed symbol now. . . .

Tunt's My Lane; Where There's a Will There's a Lay; The Hump and Suck Club, A Philadelphia Lawyer Splits a Cunt's Hair, The Mod Mod Cockucker; Famous Historical Fuckers

In corners of the room, awkward and work, tall in their chairs and rigid-moving like machines, are people with a firmer purpose. These are genuine pilgrims—palsied people, quadriplegic "wheelers" in dirch chairs, "Cadillac wheelers" in motorized chairs, people with no feeling below the waist, people with no feeling below the neck—come to see if what they've heard is true—that a magic seminar can give them back their sex. . . .

She Sucked My Prick in Lover's Lane; Artificial European Suck Off; The Fucking Fucking Fucking Service Club, Inc.

Onscreen, the blaspheming monk is accelerating toward his close. He stops, gulps air and hurtles on again. His face grows larger and larger. Delight mixes with the fury in his voice. Grins break through his hostile gaze. Somehow, in some way, he is winning. . .

The Art of Fucking, The Art of Asshole Sucking; The Art of First Fucking; The Art of Cunt Lapping, The Art of Finger Fucking, The Art of Cock Sucking, I Want More Fucking Fucking Fucking Fucking Fucking Girls.

The film is relaxing something in the people. Most are waphkins, tight apprehensive their taboo systems, their value patterns—their central arrangements of them selves—are getting bashed around and a lot of them are mad. The movie is pulling up a little of the anger in the air, condensing it, letting it drift away.

"We have to be lightning rods for hostility," says Ted Cole, a

double and number of the staff. It's a leading role and it's hard to learn.

"We would like to extend to you an invitation to attend a two-day Sexual Attitude Reassessment (SAR) seminar" begins the form letter from the Program in Human Sexuality. "This seminar, originally developed for medical students, has been expanded to include members of the professions, community representatives and other interested persons. Evaluation of previous seminars indicates that it is beneficial to attend with your spouse, fiancé or a significant other person with whom you would like to share your experience. We strongly encourage this inclusion."

"Warning!" begins an article by a medical school staff writer. "If you are embarrassed or offended by utter and complete sexual frankness, the Program in Human Sexuality of the University of Minnesota Medical School is probably just what the doctor ordered."

Standing before the people in the big room is Cole's wife, Sandy—all autumn leaved, with muted, profoundly ladylike voice and movements. While an aura of foreboding of a light show swirls behind her, she is asking, "Why don't we list the words for some common human actions? Let's begin with masturbation."

A half-wallowed voice murmurs, "Jacking off."

Sandy smiles a pleased teacher smile. "Jacking off. That's good." Her hand reaches out, sweeping the audience. "How about some more?"

"Beating the meat?" she says. "Good . . . 'Flogging the hump' really? . . . Polishing the cane?" (Here she gives an involuntary sweet laugh.) "What's that?" She leans forward, listening to a middle-aged man near the front. "Here's someone who says 'Racing for Beverly' but he thinks it's rough for you and to the gang he grew up with."

People laugh, are shouting out words eagerly now. As they shout, someone in the control booth writes the terms with a grease pencil, projecting them against the light show on the wall.

"Hey, those are all men's terms!" comes a strong female voice from the audience.

She is seconded by a male. "What about some women's terms for beating off?"

But there don't seem to be any women's terms for beating off. This will puzzle the reporter throughout the SAR, for in the small-group sessions, he will find that women's masturbatory enterprises make Pornoy's seem like those of a tubular catfish.

Sandy Cole has been calling up the words for elimination, for menstruation, for oral-genital sex, for intercourse—and the wall behind her has become the rainbow as it would be decorated by eighth graders with the technology and guts.

Turning, whirling, standing out from the colors are "cuff diving," "piss," "pee," "whizz," "flying Baker," "blow job," "shit," "crap," "number two," "eat my cock," "taking off the roof," "ham for clam sandwich," "taking a dump," "take a shit," "riding the rag," "digging the talky little pee at the hole," "working cunt" and one poor lonely "coitus."

"When the SARs began," says Ted (he pronounces SAR as it's pronounced in *Gary and Heidi*—"Soj") "Yas—SAR!"; "all the leaders were men. Then we decided people would be more comfortable with some women. Without any idea of what I was beating her in for, I signed up Sandy. I needed a female body and hers was available—she came right out of the kitchen to lead a SAR. I thought I'd say, 'Do this, 'Say that,' 'Bring those'—but she said, 'I'm not a dog. I'm a person. You can't order me around like that.' Now she manages the whole two days—times when one film should be substituted for another senses whether we have to spend a lot of time reassuring people or we can move ahead she keeps everything on schedule—and she handles the people who can't take certain movies, the ones who walk out of small groups, the ones who show up in the lobby looking dazed. Until we began working on this program together, I didn't know the woman I'd married."

Sandy is delicate-boned and slim and must approach the limit in her platform shoes. As the reporter lies on a beige pillow watching her, a phrase lingers in the back of his mind—"lily maid of Astolat"—and he's added a second ancient figure to this string: paganist, not even a solid figure like the monk but one etherealized out of some literary Victorian romance and dream. With her autumn hair piled in a bun then sweeping down behind the cheekbones of her creamy long, perfect Anglo-Saxon face, Sandy Cole denotes everything she is summing up on the wall, she is obviously a woman who is happy encouraging others to do what they must but who has no need to do any of those things herself. She is a woman who could never fail.

Sandy provides the permission and the warmth," says Ted. "I provide the authority and the white coat." A mournful, beautiful quality softens his voice.

People don't seem to relax with me the way they do with her. We have a little sherry party at the end of this first day. Sandy spends it surrounded by people: I spend it wandering around, trying to get someone to talk to me. And several times when I've actually gotten into a conversation with a woman, the husband has come around and chattered her off.

Cole has a shrewdly intelligent, in William Masters, co-author of *Human Sexual Response* and an abrupt, unsocial advocate of touching and affection as essentials of satisfactory sex. Cole has the same fit square build as Masters, the

same held head, the same direct aggressive manner even the same skewed focus in one eye, which dampens the toughness of his gaze (or increases his power and mystery, depending on his relationship to you and the leanness of your eye at the time). As Dr. Masters, he has a back ground in conventional medicine—first as an internist and now as a professor of rehabilitation medicine.


The bright room lights come on. People walk, turn their attention from the wall to Sandy, who says, "Now we'll go into something I suppose is familiar to everyone in this room—masturbating. We pull out a folder. "First you might like to hear what the medical community thought of masturbation with the affirmations of many doctors still practicing. Here's an excerpt from *Health and Longevity*, subtitled 'Absolute Authority on Every Subject'—which might indicate how much the medical mind has changed in the 65 years since it was written. (There is laughter—ironic, abrupt, resentful—from the nurses, the psychologists, the social workers in the room. This resentment toward the regal position of the doctor, toward his implication that he is an error-free machine, toward his arrogant, his labor outlook, toward his position as a man in a man's world underflow at the SAR.)

An expression that could contain an alloy of malice slips across Sandy's face at the audience's laugh and snicker. Later when she is hustling around, checking with the camera, getting hand-outs delivered, trying to shepherd people to the right places, worrying that the program is running too long, she will say, "People—especially doctors—keep coming up and wanting to know what my credentials are. When they find I don't have an M.D. or an M.S. or a Ph.D., they stop taking me seriously. Just a housewife," they think. 'They don't care about my competence, just my certificates.'"

From the book on masturbation, Sandy begins to read "Onanism or Self-Pollution. Beyond everything, it is a crime against nature, punishable by consequences that are simply appalling. [The youth] falls into a disease for which there is no cure except the opportunity of marriage . . . the secretion of the reproductive liquid withdraws a very precious portion of the blood. The muscles become soft, his body becomes bent, his gait is sluggish and he is scarcely able to support himself. The wretched being finishes by draining the face of men and dreading the observation of women."

Ten girls," says Sandy, "the prognosis is worse: 'ulcerations of the vulva, cancer and other diseases of the female genitalia.'"

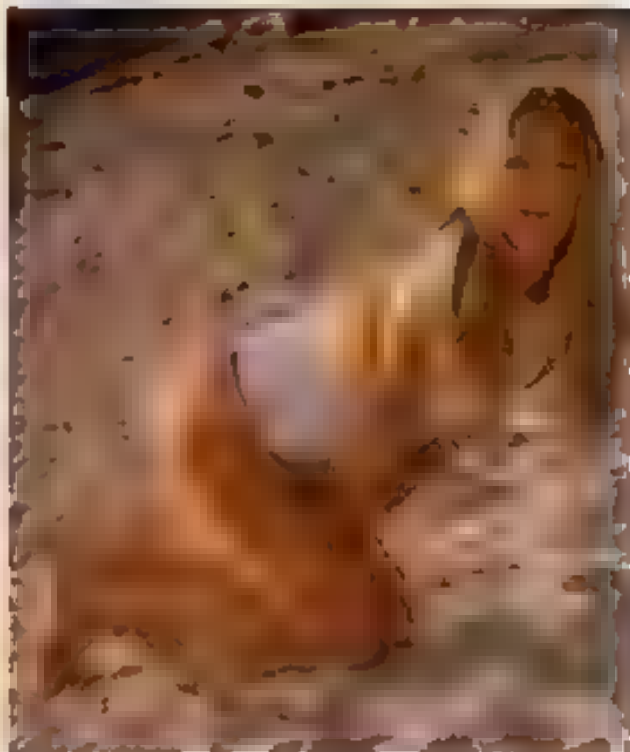
The audience laughs but with a touch of uneasiness. The Mayo Clinic was (continued on page 152)



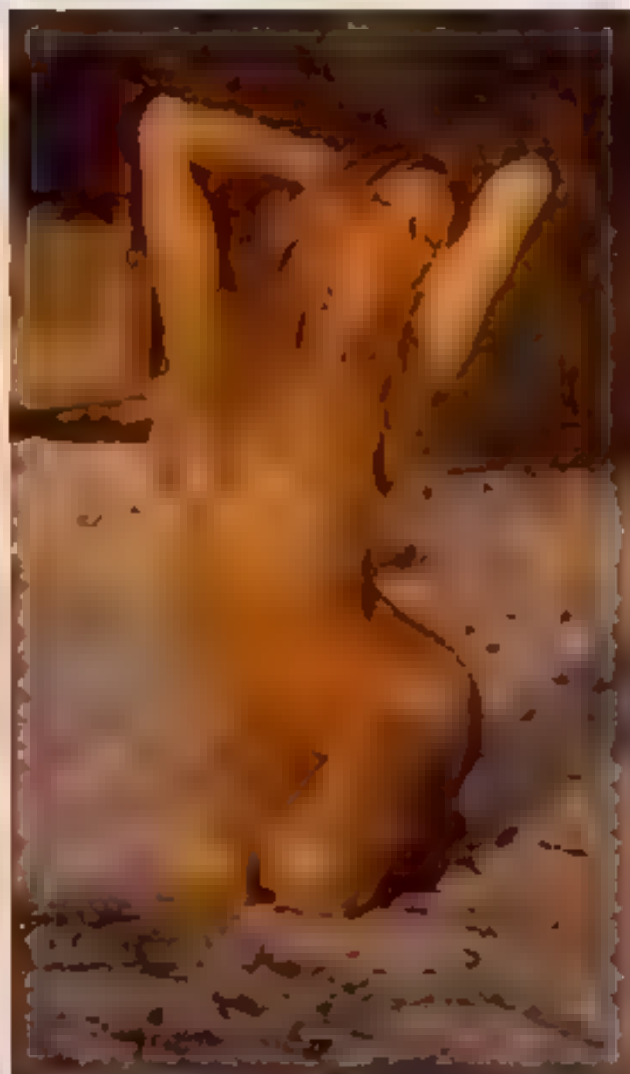
*the ageless sex kitten has
just had a milestone birthday,
but—as you can see—
what's in a number?*


BARDOT- INCROYABLE!

STARSPOTLIGHT once wrote of Cleopatra, "Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale her infinite variety." The old Bard might just as well have been talking about France's ageless sex kitten, Brigitte Bardot, who turned 40 on September and on that occasion remarked, "Look at me, now that I am 40 years old. So what?" So what, indeed! As a birthday present to BB, her current lover, 25-year-old Laurent Vergès took the photographs on these pages at BB's sumptuous villa in St. Tropez. Vergès, who some of BB's closest friends predict will be the next Monsieur Bardot, is the newest in a list of lovers and husbands that includes Roger Vadim, Jean Louis, Jean Seberg, Jacques Charrier, Gunther Sachs, Rod Zeman, Sacha Distel and many many more. "No man can have any security in loving me," says BB. "The problem is to hold on to me. And that is difficult."



BB, a sex worshiper all her life, spends most of her days on the shore of St. Tropez. "I am a wild animal," she says. "I do what I want to do. No one can stop me. Life is so short."





"My man is the center of my life," she means. "I have had many men but only one at a time. I live my whole life around my man. When am alone, I am lost. I am both very shy and very wild. and I can find myself only with a man. My man makes me live, makes me exist."



What does the most prominent sex symbol in the world demand in her men, besides physical attraction? Complicity says Bardot. "Not always having to speak, to be understood, having passwords and unalloyed laughs. Feeling like making love at the same moments and for the same reasons." Second to men on her list of favorites is man's best friend, the dog. Once, when visiting a home for stray dogs, BB, unable to resist their whines, stole 15 dogs in her Rolls Royce and took them home. This is where the term lucky dog was derived. Will Bardot fans ever see her on the screen again? "I am not interested in making movies anymore," she says, although she may do a stage tour of Italy in 1975. She is infuriated with the impresario. At 40, when life supposedly begins, the world's reigning sex kitten sums herself up in two short sentences: "I am not an actress," she says. "I am a phenomenon."

Over the past few years, Bardot has been turning down movie offers to maintain a life style she describes as an "eternal vacation."





► "DOES YOUR HUSBAND KNOW?"

already a huge business when this book was written, surgeons such as William Halsted and Harvey Cushing were developing the core of modern surgical technique. What crazy superstitions, wonder many in the audience are they—today—

He forgot the hair on the palms? calls someone from the cushions. The laughter becomes easier, and Sandy introduces some movies about masturbation.

"These are personal statements by the people in them," she says.

Beside each other, on a split screen, are two naked women. Both would probably be attractive in person, but in a medium that casts Chris Leachman as homely, these women are not beauties. One has a kind, round, earnest face and a body that is more than plump. The other has a lean, expressive face whose bone structure and constantly drawn-back lips are suggestive of a noyote's. Her body is on the scrawny side of thin.

The round woman gets out of a bathtub, redrains on some pillows, props a mirror between her legs and—with measured dignity appropriate to a featured soloist—begins masturbating. Her hand massages, plucks, flutters, squeezes; she stops to adjust the mirror, then resumes, even at orgasm she retains a benign and slightly formal smile.

The lean woman is less so. She is in her segment begins—she is taking a shower and apparently this is about to make her come. (This woman appears again in a scene about giving up and returning in neither film is she ever not about to come.) The reporter reflects that it would be pleasant to go also at sexually on the edge of orgasm but wonders if it wouldn't give a certain Alfred E. Newman "What—the worry?" women to one's life.

The men who masturbate are a teenager and a dancer. And here the sound track shows a curious sex-role bias. The women masturbate to New or African or folk rock, full of violins and guitars. The men masturbate to a hard-whacking beat from Tommy, heavy with the slap of drums.

The teenager looks like any big kid pumping his dork on a dull Saturday. He is reading a book titled *Graduation Night* and he manaculously catches the jism with what most teenage boys will recognize as a wiping rag from a gas station. His expression is what the reporter remembers his own was at such times—abstracted and wack, with some mild grimacing near the end. The most interesting aspect of the film comes from Sandy: "The teenager made it himself for a high school senior project. I always wonder what grade it got."

On the split screen beside the teenager, the dancer prances and struts, flings

(continued from page 146)

himself onto a bed, massages his cock like a curator spinning a diamond. Here he is a tiny slim man and he constantly pleases with his penis but only his sensations that there would be no surprise in seeing Dr. Scudlike subtleties drift across the screen: "WALLOO! I AM!" "I AM ME!" "I'M THE BEST THAT THERE IS!" "I'M THE BEST THAT COULD BE!" When he begins to come, he thrashes about like a man battering his way out of the center of a haystack. He finishes with his head under a pillow but jumps up promptly and scrubs at a table, where he salutes the camera crew and twigs a glass of wine. His self-satisfaction is enormous, as if he had just banged a whole chapter of the *James Leach*.

As in the lights in the big room come on "Well, back now for our small group meetings," says Sandy. "Small groups one and two will meet in the rooms to my left, three and four will meet in . . ." There are eight groups, each with about ten members.

People sit wearily on their pillows, stand hesitantly—then hurry off to form long slow lines at the toilets, come back to crowd into slower lines at the coffee machines. They and their Significant Others stand close together, touch, cling to each other's clothing—like children about to be abandoned to the first day of kindergarten. (Significant Others and the people they come with are always assigned to different groups.)

Aggregating their experiences, the professionals have gone through the first hour alone with a paranoid schizophrenic, managed the first operation in which a patient began to die, have had the first confrontation with a gang of angry relatives in the hall. . . . And, with all this experience, they are unhappy about crowding into a small room to talk with strangers about sex.

Eventually, all reasonable delays have been used up, the doors to the small rooms have been closed and small-group leaders are asking people to introduce themselves and tell what they expect to get from the SAR.

Those who treat patients or meet clients or advise parishioners know what they're supposed to get from the SAR. They're supposed to get so used to sex that they can discuss oral-genital coupling and anal intercourse as easily as they can discuss the side effects of tranquilizers or the efficacy of prayer. As Cole told the large group. "One of the sex-education pioneers likes to say that a doctor suspecting a sex problem will often ask, 'How's your sexual life?' and stop there. Can you imagine a doctor suspecting kidney disease, then stopping with, 'How's your urinary life?'" One of the course readings advised, "Anything that can even be mistaken for a wince or a

looking away can stop your path and track and exacerbate his problems."

The Significant Others (originally "spouses and fiancés," titles that did not fit the homosexual partners, the lesbians and mothers, the same-sex other sex living companions and people who attend sex wars who travel here in the reporter's group is Cynthia, tall, severe-looking, in her mid-20s, with sand-colored hair snatched up so tight on top of her head she seems coiffed by a power lather.

Even before the door is closed, Cynthia has precipitated the first group interaction, she has announced in a small and hostile voice that her husband has made her come to the SAR, that she is tense and when she is tense she has to smoke. If tension had compelled her to massage her thighs or even the nearest cock, the group leaders and many group members would surely have extended warm support. But smoking!

The group leaders—a sad faced, war-looking quadriplegic named Jonas and a small, plain, dithering woman named Joan—ask the others, "How about it?"

"This is an awfully small room," says a woman.

"Do you really smoke?"

"You can tell yourself, if that's your bag, Cynthia, but we shouldn't have to ask your bag."

"I can't say if you smoke I'm all right."

Jonas and Joan help work a compromise. Cynthia will sit by the door and when her urge to smoke becomes overpowering, she will go out her perversion in the hall. After Jonas has moved to clear her place—his motorized wheelchair clicking and whirring and racking like a ship moving sideways without rudd—the introductions begin.

There is Lester, a psychiatrist in private practice in Omaha. Tall and lug-boned, he gives the impression of having been stuffed with unhappy secrets. He is as soft and gaudy as a man made of seal sacks. He has an indignant capacity to just sit, with nothing coming anywhere—except his pale flat lips. "I have been with sex for years," says he. "I think that this program and programs like it are helping to accelerate a tragedy in American life—the separation of sex from emotion. And without emotion, sex is just one more sensuolated amusement, like motorcycle riding." His voice is colorless but strong; even in flames (it is as hot as a Nebraska prairie) lends it strength.

"That's good that you're so open," says Jonas. "I hope the rest of us can be as open as the SAR goes."

Next to Lester is Judy. Out of God's molds, she has obviously come from the one marked STEREOTYPE A: LUNAR. And in the first 15 minutes after being introduced



"Give it a break, Shari—I wrote that book specifically for people in temperate climates"

at a party. Her bland face (with plastic rimmed glasses she might have bought in high school) has the patient, inquisitive look of nearsightedness. She is wearing a short dress of some brownish shade—the uniform of the nonpretty woman.

But her voice is surprisingly confident and warm, without any "Hush, can't you read the instructions?" quality about it. "I'm an S.O.," she says (short for Significant Other). "My husband's a doctor who has some disabled patients—but that's only one reason we came. We think we have a very sexual marriage, and we came as a kind of test, to see if we really are loving and comfortable and free, to make sure we're not missing something we don't know we're missing."

She winks slightly. "Lester, I think you're right about emotionless sex. But I think you've got to ask, 'Which emotions?' Looking back, I can remember all kinds of emotions that seemed part of sex but really weren't—anger, guilt, fear, some revulsion. . . . Maybe things like this SAR help clear away those junk emotions and leave room for the ones that count."

Actually, Judy is a noticeable woman, one has to focus on her, that's all. She is tall and has a taut, lovely body with the healthy aura that cycling or tennis, plus lots of screwing, maintains. It occurs to the reporter that the bones and planes of her face probably would have made her look like a 40-year-old librarian when she was 24 and that—at 24—she surely would not have looked so cared for or content. She is an awkward carving, being polished toward beauty.

Lester gives the noncommittal psychoanalytic "Hm-mm," which could mean anything from "That's a profound insight" to "Fuck you."

Jonas and Joan exchange glances. To look toward her, Jonas must turn a few degrees in his chair. His head goes around easily at first, then stops as the awkward waterlogged weight of his body brakes it. He dips his head and gives a tug of his upper shoulders—his one expressive gesture. Joan smiles at him. She has a broad, homely, mischievous Steppenwolf of Central Asia face. No, there's something more powerful than mischief behind her face—and something so tender and aware that "homeliness" fits only at the first rough plane. In her face is sexuality—sophisticated, a bit self-mocking, but as inescapable and direct as those 40-year-old women with such Slave-faces—certain women born to redemptive looks in libraries—what spell comes over that next middle age, wonders the reporter that makes them pop out like lilacs—fragrant, and tough and brilliant—while he ex-cheerleaders, he home-warming queens pour into Wright Hall on our six days of TV?

"I love it as a group," says Joan, and Jonas gives his loose snubbed nod.

"We're going to be all right!" He has a

heavy-boned masculine face, with curly dark hair and a short beard (the texture of steel wool). As he smiles, his brooding expression changes to his worried nervous system is a great quantity of life.

There is John, fastened into a dark suit, vest, striped tie and spit-shined black shoes. He is a dark, scruffy little guy, but is the sort of handsome, rugged-looking man one always assumes played football somewhere along the line. "I'm vice-president of a bank," he says, "so I'm always selling, always talking with people." He pauses. "But I'm not sure I'm talking about things like this."

He finishes rapidly. "I'm not because my wife teaches sex education—the 'sex lady of Merril School' they call her—and she wanted me to come. I don't have any expectations. I'm just waiting to see what in hell comes next."

There is the reporter, who gives two guesses as to why he's here. He teaches in a college where there are a lot of Jewish students, and I'm uncomfortable with them. Also, I teach a mass-communications course where I talk a lot about pornography and pornography is my job. Lecturing about pornography to people 20 years younger than I am makes me feel like a dirty old man. I hope the SAR will make me more comfortable at work.

There is Annie. She is small-boned, dark-eyed, pale-skinned, with dark, pointed ears and nose. Her suit is pink, light make-up and she has an air of meticulous neat. She makes frequent, unself-conscious grooming motions like a cat. "I'm a nurse," she says, "and I work in a kidney-dialysis unit. Patients keep asking me, 'Will I be impotent?' 'Am I going to lose my desire for my husband?' 'How soon will my wife start looking for someone with a stiff cock?' And they ask the big question that I can't answer—Is life worth living without sex? We have no social workers, no psychologists, no psychiatrists, no counselors at all for people on dialysis. We plug them in until their money runs out, and then we send them out to die." She touches her hair with a little flick of neatness. "In the ward, we sometimes talk about the only time the whole dirty system might be nice—if we could see Spiro Agnew and Richard Nixon and John Mitchell and all those horrible, money-focused Republicans needing dialysis and running out of cash. I think we'd fight to see who'd shut down their machines."

Jonas says, quickly, "I don't think we'd better get into politics here. Sex is usually spicing enough. And you said something heavy about sex. You said patients asked if people can get along without sex—can't they?"

"I'm married," says Annie. "And I've gotten along without sex for six months at a time." She gives a knowing, viral laugh that has no connection with her appearance. "But it seems to be

either feast or famine when you're not married—and I love those feasts."

There is Frank, a wiry, portly man, a general practitioner. He is not a doctor to a surgical refresher course because it was recommended. The year before, I went to a course in emergency medicine because it was recommended. Now I'm here because it was recommended. But I'm like John. I don't know what to expect. And, like Lester, I don't think I approve. I didn't expect all this conversation, I expected data, statistics, hints on treatment—and instead I'm getting life histories out of a sociology class.

There is Frank, a prison psychiatrist. He is lean, with a whisper-quiet voice. He has listened intently, but when he smiles he puts across the quality that Jack Palance, playing a whisper-voiced satanic gun fighter, put across in *Shane*—a quality that makes the reporter check the distance to the door. "They gave me per diem and told me to come. But they should have sent a few flies instead. I hope the guys who need some movies about death."

And, again, there is Cynthia with the thin plain face and yanked-up hair—luck from a cigarette in the hall. "Actually, I've got more reason to be here than I admitted," she says. "I read in a novel he described a technique for sometimes I think I'm as disturbed as they are. I've never had an orgasm. And even though I love my husband and we have really pleasant, warm times together, I get an awful feeling—somewhere between deadness and a cringe—when he touches me in bed." She pulls out a cigarette pack, puffs it back. "Those are awful such movies—you can't imagine how I realize those women those long, long climaxes."

"I don't think I'd choose those women to envy," says Lester, the immobile psychoanalyst. "If a woman carefully sets the stage, then calls in *Lund* *Concess* while she brings herself to orgasm, I'd say she was a candidate for psychotherapy."

"Wouldn't you call me a candidate for psychotherapy?" asks Cynthia.

"Yes," says Lester "on the basis of your frigidity and discomfort, I'd call you a candidate."

There is a croses Joan's face. "We've got a kind of contract in this seminar," he says. "We're as open as we can bring ourselves to be, but we don't diagnose and we don't do therapy. Other branches of the Human Sexuality Program do these things. . . ." He gives his cramped half-smile, takes a rest of the group.

Did anybody else have any strong feelings about the masturbation movies?"

"I didn't see what the grownups looked so pleased about," says John, the dark-skinned banker. "I think of masturbation as something for kids."

(continued on page 250)

CAPTAIN BURGER'S AMERICAN DREAM

*he built an empire
out of meat and grease—
and occasionally he wallowed
in the stuff*

fiction



CATTAIN BURGER stepped from the red Eldorado convertible and stood for a moment under a magnificent oak tree whose thick branches and sharp met the green leaves afforded protection against the heat and glare of the sultry June morning. A sweet fragrance dropped from the leaves, the fragrance of early summer, of promises and memories, of newly awakened dreams. In a direct line from the tree under which he was standing, some 20 or 30 feet further on, was another exactly like it and beyond that another and so on for as far as he could see. He imagined an early settler had planted them as a shield for his crops against the violent winds that blew easterwise unlettered across this flat New Jersey plain. What might have once been a farm was now the Cedar Rest cemetery, although there were no cedars in sight with trimmed hedges beyond the black



CAPTAIN BURGER'S AMERICAN DREAM

ironspiked fence and row upon row of white and gray headstones growing up out of the meticulously groomed lawns.

With a light almost jaunty step, he strolled out from under the tree and crossed the street. The sun was a white diffuse blur in the sky. Under his yellow parky shirt and in his crotch against the right pressure of his flowered denims, he could feel the uncomfortable quill of perspiration. The sweet leaf smell was now tinged with something chemical. On this side of the street, the landscape was devoid of symmetry, without oaks or even the promise of cedars, a gray swamp of tall dry grass and weeds that stretched several miles across to the Hudson and the New York skyline beyond that.

"Why in hell you want to be in here?" his accountant asked the first time



Captain Burger indicated interest in the
up.

Yeah, C.B., why here?" his regional
president wanted to know.

Even Ernie Falucci, his chauffeur and
personal bodyguard, who knew his place
and never spoke unless spoken to and
who certainly never interfered in busi-
ness matters, felt compelled to add his
judgment: "It don't look like much to
me, boss."

But Captain Burger had simply smiled
with the quiet self-assuring confidence of
a man who knows something no one else
knows. In this case, what he knew, as a
result of information obtained through
a private surveillance agency he had
hired to watch the local building in-
spector's office, was that plans were
under way to build an international
sports stadium on this same road not two
miles from his proposed construction site.

By fall of next year, when the leaves
were turning gold on the oak trees across
the road and the new sports stadium was
hosting its first football and soccer ses-
sion, the new Hackensack Captain Burger,
according to his best estimate (and he
had an uncanny knack for accuracy in
this area), would be serving upwards of
3000 burgers a day, 1,100,000 a year. This
would bring his national total in excess
of 300,000,000 burgers per annum, a fig-
ure that was good even for imagination
and exceeded all other burger sales
in the United States.

He stared out not so much at the thin
strips of bright-orange flag that marked
his land as at the orange flags in posi-
tion to the dismal, disgelike pano-
rama of the swamp, seeing in that
chaotic a reason back to every disas-
ter of his life: his entrance and
against the will of the universe. Of all his
501 Captain Burger stands from coast to
coast, this one represented a particular
symbolic victory, because he had been
born in this town, had learned about life
on the muddy rat-infested banks of the
Hackensack River had had his ass kicked
no more than once by the local punks
and bullies, savoring the sweet taste of a
private vengeance; he strode forth upon
his land, through the dry rasping grass,
over the rubble of beer cans and Coke
bottles and tires heaped there by an in-
sensitive and unimaginative public. He
traced the perimeter of his property, go-
ing from marker to marker, reverently
pausing before each one as if he were
making a pilgrimage to himself.

There was a reason why he had chosen
this particular site, these two acres out of
the ten or more miles of swampland that
was available to him. It was on this pre-
cise spot more than 20 years ago that he
had had his first girl, Rhonda Brubaker,
see a sensation although five-footed
towny whom he had doggedly pursued
to no avail for two years. She had never
even given him the benefit of one of the
cock-teasing starts she was infamous for

in adolescent circles around town. At
last, not until the night of his 15th
birthday, when he stole a grand-new '54
Plymouth convertible out of the A & P
parking lot and pulled up to the curb in
front of Bragan's candy store, where
Rhonda and her girlfriends hung out.

"Where'd you get it?" Rhonda asked
him cockily, without so much as shifting
a muscle in her body as she leaned over
him against a parking meter. It was the
first time she had ever spoken to him.

"I got it, wassat?"

"I know it ain't yours," she said, scorn
dripping from the edges of her every
word.

"I'm driving it," he said.

"I bet you stole it."

"If you're not interested," he said with
a sharp edge to his voice that he was
trying out for the first time, "then walk
on that one."

Now, when she got it, her girl
friends walked with envy behind the
windows. How candy store. He drove di-
rectly up to the swamp and pulled the
car to a stop and the weeds so that it
was hidden from the road and without
so much as a moment's hesitation,
reached down inside her dungarees and
grabbed for the first time the secret fe-
male treasure he had seen pictures of in
magazines. To this moment, he could re-
member every detail of that night: the
way each part of her body felt in his
hands, the way the full moon turned the
tips of the swamp grass silver. That was
the beauty of love. Afterward it burned
forever, like a sanctuary light in the
brain. Whenever possible, he let love be
the inspiration for his business.

"We got twenty-five minutes to get to
the airport," Ernie called to him from
the cabaret Eldorado, the color of 301
aluminum. Captain Burger took from

As Captain Burger settled into the
white-leather luxury of the Eldorado's
back seat and as Ernie started the 300
cubic inch engine, which purred as softly
as a kitten, he turned to Miss Burger
& saw the first time he ever
him who was sullenly being off piece
from a stick of sour-cherry gum. He did
not see the slightly misty look in her eyes,
nor did he seem to notice how the mas-
cara had smeared beneath her left eye,
like a bruise.

"I feel very special today," he con-
fided to her.

Miss Burger Queen bunched the gum
in her mouth between her tongue and
her upper incisors and slowly let it come
out in a pink pock-marked mass between
her lips, where it dangled precariously
for a moist fraction of a second before
being sucked back inside, out of sight in
one soft fluid intake of breath. All the
while her dark eyes stared blankly back
at him.

"Big deal," she said.

She turned away and looked out at the

swamp. There by there at 85 miles an
hour, snapping her gum between her
teeth, it was the one thing she knew of
that would irritate Captain Burger more
than anything else.

Linda Ann Creech, who was chosen
Miss Burger Queen exactly one year
to the day in the first annual Miss Bur-
ger Queen U.S.A. contest, waited until
the car was out of the swamp and
saw the car before she spoke. "Then
he turned to her first class seat next to
Captain Burger and made her way
toward the rear of the plane. Several rows
back, she passed Ernie, whose balding
pear-shaped head was pressed between
the colorful pages of *Mag Adventures*.

She resembled Ernie in the same way
she had resembled her mother. He was al-
ways snooping around. For a year, it
had been hanging around on the edges
of her life like a shadow, perpetuating
within her the same sense of uneasiness
and irritability that she had run away
from home to escape. Wherever they
went, Ernie was never more than several
yards behind, silent and vigilant, never
very resourceful in the inconspicuous
role he had been hired to play but
faithful, more faithful than the most de-
voted German shepherd. Captain Burger
would remind her whenever she com-
plained. At restaurants he would eat
first at an expensive table. In hotels, he
would occupy the rooming house. In
her fantasies she imagined him with a
glam to the wall while they sat, not for
love. This particular image was so strong
in her mind that it forced her to smile
the little moans and cries that normally
accompanied her orgasm, an act of re-
pression that was as frustrating to her
as stifling the orgasm itself. Once while
they were vacationing in Tacombia on
the eastern coast of Sicily, she was
prompted in a moment of unparalleled
exuberance to rush naked out onto the
balcony of their hotel room with arms
flung wide to embrace the sun rising like
an ancient god over the Mediterranean.
She was at first disoriented and over-
whelmed when she noticed Ernie calmly sit-
ting her from the next balcony over
the pages of *Giornale di Sicilia*. Un-
blinking, without discernible lust, his eyes
burned steadily into her like the tips
of two cigars.

"Why is that man always looking
at me?" she fumed at Captain Burger
who with great difficulty was trying to
decipher his own copy of *Giornale di
Sicilia*.

"He's not looking," Captain Burger
replied. "He's just doing his job. He's
necessary for the operation."

"For what operation? What oper-
ation?"

"My operation, of course." He said it
with the quiet arrogance of a philoso-
pher who does not wish to elaborate.

(continued on page 166)



TOP COATS!

*exclusively for
playboy: creative
menswear by the world's
foremost designers*

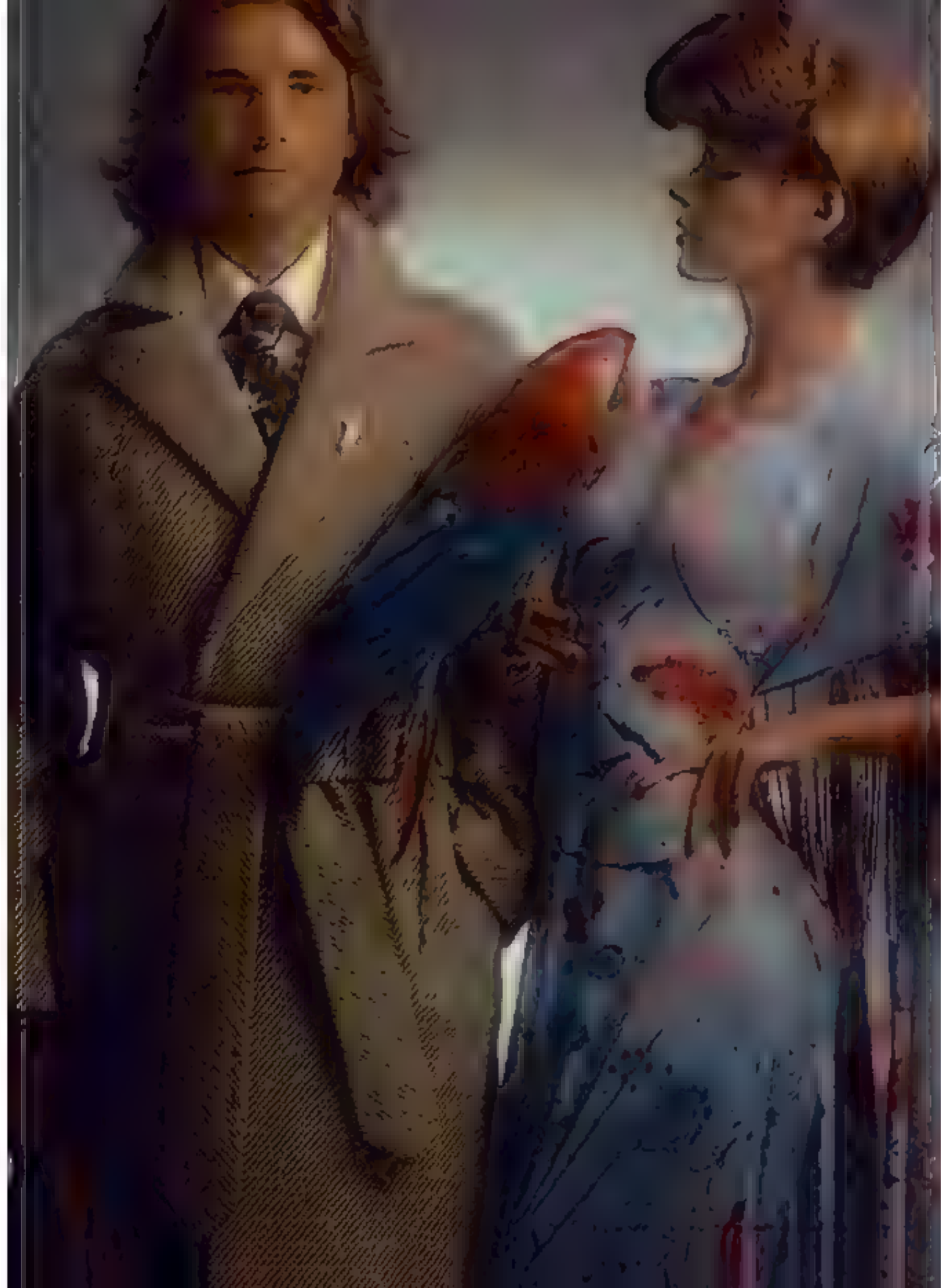
IF ANY PART of the male wardrobe has been neglected of late, it is the topcoat; some old thing after some old thing. So PLAYBOY Fashion Director Robert L. Green translated that observation into action by inviting a group of top international designers, including Pierre Cardin and Bill Blass, to do something about the status quo; their submissions are showcased on these pages. None of the outfits featured is currently available—but so further the cause of more creative menswear, Green is taking his topcoat show into major cities. So if history repeats itself, it won't be long before what you see here is what you'll get in your favorite men's shop. Try that on for size.

Here's one example of the kind of topcoat Green was looking for. It's a single-breasted cashmere model, mid-calf length, with squared-off notched lapels and flap pockets, by Cardin. (The accessories pictured are by Ramsey Schwartz for Eric Rose and Company.) Unlike the other coats in his special collection, it features a very tailored fit, which means it can serve as a substitute jacket, perhaps worn over a sweater. All this and practicality, too.



Opposite: Now here's a fine kettle of fish: and the bill. Boss wool/polyester Donegal tweed balmacaan with contrasting rib-knit cuffs worn by the capped gentleman isn't bad, either. But there's more to the story than meets the eye, as the soul can be reversed to a tan polyester/cotton poplin. And that's no fish story. Right. More piscatorial fanci-fancy, but who cares when there's a coral's hair region-sleeved single-breasted short coat. It comes with matching pleated slacks, by Dminn, featuring contrast stitching and a deep center vent thrown over one's shoulder? Obviously, the lady does.





Opposite To keep her feathered friend from stealing the spotlight, you need some elegant foliage of your own—such as this easygoing wrap coat with peak lapels, side pockets and deep center vent by Angelo Donghia. It certainly isn't lost on the lady: he knows when she's dealing with the real macaw. Right: This gear also has a good thing going, and unless his companion is cracker to begin with, she's going to flip out entirely over his self-baited single-breasted oyster-buzz coat. Colin Klein's contributions to the collection—with leather side pockets, raglan sleeves and inverted center pleat. Who can blame her?



THE VARGAS GIRL

Sex is OK in its place . . . and your place . . . and my place







upon a self-evident truth. "He protects me."

"They don't assassinate hamburger moguls," she flung back at him. She had learned that term only last week from an article on the hamburger industry that appeared in *Little magazine*.

Ernie's smile from the warmth of a cigarette informed her, having years before distilled the lessons of history into several handy, easy-to-use maxims of which this was one.

Linda had almost gotten past Ernie (she thought unnoticed) when he, without lifting his head from the magazine, demanded out of the corner of his mouth, "Where you going?"

"To pass," she snapped at him without slowing down, coining her head back defiantly. At that moment, the plane lurched suddenly to one side and she found herself being propelled more rapidly than normal down the remainder of the aisle. Her hands slipped helplessly along the smooth gray wall of the rear room; her fingers fumbled for the door latch and as the plane tilted upward, she slid into the small cubicle where she was seated and sat stably between the sink and the toilet. She turned the lock on the door and sat down on the uncomfortable toilet seat, where she promptly reached into her purse, took a little round mirror from her cosmetic packet and began to weep uncontrollably into it above the steady churning roar of the engines.

She felt cheated. She felt that what was rightfully hers was being unconsciously ripped out of her hands. This was just the reverse of the way she felt last June, when, through the large front window of the Tucson Captain Burger, where she worked not so much because she needed the money which she did, as to get a few hours' relief from her mother, who never stopped nagging her, she first saw the red Eldorado boom into view like a chariot over the distant rim of the desert. Against the burning sunset, the car seemed for one magical moment as if it had spilled out of the sun, an extension of its radiance, the only moving thing in the vast lifeless panorama of the desert. Transfixed she watched it race toward her on the Nogales highway. The angle of the road shifted, the car swung out of the sun, leaving a long white trail of dust in the magenta twilight.

When the car finally came to rest in the parking lot and the tall sandy-haired man emerged from the back seat, she felt a quivering sensation along her spine. Through the glass she watched him stretch his arms and legs and then stride across the parking lot with a determined, aggressive step that told her he was no ordinary customer. When he came in through the glass doors, there was an aura about him that made her mouth go

dry and the palms of her hands feel clammy. In her confusion, she poured French fries into a strawberry thick shake. And then in the next instant she recognized him from the gilt-framed portrait that hung above the counter.

At a rosewood-grained Formica-topped table in the corner, munching from a giant bag of fries and sipping an orange float, he spoke with each of the female employees in turn, asking questions about the schools they went to, their family backgrounds, their hobbies and interests. But of the six counter-girls, she alone had been given an envelope that contained an airplane ticket to Miami and told that she had been selected as a finalist in the first annual Miss Burger Queen U.S.A. contest. That night, as she watched the tailights of the Eldorado recede into the moonless blackness of the Arizona desert, she felt that she was the luckiest girl in the whole Grand Canyon State.

And two weeks later, when she was chosen Miss Burger Queen by Captain Burger himself out of more than 200 contestants from all over the country and awarded a \$25,000 cash prize, her sense of gratitude was overwhelming. She didn't understand why this honor had befallen her. What had she done to deserve it? Before this, she had never won anything in her life, not even a Teddy bear at the church bazaar. She thanked the heavens, Jesus Christ, Muhammad, Mohammed and all the saints and angels she could remember from Sunday school.

In the year that followed, the \$25,000 cash prize was the least of the wonderful things that happened to her. Her picture was hung next to the captain's over the corner of every Captain Burger stand in the country. There was a full-color photo spread of her in *Pathe*, a trade publication for the hamburger industry. She attended the dedication ceremonies for each new Captain Burger; she jetted all over the country with the captain (before this, she had never traveled more than 15 miles from Tucson); she was required to sit on his vacation to Naples, Capri, St. Tropez and Majorca. Each day her gratitude grew, boundless, out of control. And then, of course, she fell in love with the captain and she realized with the first pangs of sadness and anticipated regret that she would never be happier in her life.

Someone was knocking on the rear main door. She tried to stifle her tears, but she could not. They burned her cheeks, were bitter on her tongue. Tonight it would all come to an end. She would be jowed aside like an unwanted trout of hamburger bar.

The knocking on the door was louder, more insistent. Ernie's voice said, "What the hell you doin' in there?"

"Go to hell," she said through her tears. "Go to goddamn hell!"

Ernie had been with the captain for more years than he, Ernie, could remember. He had been through 301 Captain Burger openings, the captain's three divorces and innumerable crises both personal and professional. He knew the captain as far back as the days when his name was Ruggiero Kanarowski, son of old man Kanarowski, for whom Ernie had worked. The old man had owned an auto-body repair shop on a busy highway but years it had been a one-man operation barely earning enough to support his Italian wife and send his son to college. But because he was getting on in years, Ernie had to do most of the heavy work while he limited himself primarily to giving estimates and ordering parts.

The young Ruggiero never showed his face around the shop. Ernie learned, through the old man, that he had married a beautiful girl, the daughter of a college professor from Upper Montclair, and that he had recently bought an abandoned diner out on Seaven Island, which he was planning to convert to a hamburger stand as soon as he could accumulate enough capital. Right after that, the old man had a stroke while knocking out a dent in the fender of a Lincoln Continental. He was placed on the critical list at Hackensack Hospital, where he drifted in and out of a coma for almost a month.

During this time, Ernie, as faithful to the old man as he would later be to the son, kept the shop open every day and maintained an honest account of the hours he put in and the work he did. One night, just as he was getting ready to close, a man in a white-suede jacket appeared in the back doorway of the shop. The man stood immobile as a statue, the suede jacket open, his hands shoved deep into the pockets of his pants while his bullen eyes took in every detail of the place as if he were seeing it for the first time. When he came inside, he ignored Ernie, or rather looked at him no differently than he looked at the row of wrenches hung neatly according to size on the back wall. Ernie, his face glowing with sweat, his work clothes irreversibly stained with grease and oil, watched him stroll in and out among the deformed automobiles: a '53 Buick with a mangled bumper, a doorless '56 Chrysler, a Cadillac hearse with its radiator crushed in against the engine block. All the while the man, although apparently deep in thought, was particularly careful to keep his jacket from brushing against any part of the car.

When the man finally spoke, he stood over a pile of bruised metal and turned chrome, his back to Ernie. "My name's (continued on page 236)

THE ELEVENTH HOUR SANTA

*yule pairings of classic
and contemporary gifts*

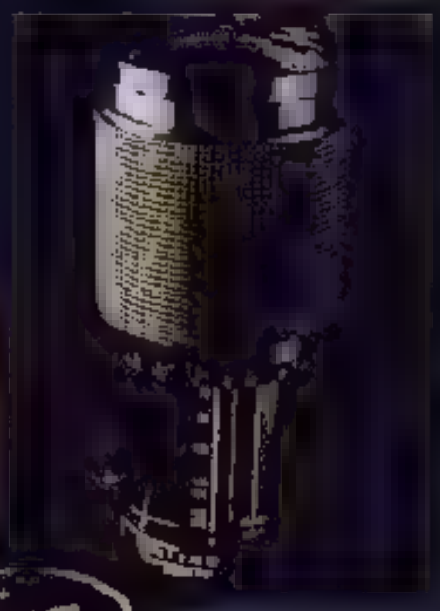
1 The oil-line status symbol of Old Money and the Beautiful People, a classic vinyl-with-leather-trim Louis Vuitton (dig those crazy "LV"s) go-anywhere satchel that doubles as an oversized briefcase, from Saks, \$175.

Handsome, rugged and useful corduroy-grained leather showing its that measures a roomy 10" x 6" x 6" features an easy-open zipper closure, vinyl interior and a pair of brass decorative rings, from Tex Tan, \$17.50.



3 Model A 26 pocket camera takes 28mm shots; features pull-open-mer-deuce cover for viewfinder, automatic exposure control, Zeiss 40mm f/3.5 Sonnar lens complete with automatic flash, by Rollei, \$193.50.

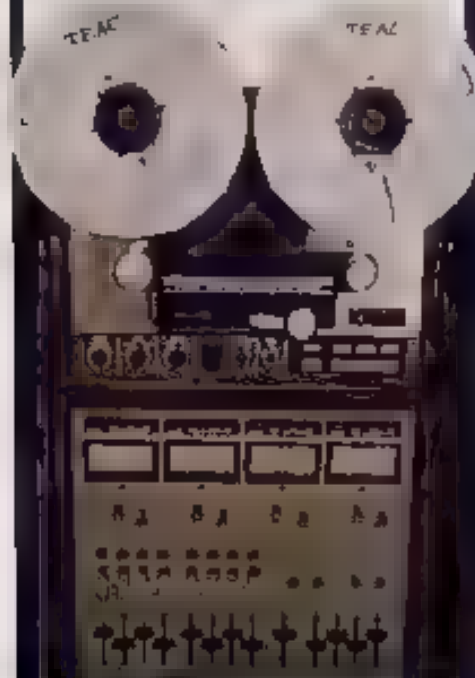
An f/3.5 Macro Flarewing Auto Zoom lens with one-touch zoom-and-focus control that lets you choose any focal length between 70mm and 210mm for exact framing at moment of film exposure, by Viotar, \$449.90.



THE ELEVENTH-HOUR SANTA

5 Digital AM/FM clock-radio 6 1/2" x 6" with a grained-walnut finish, slumber switch and easy-to-tune rotary volume control is designed to fit compactly on desk or night stand, by Magnavox, \$34.95 with ear jack.

Model A7348 open-rail four-track deck with accompanying eight-input mixer that gives the receiver sophisticated sound control, features a separate VU meter for each channel, by TEAC, about \$240.



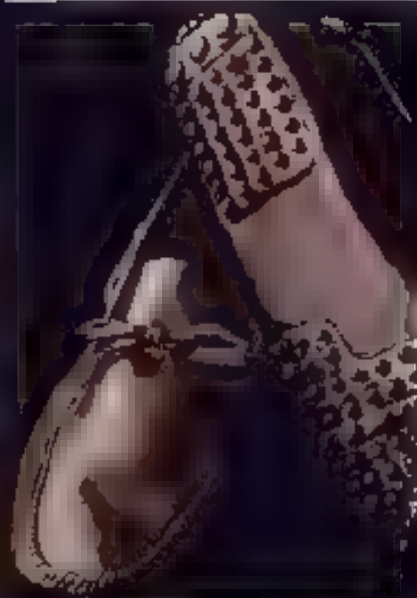
7 An extraordinary 250th-anniversary cognac, laid down between 50 and 100 years ago, is being sold by Henry Martin in a very limited edition that includes a hand-molded, individually numbered bottle, \$275.

Dry Sack sherry, medium dry and delicious straight or on the rocks, comes in a burlesque-bagged two-bottle package, by Julius Wile Sons, about \$11.



9 The Binge Boot comes with a genuine blue-denim high top and Chuck Berry's favorite footwear faded-blue suede—for the body; all plus a steel toe, stacked heel and a thick sole, by Anna, \$87.95 a pair.

For the automotive enthusiast, a moosehide-type leather shoe specifically designed for driving; has drop-sole construction plus studs that prevent slipping off pedals, by Hunting World, \$48 a pair.



11 An 18-kt.-gold Tank watch that's a replica of the one Louis Cartier designed as a tribute to the World War One officers who fought to keep Paris free, from Cartier, \$750, including lizardskin band.

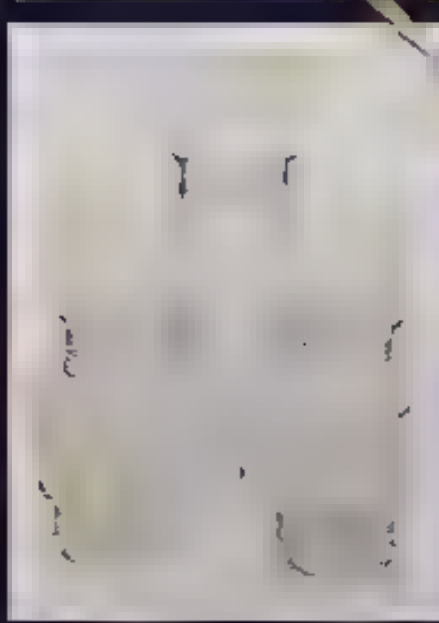
Solid-state watch in a 14-kt.-gold-filled case displays time, month and date readout at the touch of a button, guaranteed accurate to within 60 seconds a year, by Pulsar, \$395 with matching band.

13 A set of stackable ten-onces Eight Deadly Sin costume pieces on ones you're wondering, for eight deadly sin being, of course, "choosing the wrong side", from the Hatcher Collection, \$13.99.

The cosmologically inclined man who has almost everything will double his pleasure with a crystal Purdies wineglass or two from which to sip his cherished vintages, from Secorant, about \$80 each.

15 A classically simple 18-kt.-gold love bracelet, designed by Aldo Cipullo, can be attached to or removed from a special someone's wrist only with the use of a screwdriver, from Cartier, \$450, including tool.

Here, form precedes function, as what you see is a sterling-silver bicycle-chain bracelet that's an exact duplicate of the real McCoy, the bracelet opens via a sister hook, by Off the Cuff, \$60.



VERY EXPENSIVE HIGH (continued from page 131)

does. It doesn't send you off into a corner and it doesn't fuck up your head. You can use it and then go on with an ordinary day and all that happens is that you feel turned, feel straight. I'm tired right now and I'm pissed off and I'm down. After the coke, I'll be ready for the evening." He unscrews the lid and dips into the cocaine with the spoon. "This is premium, better than you can get on the street. It's maybe seventy, eighty percent pure. I had it tested. It's cut with lactose. It's good shit." The spoon is dipped into the small mound of white powder and in the late-afternoon light, suddenly it sparkles, the small flat crystals catching the sun. My friend sniffs to clear his head and then runs the spoon to one nostril and with a loud snort sucks the coke up his nose. His expression doesn't change, but his eyes widen and he lets his breath go slowly out. His motions now move serious, more deliberate; he dips the spoon into the vial and with a draw another mound of coke and snorts again, then leans back in his chair and is silent, abstracted, as I have been when I am abstracted by the first taste of a fine wine. He returns from that distance and looks at me.

"That was a hit," he says, more quietly than before. "You should probably start with less. Be careful not to breathe out as you bring the spoon to your nose or you'll blow the stuff away. My hands are trembling, but not enough to spill the coke. I dip the spoon into the vial, tapping it against the side to level it, bring it to my nose and snort hard and feel a flare of powder brushing inside my head and then feel it dissolve and disappear. Carefully I return the spoon to the vial and snort another hit and tap it level and bring it to my other nostril and snort again, spilling a few grains this time into my nostrils. I hand the vial and the spoon back to my friend and sit back in my chair, watching the moles of the waiter as he waits, watching the waiter as he waits, watching the waiter as he waits. My friend comes out of his reverie to ask me my favorite music and I say Bach. Mozart. He unwinks from his chair and looks at me.

As a result of this quiet, unobtrusive, and somewhat unobtrusive conversation, I find myself in a state of quietude. The waiter comes out of his reverie to ask me my favorite music and I say Bach. Mozart. He unwinks from his chair and looks at me. As a result of this quiet, unobtrusive, and somewhat unobtrusive conversation, I find myself in a state of quietude. The waiter comes out of his reverie to ask me my favorite music and I say Bach. Mozart. He unwinks from his chair and looks at me. As a result of this quiet, unobtrusive, and somewhat unobtrusive conversation, I find myself in a state of quietude. The waiter comes out of his reverie to ask me my favorite music and I say Bach. Mozart. He unwinks from his chair and looks at me.

in a city apartment in the late afternoon. A state I've never tasted before appears at the top of my throat, a taste bitter and medicinal but not unpleasant, the taste of cocaine, and I realize without concern that it's a taste I'll never forget.

So we sit, in the late afternoon, our pupils dilating, listening to Chopin and the light, and when I come back from wherever I went, I realize that the tremor in my hands is stilled and the grin has disappeared, I'm calm, I'm myself within myself, my friend has gone gentle, the way I enjoy him most, and after a while we take another hit and leave for an evening of good food and good talk in the company of good women. But I wonder, before I go, if the change came from the coke or from the shared peace and transfigured silence, or from my relief at having done what I feared to do. My friend says the change comes from the coke, but that, after all, is why he uses it.

The coca bush, *Erythroxylon*, like the native South American plant from which cocaine is refined—grows on the eastern slopes of the Andes, grows best between 1500 and 6000 feet in the zone of mountain climate called the *Cunichu* (the zone Peruvians call the *Montaña*). It is an evergreen, now and then frost-free, the mean annual temperature is 60 degrees Fahrenheit, with little variation from day to day, more blowing wind. The slopes are covered around the coca bushes in the small cleared patches where the Incas planted coca. The coca bush is a small tree, without quailers, the primal tree, the pre-eminent tree, and left unpruned, the cultivated plant would grow as tall as ten or twelve feet, but the Incas pruned it down to three or four feet, keeping it bushy and bushy outward, forcing it to grow more leaves. The leaves, not the flowers or the berries, are the part of the plant that is used. The leaves are green, gray on the other, varying in size and shape, depending on their maturity and on the subspecies of *E. coca* to which they belong, but generally oval and pointed, one to four inches in length, half an inch wide, the leaf is thick and succulent, the leaf vein runs from stem to point, pseudo veins curve on each side of it from stem to point. However, the pseudo veins are not as thick as the main vein, and are denser than on the margins of the leaf held to the light, a coca leaf appears to harbor a ghostly miniature of itself, a leaf within a leaf, in the veins.

Manco Capac—rich Manco—and Mama Ocllo, who Inca legend insists were his parents, are said to have discovered the coca bush in a golden ward in his hand. The ward was a flowering of coca bush, the coca bush

white people followed it north all the way to the site of Cuzco, where it was first used and buried itself in the ground.

And then, in the year 1021, the year was 1021, Coca was there before the Inca rulers came, but they took possession of it; the Inca was divine and coca was divine, coca came from God and God was the Inca, the Inca controlled the coca, collected it in tribute and dispensed it for devotion like the body and blood of Christ. The Inca had a thousand concubines and wore a head dress of gold surrounded by two white feathers. The people were divided by regions, north, south, east and west, and within regions were organized by tens, ten families making a *Chuncho*, ten *Chunchos* making a *Pachaca*, and so on up to 10,000, each rank of tens under an appointed leader who was responsible to the leader above him, the ultimate leaders responsible to the Inca himself. So the kingdom was orderly, the Inca stern but lenient. The kingdom flowered into golden ornaments and fine woven rapes, palaces and aqueducts of unmortared stone, exotic festivals and bold celebrations. The soil held in place by narrow terraces like steps down the mountain carved for the feet of God, the coca grew.

Francisco Pizarro, a soldier's favored son, said to have been suckled by a sow, came down sniffling gold and destroyed the kingdom by sapping on its head. The administrators who followed him suppressed the Indian use of coca until they understood that without it the Indians could not produce their labor in the gold mines, and then they began to use it. It contemptuously a weak, bitter pleasure, a weakness of brow and brow men. The poisoned gold flowed across the sea and inflated Europe. Sickened by it, Spain grew arthritic, Spain grew old. The Indians abided and eventually broke free. They use coca now, 6,000,000 of them, as they used it then, to moderate, as a tonic, part of the continuation of their lives. They pick the leaves, dry them carefully over a fire or in the sun, chew them mixed with a paste made of ashes. The paste, which is alkaline, may serve to sweeten the leaves or it may liberate their alkaloids. At least 14 alkaloids have been isolated from the leaves, of which cocaine is one. The Incas prefer the sweeter leaves, and the modern leaves contain less cocaine. Cocaine is not the essence of coca but merely the most potent of its decoctions. The other alkaloids may temper it, moderate its effects. So little research has been done on coca that no one knows. The Indians know. "They carry an herb, the leaves of which can sustain them two days without eating or drinking, by merely carrying these in their mouths. This herb they call 'coca.'" That is a Spanish chronicler,



"Can't you knock before opening?"

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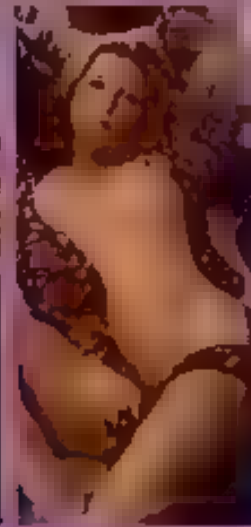
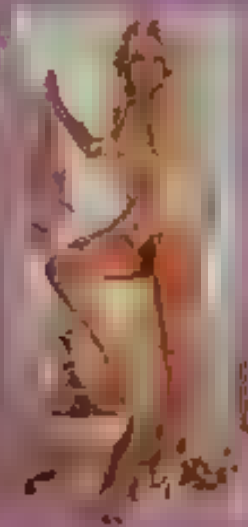
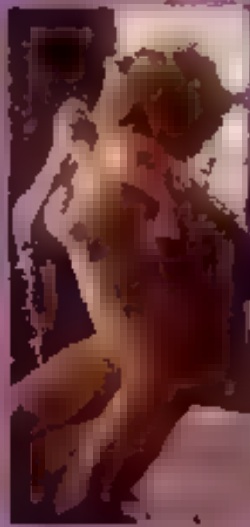
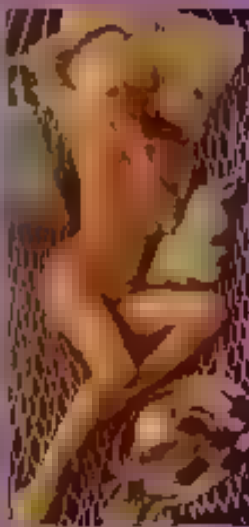
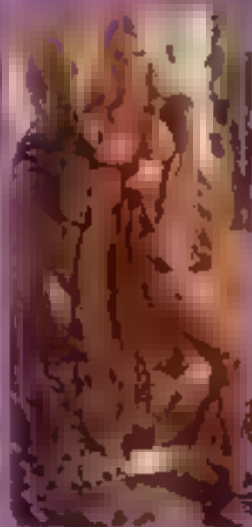
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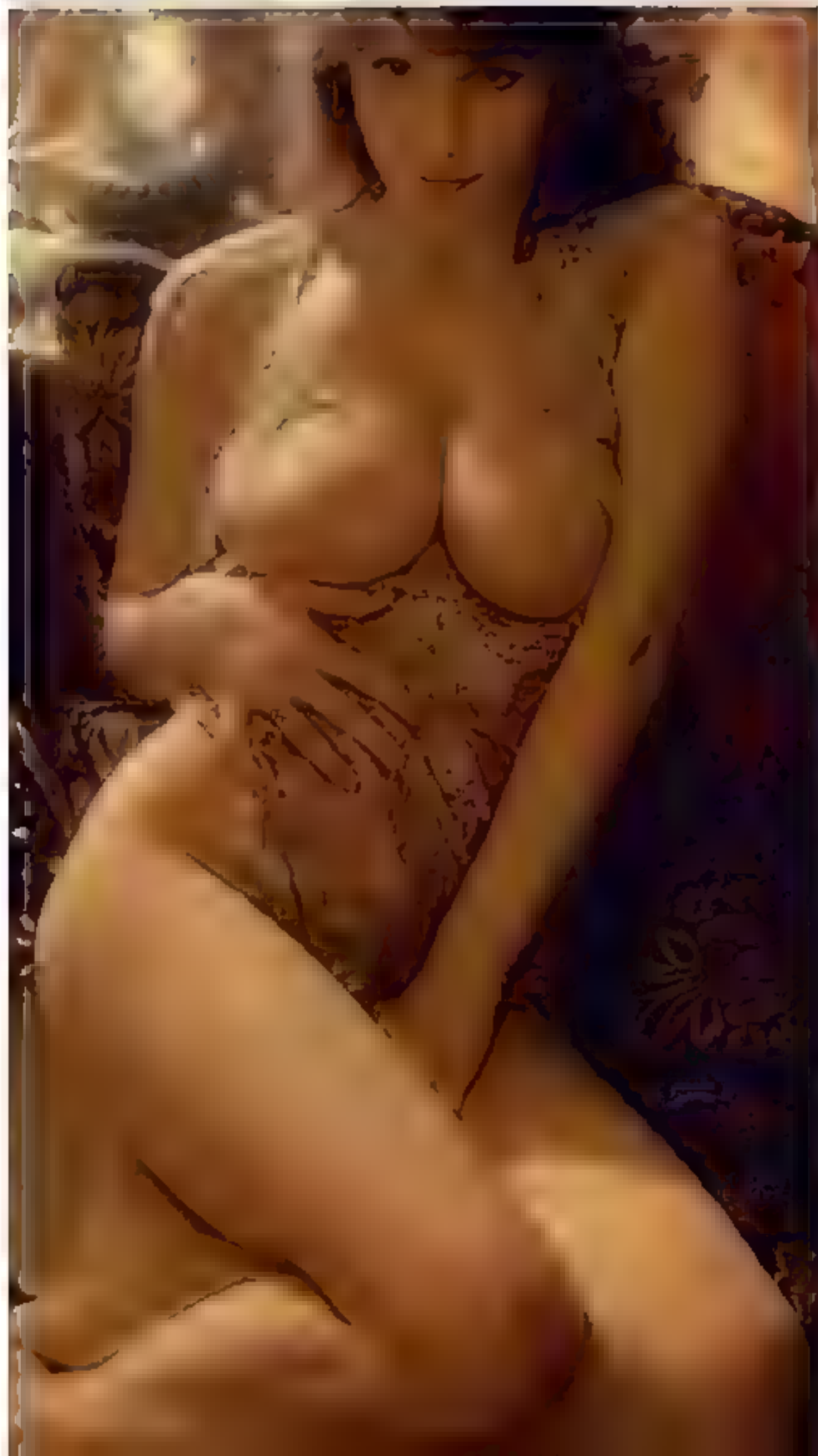
PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE REVIEW

a portfolio of the past delightful dozen



IT USED TO BE that our Playmates were all college-age types: innocent, enchanting and always available for interviews. Now we tend to get more professional young ladies—actresses, models, etc.—so we have to catch the line between guys' wish and all to the good, we think. Because these worldly young women, one of whom will be Playmate of the Year, we welcome your nominations—still have many of the qualities you'd hope to find in the girl next door. It's just that the girl next door is growing up.





Miss February

Francine Parks has kept busy working for one of L.A.'s top publicity firms, interviewing and writing releases on a variety of stars such as The Supremes, Will Chamberlain and Mary Griffin. She also helped promote some charity functions and took part in a marathon in New Mexico. But Fran continues to study voice, acting and dance, and, much as she likes public-relations work, she's ready to pack it in if show business beckons. 'I've come a long way in the last year,' she admits, 'but it's going to get a lot better.'

Miss January

Nancy Cameron is still in Pittsburgh, where she's been 'modeling like crazy' and doing a lot of swimming in the new back-yard pool she and friend Paul, the rock impresario—he's producing records now, instead of concerts—had installed. Nancy hopes to keep her schedule as busy as possible ('If this were L.A. instead of Pittsburgh, you'd get a better interview'). She reports, incidentally, that her pet Shih Tzu—given to her by members of our Photo Department—is about to be mated. Hurro!

Miss September

Kristine Hanson was in Alabama on a Playboy promotional assignment when we caught up with her. She'd been busy studying TV, radio and theater arts at Sacramento State, performing at the California State Fair (she played vaudeville queen Irene Castle), broadcasting news on her college station and serving as Face Queen for San Francisco's offshore powerboat races. And Kristine was about to begin an internship at a Sacramento TV station. We have a feeling that you'll be seeing lots of her.





Miss October

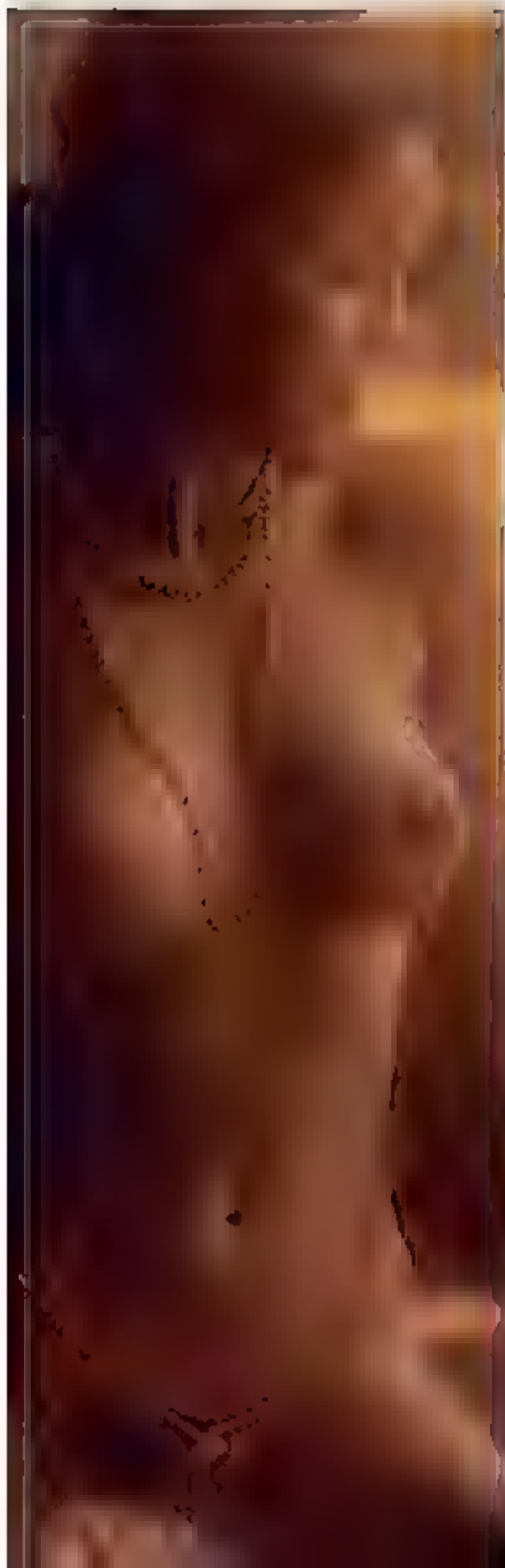
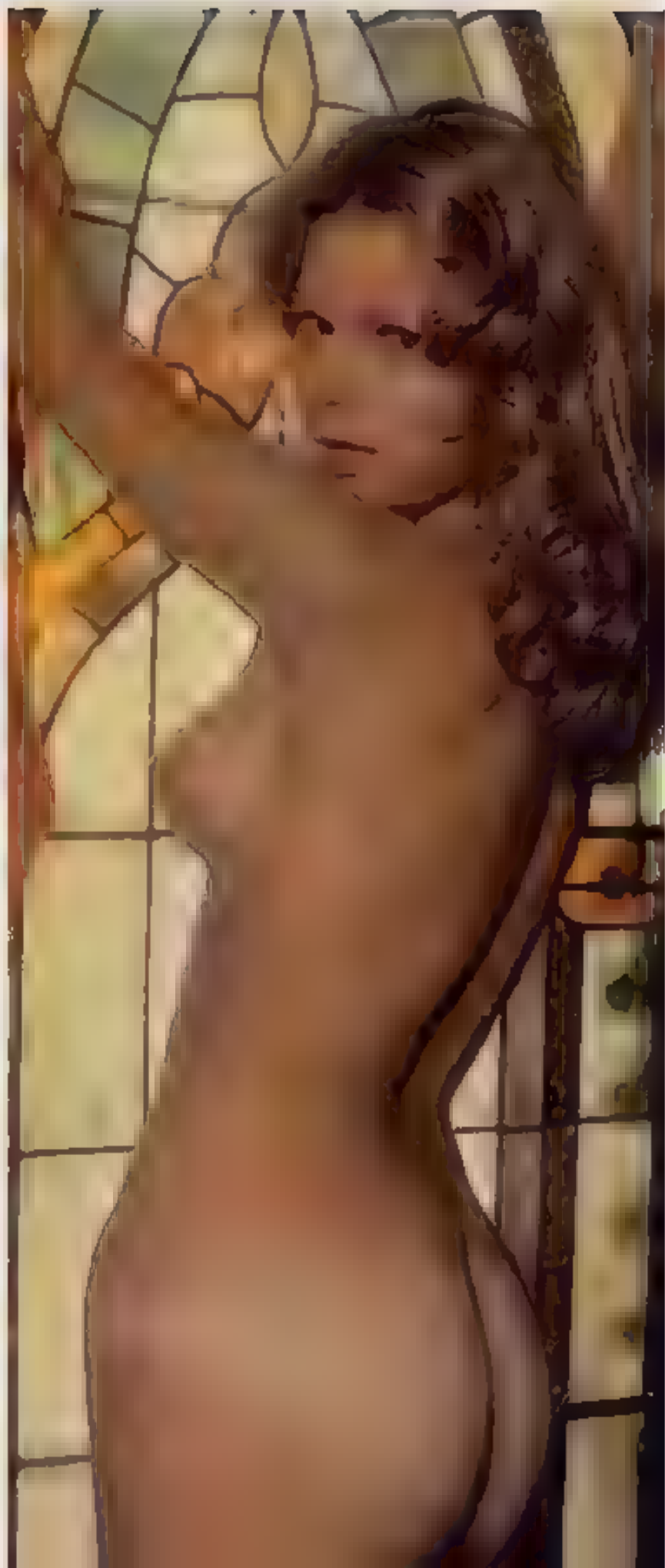
Ester Cordel (right)—who when we checked, was still with a California airline—found that soon after her Playmate story appeared, a lot of passengers would ask, "Are you Ester?" and then hit her up for autographs. "It was embarrassing," she laughs (sounding flattered in spite of herself). But she'd also caught the attention of a few fashion photographers and movie producers, and at presstime she had several important meetings on her calendar. We've no doubts about her ability to make them count.

Miss June

Sandy Johnson still sells cosmetics, and she's got so much business that she now has a staff to help her. But she continues to study, both acting—she's done several TV commercials and had a lead role in a movie called *The Surfer Girls*—and, at Santa Monica Community College, gourmet cooking (baked chicken in wine sauce, avec grapes, is one of her specialties). When she does have a little free time, Sandy can usually be found on the beach, tossing around a Frisbee. It is, she adds, a damned good life.

Miss August

Jean Manson (far right) returned our call to Madrid from Roma, where she'd been living after a brief stay with her parents in Spain. She was putting her career—on life—into a new gear, and her first movie assignment in Italy was coming up soon. Not that Jean, who earlier in the year had made a film in Spain and acted in some stage plays back in Los Angeles, had lost interest in Hollywood: "I just decided there were places I had to go and things I had to do. Everything is temporary; nothing lasts forever." Amen.



Miss July

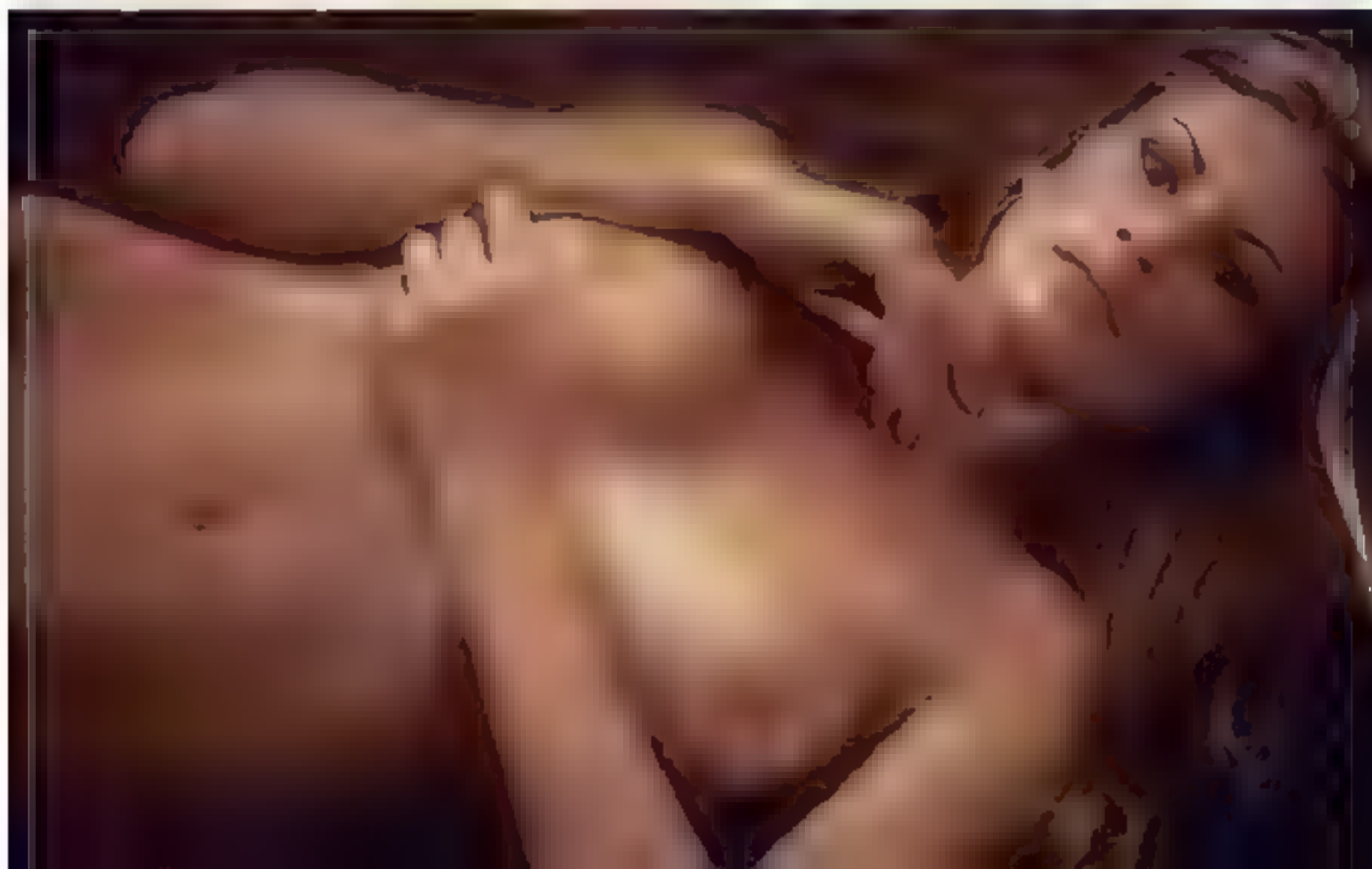
Carol Vitale we found in New York, where she'd flown to shop at Gucci's and other favorite haunts. She'd been having fun traveling, playing tennis and spending her Playmate money (on, among other things, a white convertible, which she'd wanted for a long time). Carol had also done a successful singing engagement at a friend's night club—she sounded hoarse, but it was from a cold—and when she got back to Miami, she would start looking for the right musicians to fill out her own combo. May we play?

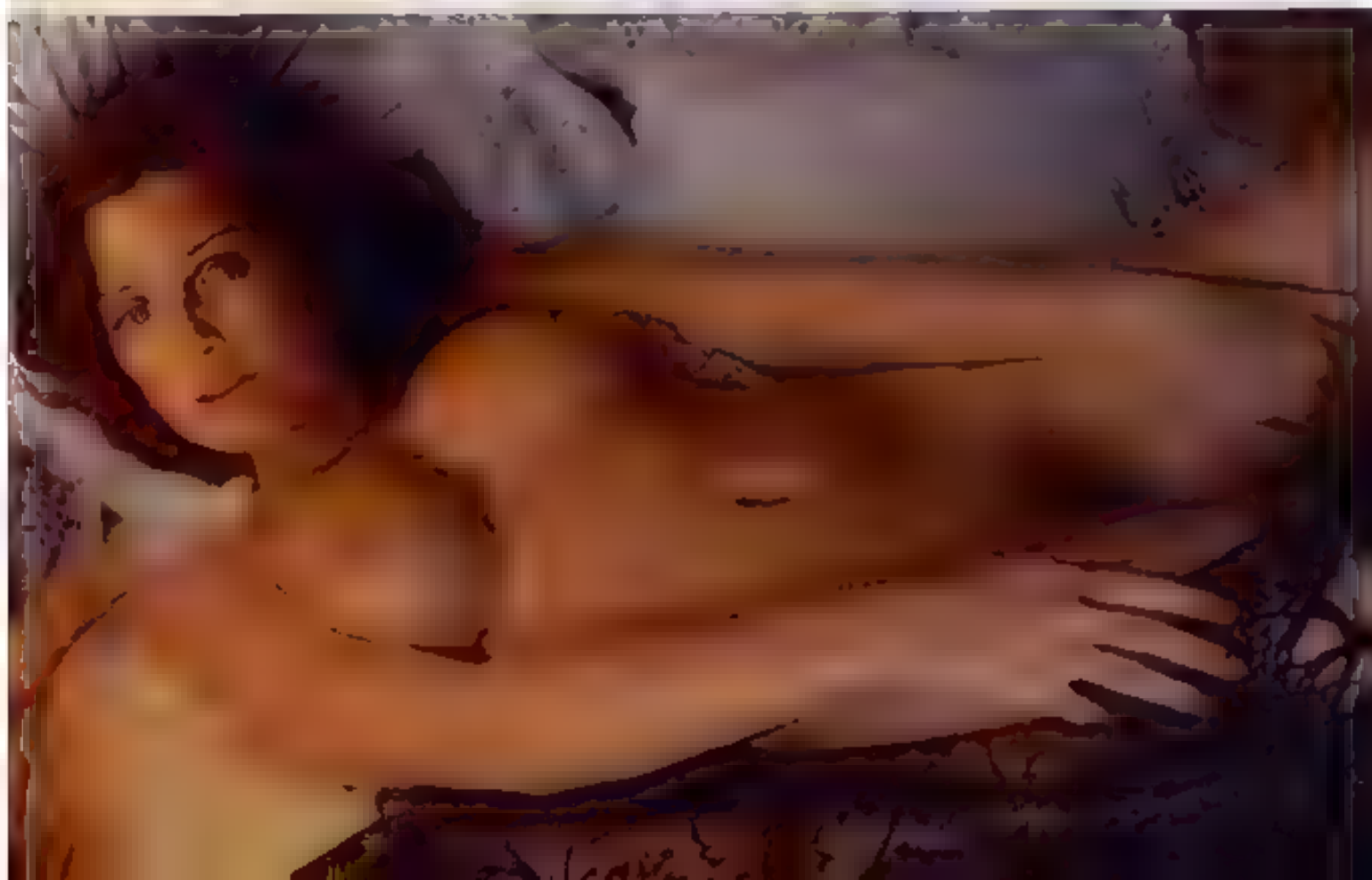
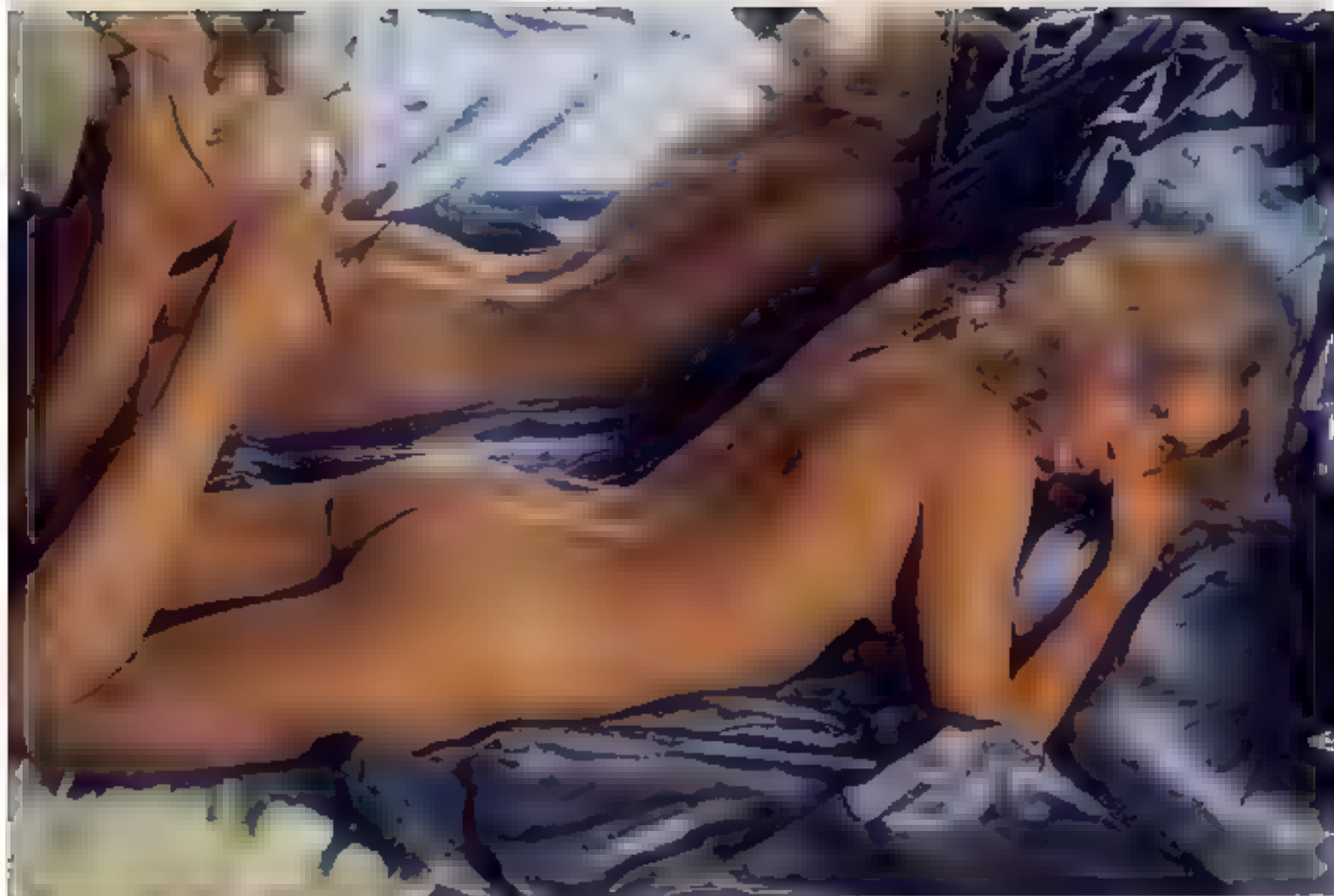
Miss November

Bebe Buell, after doing a lot of thinking and trying to get herself "sorted out"—and, of course, modeling for a couple of issues of *Cosmopolitan*—had decided to head for London, Paris and Milan, where she'd already contacted some of the best agents. Not that she wasn't still in love with rock star Todd Rundgren—but she needed to do some things on her own. And since Todd was about to embark on a concert tour, it was a perfect time for Bebe to take on the fashion-modeling establishment of Europe.

Miss December

Janice Raymond had just enough time, between our December and January deadlines, to complete her two weeks of training as a Jet Bunny. "It was more interesting than I'd expected—learning how to get out of the plane in the event of a crash, and so forth." At press time, she was awaiting the call to make her first flight ("Hope I don't have to put that emergency knowledge to use!" and looking forward to some free time in which to go skiing [she's recreation-oriented—just like us]).





Miss April

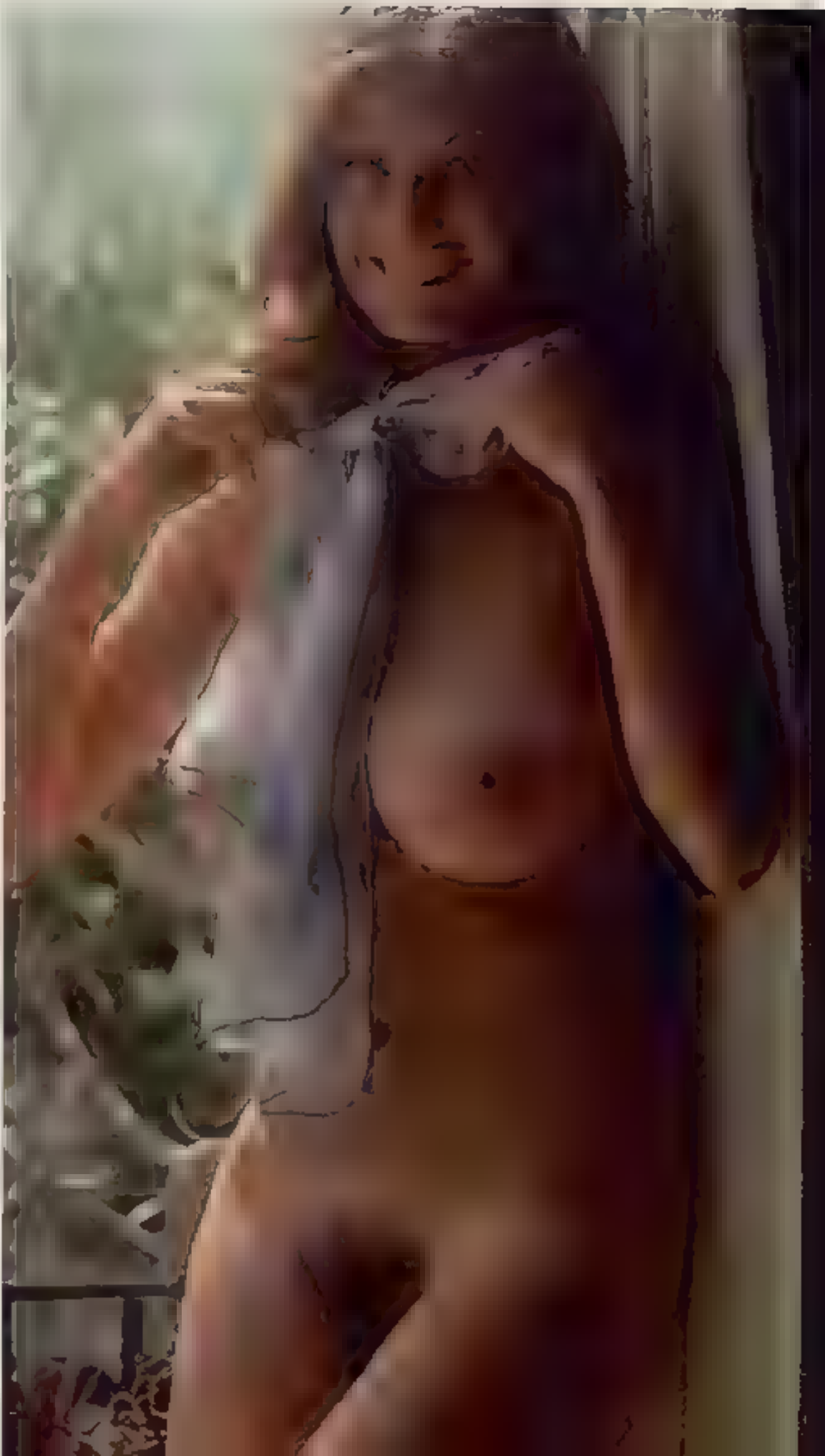
Marlene Marrow had 15 minutes, when we called, before she had to leave for the airport—there to catch a plane for Canada, where she had a promotional assignment. After completing a film early in the year she traveled awhile in Europe and America, then decided to leave London, where she'd been modeling for two years, and move to the States. So for the past two months she'd been Americanizing her portfolio and getting to know the right people in L.A., which shouldn't take her long at all.

Miss May

Marilyn Lange was going through and packing her stuff, the next day she'd be leaving Hawaii for Aspen, Colorado, where she was hoping to make a living without doing the kind of steady waitressing and she had in Honolulu—she'd sub for other girls, maybe, and thus be free to do her own thing. Her piano-playing Honolulu boyfriend, Kip, meanwhile, was headed in a different direction: to Tahiti, where his band had a three-month engagement. Would they be getting back together? Only time will tell.

Miss March

Pam Zinszer was enjoying the bucolic early-morning atmosphere of her family's Taponga home ("You can't see anybody for miles, just horses, donkeys and chickens"). It was a far cry from the bustle of Los Angeles, where she'd been studying acting and dance. She'd also been talking to an agent about making commercials. And she was going back to Pierce College, in Woodland Hills, to get some in-theater experience with live audiences. "My L.A. teacher is camera-oriented." So, just for the record, are we.





PERHAPS YOU WILL recognize the lady in this story. She's a young blonde, tall and athletic, with an intelligent face full of wit and innocence. She has the pride of a virgin but an amorous mouth, teeth that look lovely in a smile but can be sharp when they mock, a finely formed but rather sloping shoulder that show off the grace and pliancy of her neck. Her bust is modest in size, but those fine legs with the little arched feet are classic pieces of sculpture. She has the whiteness of white skin, she has the texture of cream and, with her hair in golden disorder, the hue of pinks. That hair seems to hold the scent of freshly cut hay and violets together.

She is superbly Parisian. In Paris she will live on love; in Paris she will one day die of love.

Her last name is that of a famous family, not what does that matter? Her first name is Diana. At the ball where we met, we took a turn at a waltz and within five minutes we recognized each other for what we were. Diana said—as a German friend of mine puts it—a “mouth of fire.” That is, like every fashionable Parisienne, she used those improper words that violated the chastity of her mouth. Still, she countered every verbal attack on her virtue with great skill. Quite soon I told her that I intended to fall in love with her.

“Love is an old-fashioned gentleman who appears only on the stage, in plays.”

“If you were to come and meet, I am at my house, your friend, not a lot younger than you suppose.”

“You are really too impertinent. Do you imagine that I'm looking for domestic adventures of that kind?”

“Oh, not at all. I assume that you are so thoroughly virtuous that you would never fear a lapse.”

“What do you do in this house of yours?”

“Sometimes I make wagers with myself. For instance, not your way in the first, you pass under my windows every day. Perhaps I shall make a bet with myself that you will not dare visit me at four o'clock tomorrow.”

“You may win forever,” she said. I was convinced that she meant it.

My manservant has orders never to announce women who visit me, and so, the next day at four o'clock I was somewhat astonished to see Diana enter my little room. She was wearing—like a shrike—the majesty of veils behind which I could scarcely see her blue eyes.

“Well, here I am. I took the challenge,” she said, “and now grovel!”

“But you are not Julius Caesar, my dear. You have come; you are seen; but you have not conquered!” Saying that I



ILLUSTRATION

seized her hand and drew her to the sofa. “There are three things one cannot do well while standing up: one cannot sleep, one cannot carry on a civilized conversation and . . .”

She seated herself, her eyes wandering around the room with the usual curiosity of women. Suddenly, she made a gesture of surprise when her gaze fell upon a small, peach-colored shoe that stood alone upon a side table. It was a superb little piece of craftsmanship, displayed exactly as if it were an object d'art.

“What's that slipper over there?” she asked with a kind of bright overexcite ment in her voice.

“Oh, Lord,” said I, looking toward the thing, “did I forget to put that away? Ah, well, don't bother about it. It's far too small for you.”

“Why are you so sure?” she asked with some heat. And furthermore I know that shoe must have a story of its own. I decided to hear it.

I quickly lifted the hem of Diana's dress and she protested not. “Hm,” I said, peering, “a divine foot. A shapely foot quite worthy of the huntress. Still, to be entirely factual about it, a foot just a shade too large to fit that spectral slipper.”

Diana gave me an angry look. I hurried on. “In a word, there is a story to it. I am very fond of small feminine feet. I fell in love with a fox that once he nuzzled in that shoe. I adored it for six weeks with enough adoration for six

centuries. But one day the tiny foot walked away, leaving only its elegant shell behind. That shoe is a reminder of lost happiness and I have worn it a thousand times. I have sworn never to love again until I can find a woman who can wear it.” I sighed. “If only you . . . his nu lace.”

Diana's face was flushed. For a moment we both gazed at the shoe, a thing of mystery, elegance and coquetry. Perched on its high heel, it looked wickedly provocative and its tiny tongue flickered like a serpent's.

“And no woman has dared try that adventure?” she asked. “You are about to tell me that a camel can't pass through the eye of a needle?” She had taken off her veil and her face was flushed with anticipation. She reached out and took the shoe in her hands, measured it, fondled it. But she hesitated for a moment, still holding it on her knee. Then she was bending down, trying to force her foot, dressed in its fine white stocking, into the shoe.

Among the intimate acts of women, there are several that are endlessly charming to watch, but the act of putting on a shoe has a beauty of its own.

“Well, there it is!” Diana said with sudden triumph, rising on her leg, and suddenly her skirts—in waves her feet under my nose.

“Incredible!” I exclaimed. “Can there be too examples of absolute perfection among women?” The truth is, yes, the shoe was rather too small for her and she had forced it on with heroic effort. “And now . . . I went on, you are my prisoner. Why not?”

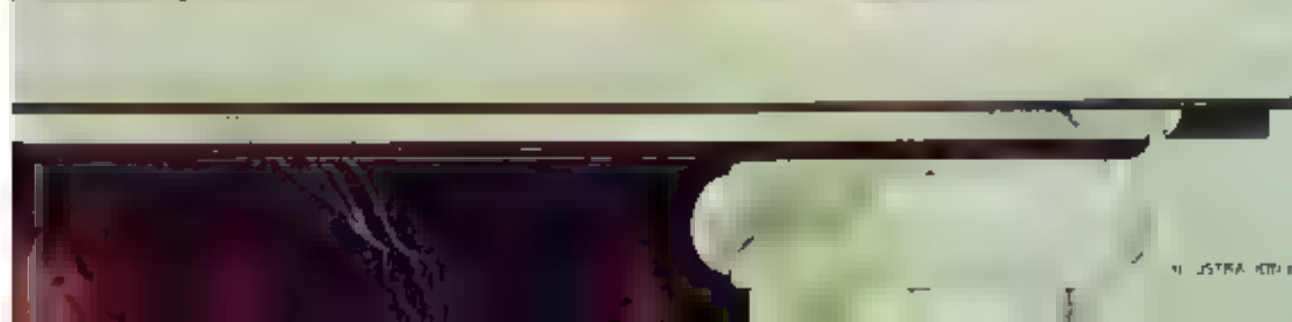
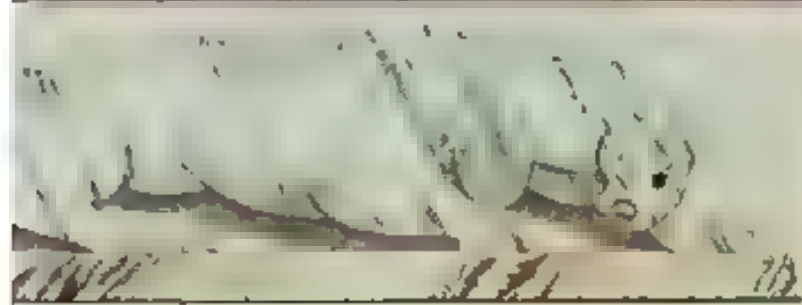
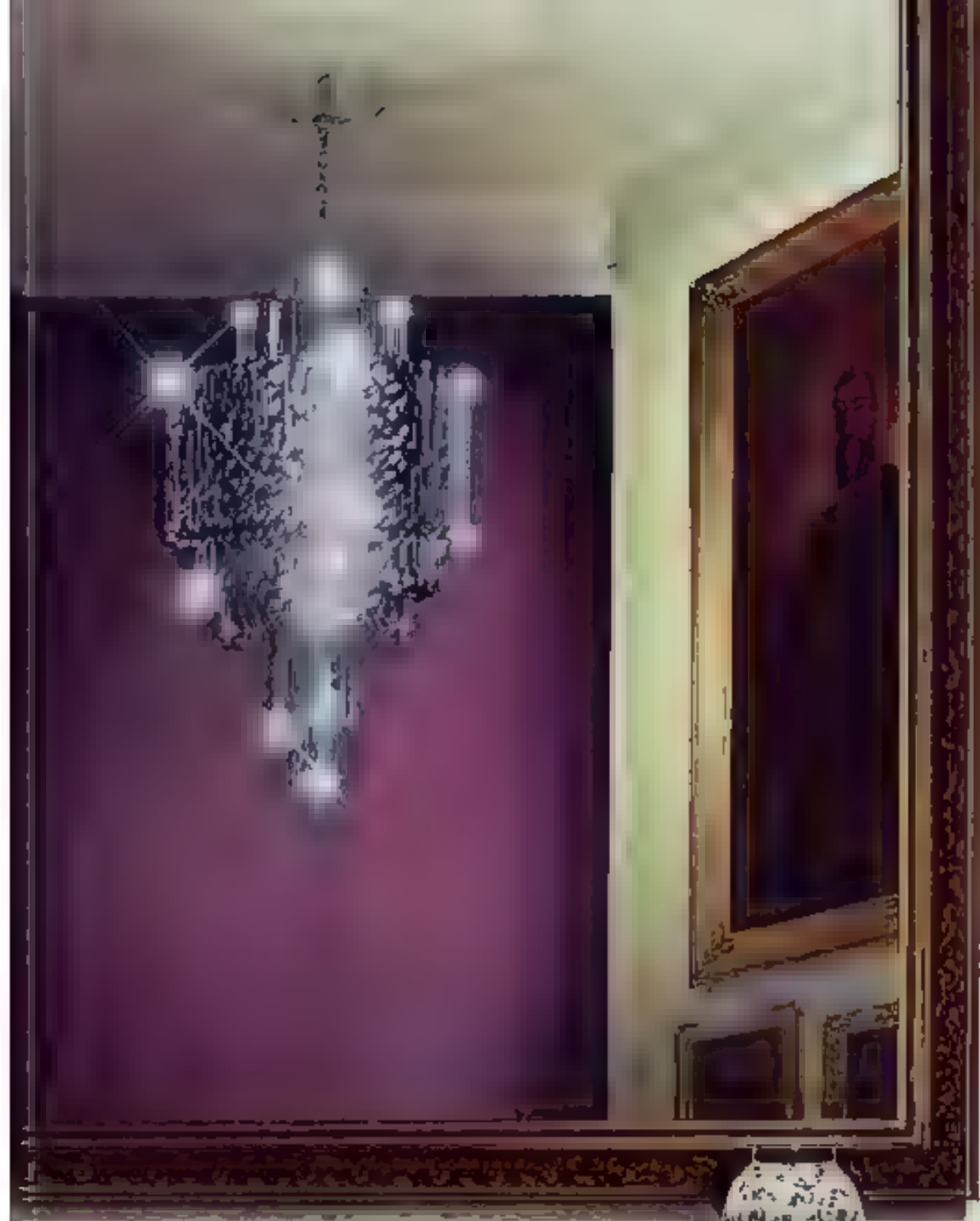
“Because this shoe, like Cinderella's, gave shape to a poor foot, and now belongs to the slipper and he slipper belongs to me. Do you understand?”

She refused to understand. I tried a little more eloquence, quite fruitless. All would be lost if I did not cover the day by doing so. And Diana, being a true lady in the tradition of all the great and lovely ladies remembered in the salons of Paris, insisted on being asked with just the right degree of coquetry.

That was why, when my friend Théophile wandered unannounced into the salon at home later, it was greeted with the delicious sight of him sitting on the sofa wearing not more than one gray shoe and one peach-colored shoe.

Three hours after it all was over, Diana at last took the peach-colored slipper off. A three-hour obsession, a three-hour obsession in the most of life. She rose and we parted. There we wore shoes one can never put on again.

Retold by Robert Mahrer





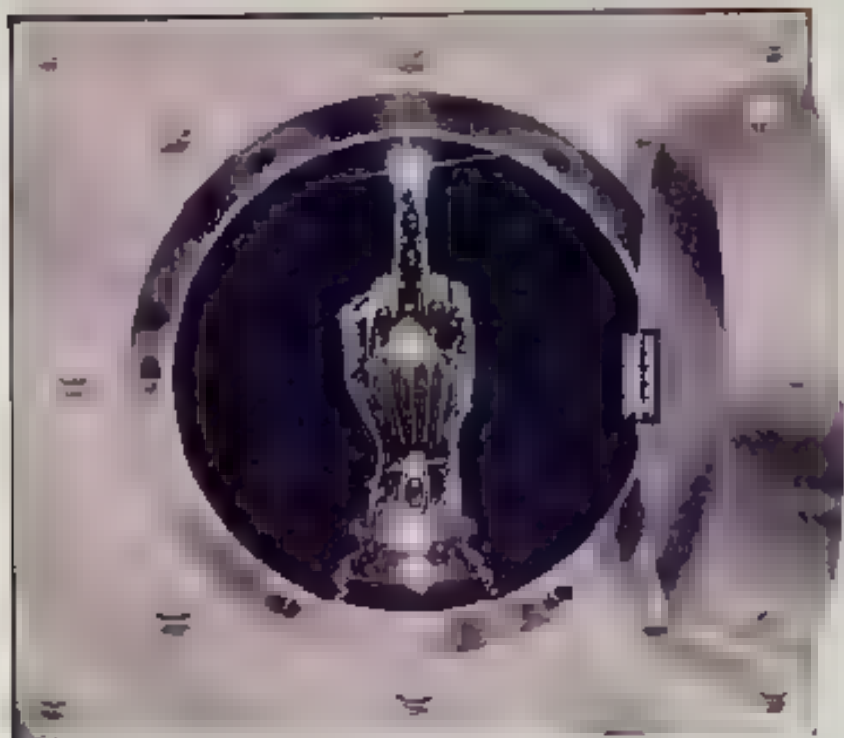
THE WIT AND WISDOM OF THE RICH

or, wealthy people say the goddamnedest things

Humor **BY ANTHONY HADEN-GUEST**

MONEY AND THE RICH have never had a particularly good press. The Bible, among much in a similar vein, remarks coldly that the love of money is the root of all evil. To Freud said it was more or less the same thing as, um, excrement and Karl Marx's views are too well known to go into here (though it's less well known that his wife is supposed to have said that she wished Karl would stop





GEORGE PLIMPTON

PLAYBOY PHOTOGRAPHER

the "paper lion" faces his greatest challenge yet—hunting for and shooting the elusive playmate

pictorial essay by GEORGE PLIMPTON

WHEN I WAS FIRST GIVEN the project of trying to photograph a Playmate for *Playboy* some time back, I thought I might stick it—for a number of years, just hanging around with my camera and resorting to new techniques, by using mice and their predators in situations of high and pleasant concentration that would be extended by my ever quiet and angling the light (the girl has a deer antler on her knee) or by setting up equipment difficulties (I'm having focus problems). (1977 continued on page 197)

"I am smiling at left because I hadn't yet tried shooting a Playmate candidate with the big camera. Bottom: I show severe foreshadowing my 35mm camera from a berserk sprinkler."

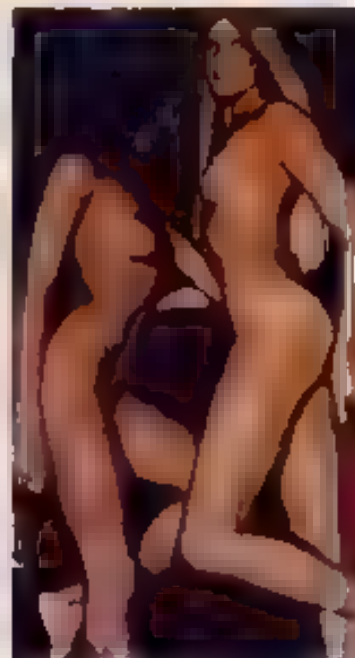
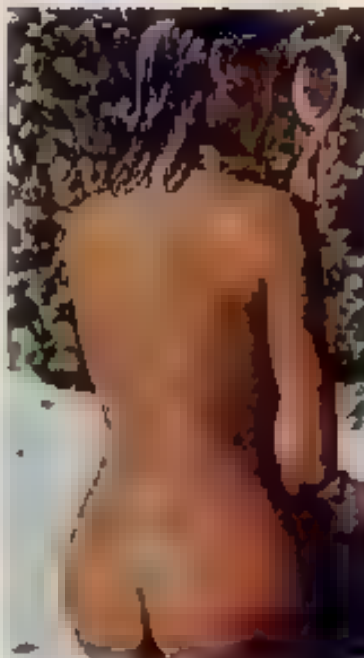
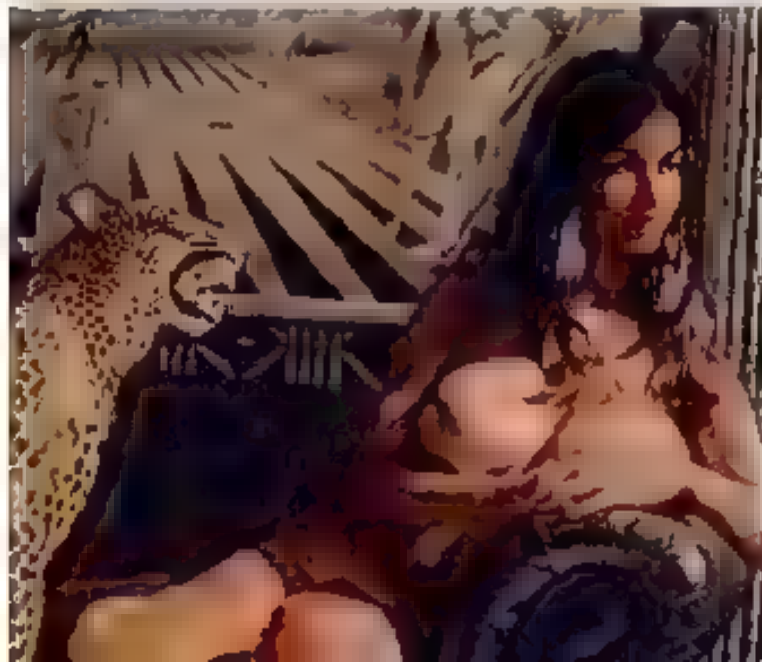




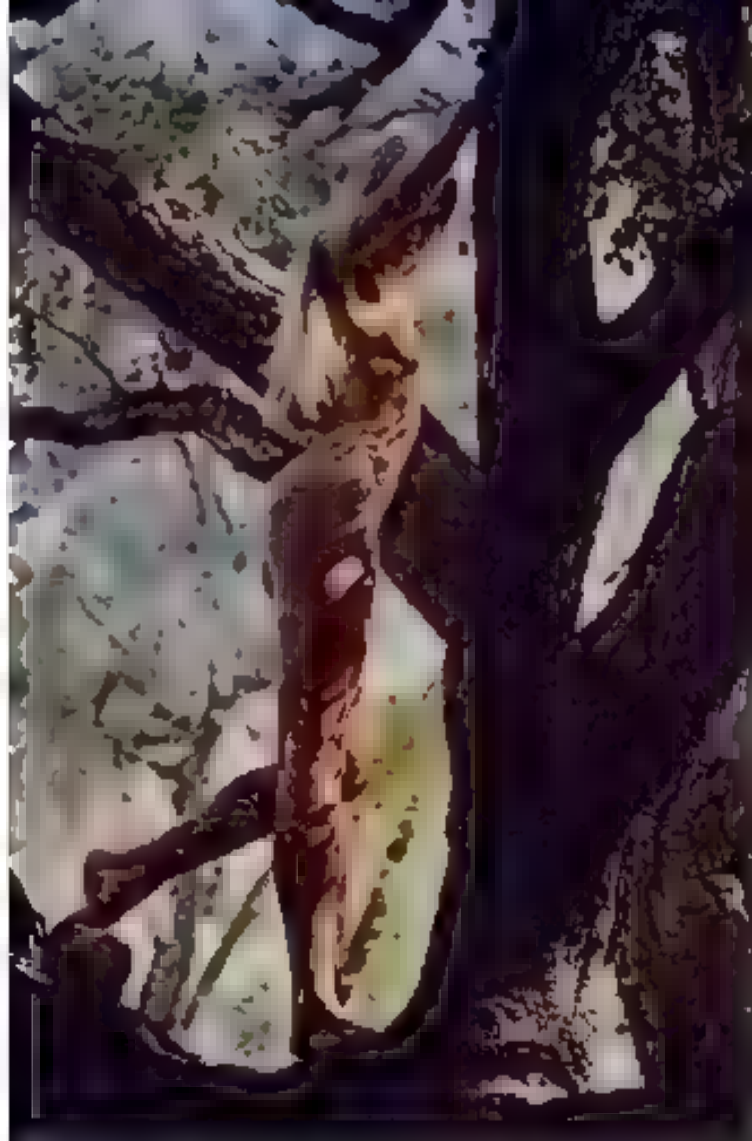
"No matter what anybody says, a **MATBOY** photographer's job is not always a piece of cake—cheese or otherwise. Here I am above vainly trying to maintain a position that is going to wreak havoc with my spinal column while my subject attempts a contemporary variation on the traditional White Rock pose."



"As a neophyte **MATBOY** photographer I felt no compunction to be bound by custom. I thought I had made a major graphic breakthrough in shooting Barbara at bare atop a kitchen counter, above, and playing peekaboo through a shower curtain, top right. Unfortunately, the Editor/Publisher thought otherwise."



"Left: I face up to the challenge of shooting a large-breasted woman. I felt the leopard added a certain tension to the photo. Above left: High-fashion model Nely Ablasal on a Caribbean beach. Above right: My most successful subject, Kevyn Taylor is impulsively joined by her roommate in giggling parody of one of David Hamilton's mardy studies."



"The strip of photographs at the upper right shows Editor Publisher Helmer in a Playmate candidate meeting at Playboy Mansion West going over the submissions of a new photographer. Henri, Derrice. The outrageous pseudonym, along with the quality of the shots, instantly broke my cover and Helmer's comments, just as quickly shattered my confidence. I had recovered sufficiently by the next day to begin shooting Kevyn Taylor, the girl the Photo Department picked out for me. Top went out on a limb with this shot of Kevyn and was rewarded with a beautiful array of shadows. To show there were no hard feelings, Kevyn shared a sun hat with me, above. The last photo that was finally chosen by me to reshoot with the eight-by-ten camera is at right - graphically annotated

Bad angle
for Breast

Lower
arm

twist
body

Bad
Expression

WATCH
POSURES

much
and

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fast

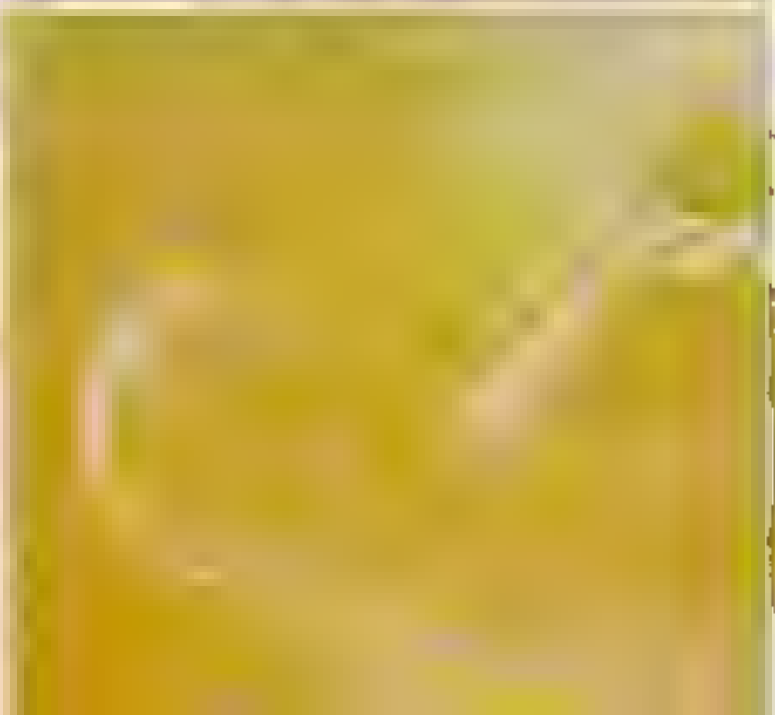
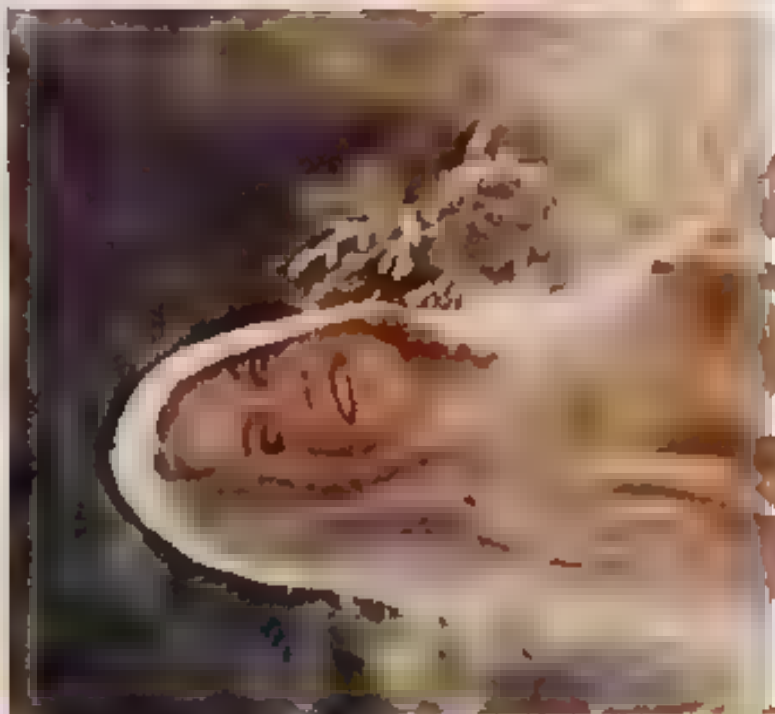


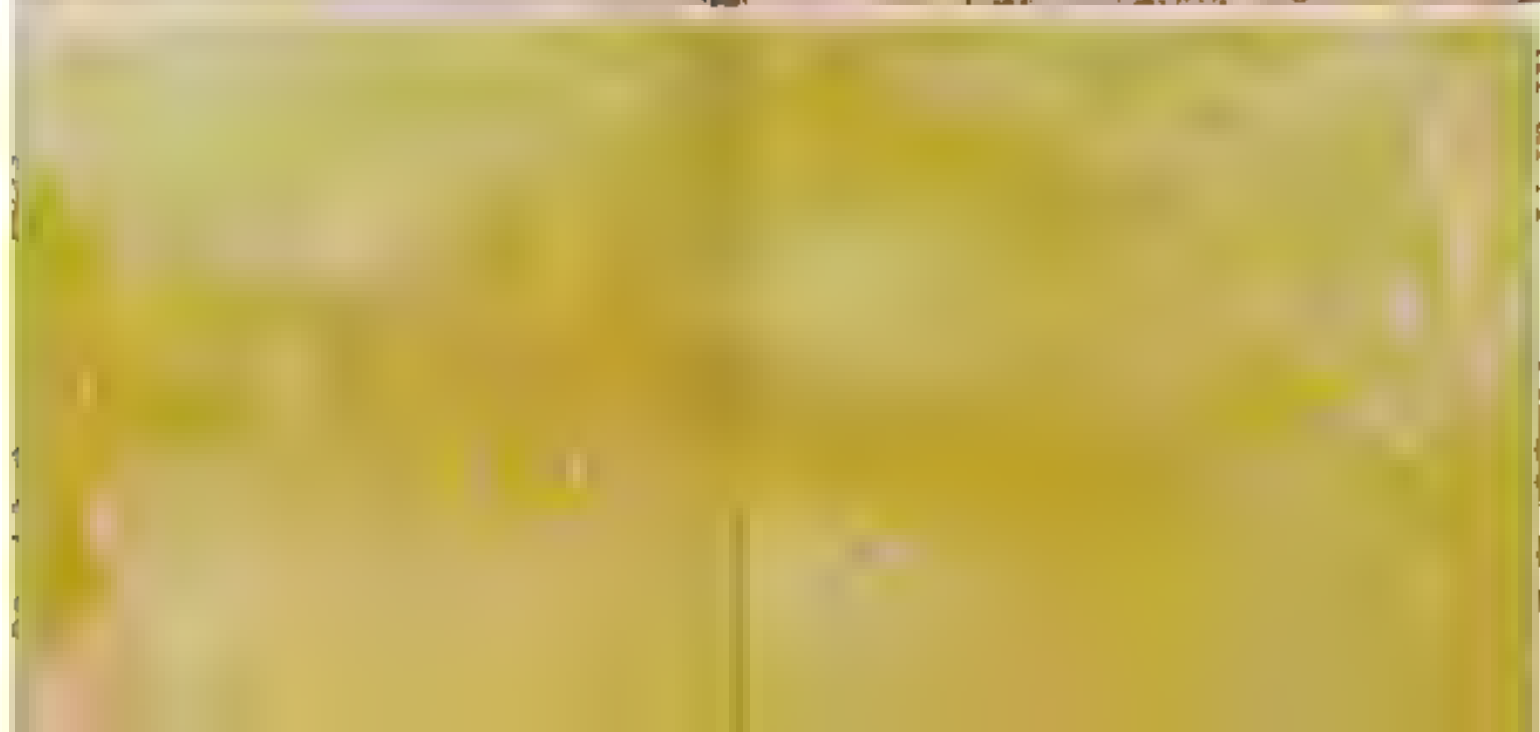
I had a vague notion of the sort of picture I wanted to end up with: a girl standing in a meadow, perhaps with a rose. But there was no need to rush it. I saw the opportunity as a steady advance in my life. I was going to the altar.

But after a while the people in my father's Chicago office began to apply pressure. They wanted to know what was going on.

The truth was that nothing was going on. I had done very little since Frank Kaufman, the Photography Editor at the magazine, had asked me to say yes to an assignment, trying other people's assignments. I would take a couple of days and offer a candidate for a fourth of my salary. His idea was that I would take shots of seven or eight (continued on page 219).

"On location in a Yopango Canyon meadow with Kevyn, a sun umbrella and the Dearduff, which proved my master most of the time. Below top to bottom: I stare blindly into the sun, reposition the camera and Kevyn then say a prayer and click away. Right. Some of the results—one that seems to have suffered sunstroke, another where the camera moved and a third that combined Kevyn's good looks and my good luck in a shot of which even that esteemed photographer Henri Durrans would be proud."





announcing the prize-winning authors and their contributions judged by our editors to be the past year's most outstanding

PLAYBOY'S ANNUAL WRITING AWARDS

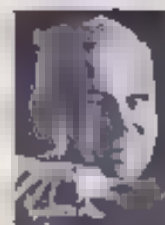


Best Major Work: Nonfiction



JOHN WOODWARD and **CARL BERNSTEIN**, the original Washington Post reporters who broke the Watergate story, get the prize for *All the President's Men* (May and June), which appeared later as part of the same-titled book published by Simon & Schuster. It's dark blue by now, account of how one lead led to another on that "third rate burglary" that sank Nixon's ship of state.

Best Major Work: Fiction



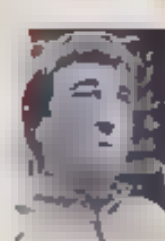
SAUL BELLOW, too, when it comes to a novel experience. Although when he gets one it's usually for a novel, comes to first with *Humboldt's Gift* (January). To be included in a suit-to-throwing Viking novel (what else?) of the same name, it finds the play-scraper protagonist making his nobility encounter between a hood who's leaning on him for cash and a deceased literary genius.

Best Article



ED McCLANAHAN, a winner two years ago, does it again with his *Little Eden Returns His Muse* (March), a sequence of glimpses from the Eden on into the mind and to him of a stumpy Elvis impersonator. Run her up is Bruce Jay Friedman, or *Flotski* (January), an evocative piece that brilliantly illuminates some of the magic island's visitors and the games they play.

Best Short Story



JOHN UPDIKE, also no neophyte when it comes to literary awards, gave us our top story, *Nevada* (January), about a freshly divorced engineer, his young daughters, some mental home doctor and a casino girl as a ration card. Since I is Vladimir Nabokov, whose *Invitation to a Beheading* (also January) on 2010 Anniversary issue produced a lot of winners, shows why you can't bargain with the Devil.

RECOGNIZING THAT ALL THINGS in this world are arbitrary and transient, we nonetheless set forth once again to determine the best of our contributors over the past year. We do this by polling ourselves, and it's a brutal exercise: In every sane member of the cast tries to avoid. That means that most years the participation is close to 100 percent. This time we had as full a turnout, and as heated a grapple, as any other. We have, however, done a few things differently. Instead of the one category, with first- and second-prize winners for Best Major Work, there are now two categories for fictional and nonfictional major works—with but one winner apiece. And the new-contributor categories, fiction and non-, also have but one winner each. In case you're wondering what's in it for those chosen, there are a thousand bucks and the silver medalion pictured here. Runners-up get half a thousand but a whole medallion. Fair enough.

Best Essay



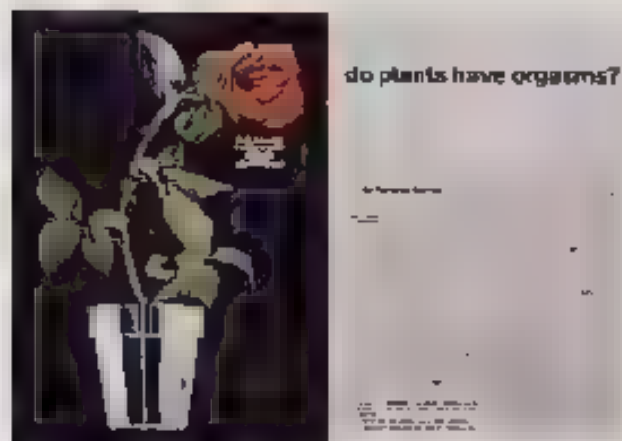
FREDERICK EXLEY gets the laurel for *Smart Women and the Trail* (July), his account of his infatuation with Gloria Steinem and why it finally it's become part of his new book, *Pages from a Cold Island* (Random House). Second prize goes to Exley's mentor poet James Dickey, for *Small Pleasures* from a *Timeless Nocturne* (October), taken from *Seishu The South Island* (Grove Press).

Best Humor



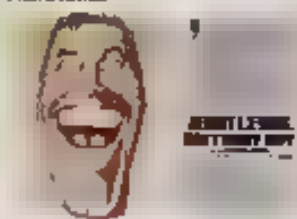
BLINK TUCK, the political prankster, comes up first in the humor sweepstakes with *Watergate Means: All My Fools* (February), his true-but-outrageous account of how he made a loud welcoming Nixon strike up *Mock the Knife* and his other encounters with the White House. Second honors goes to L. Rust Hall with *What's Wrong with Adultery* (May), a wry look at the work involved in playing school.

Best Satire



RICHARD CURTIS takes top prize here with *Do Plants Have Organs?* (September), a tongue-in-cheek report by the purported director of the Kidney Institute on the sex life of the chlorophyll set. Our number-two satire is by Jim Steadman, whose *Chromosome Unleashed* (November) takes aim at classic scientific literature by warning about ogling. Reading it made hair grow on our polio.

Best New Contributor: Nonfiction

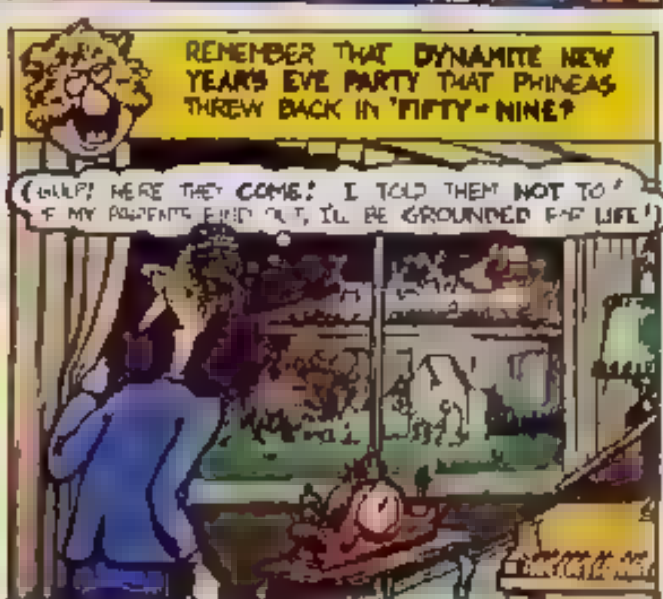
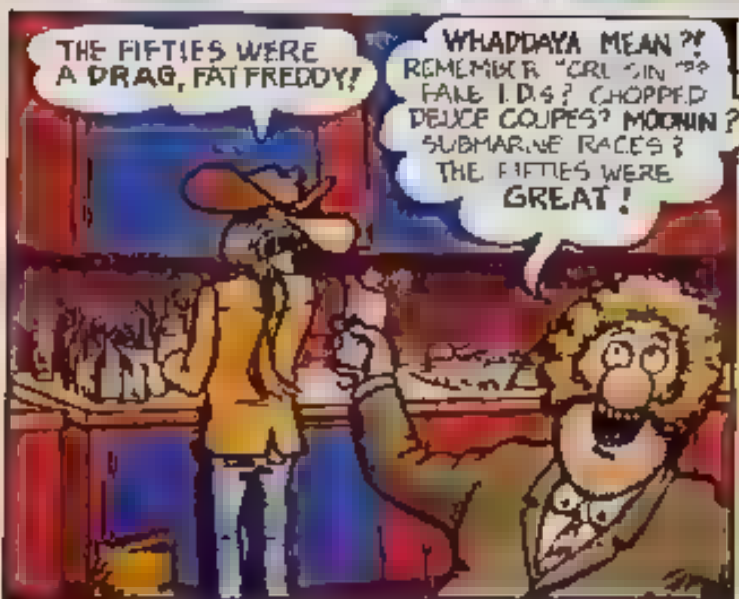


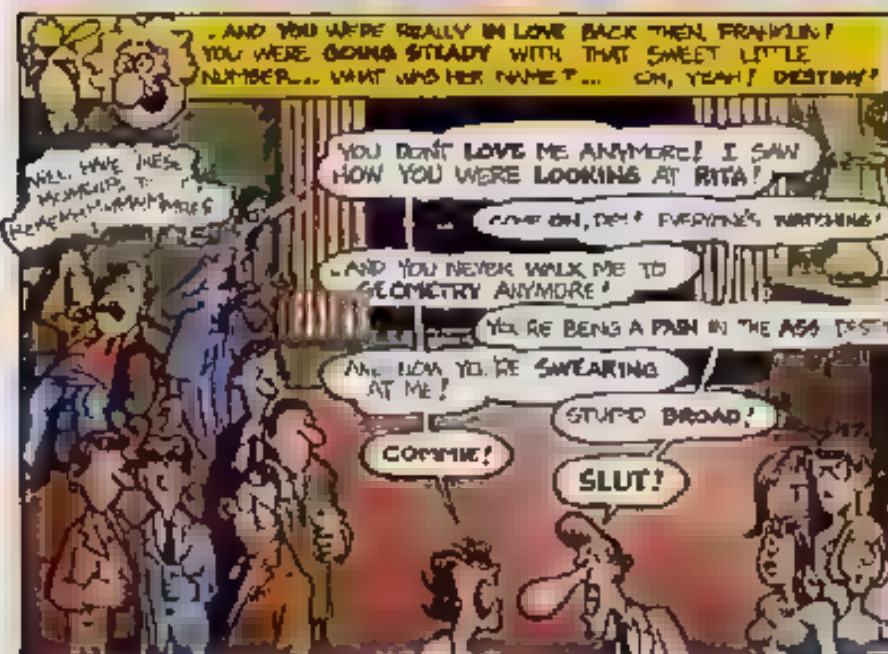
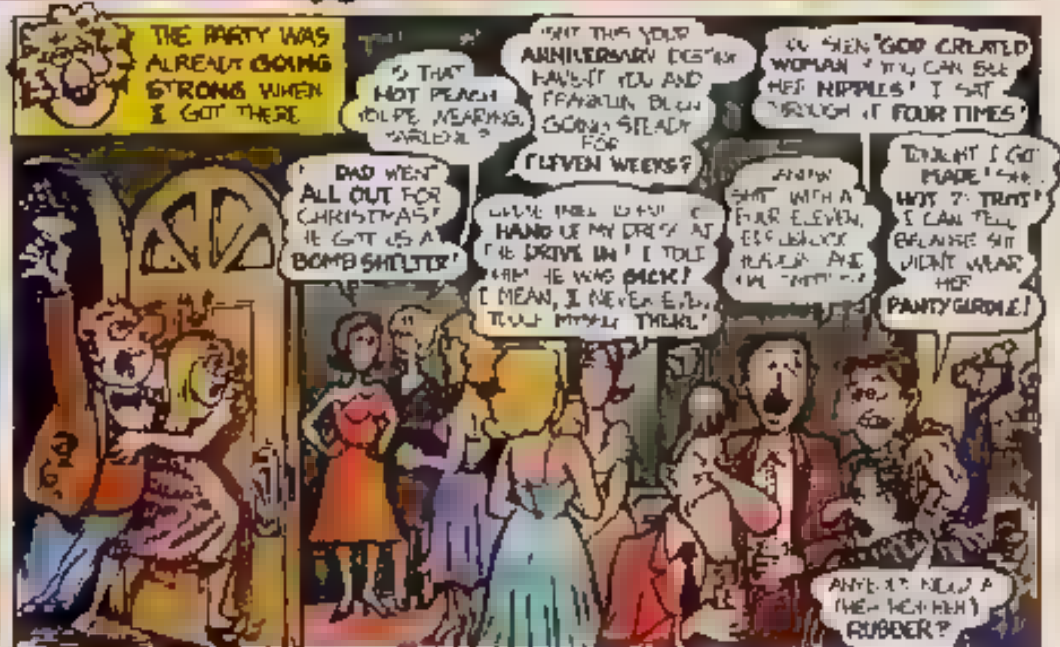
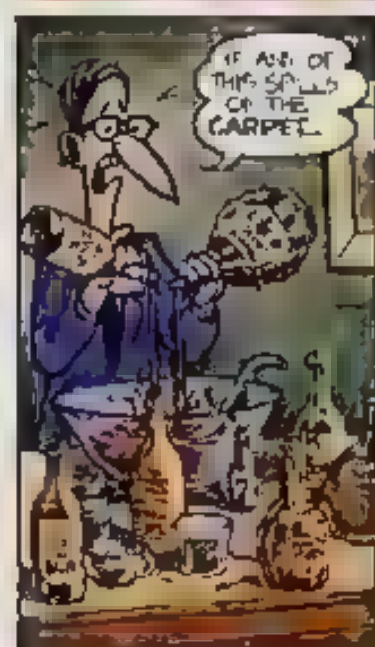
Best New Contributor: Fiction

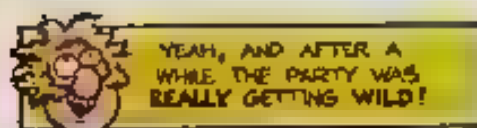


O'CONNELL DRISCOLL, a young Californian, gets the nod for his first novel's publication, *Jerry Lewis, Birthday Boy* (January). The story, based on several days spent with the subject, is a scene-switching, mood-switching view of Lewis getting together a night-club act with Milton Berle in Miami, winning a movie, ad nauseam, as he puts on an amazing Jekyll-and-Hyde routine.

PAUL REH wins top honors with his first published short story, *The Legend of Sleepy Hollow* (November) is also his first set in Alaska where he lived for 25 years. The Swiftian tale, about the breakup of a mythical island tribe and the untimely demise of its premier messenger, began as part of a novel Reh hopes to finish in the near future (along with 10 or 15 others in progress).







YEAH, AND AFTER A WHILE THE PARTY WAS REALLY GETTING WILD!

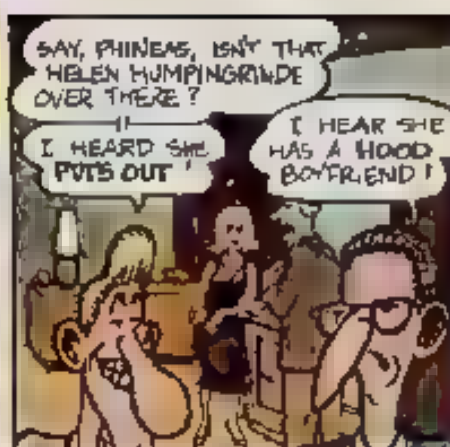


FEEL BETTER NOW?

YEAH! LET'S GO GET A CHILI BURGER OR SOMETHING!



PHINEAS WANTS ME IF WE BRING HIM MOM'S NEW CAR!



SAY, PHINEAS, ISN'T THAT HELEN HUMPHINGBIDE OVER THERE?

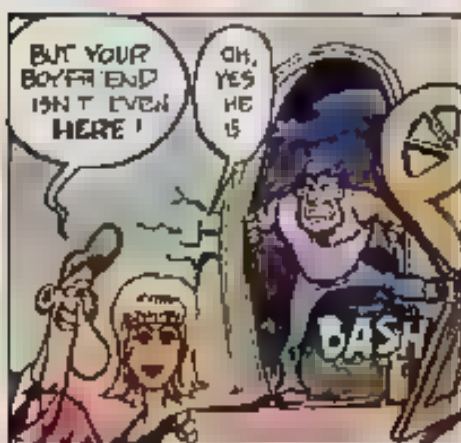
I HEARD SHE PUTS OUT!

I HEAR SHE HAS A HOOD BOYFRIEND!



WOULD YOU CARE TO DANCE?

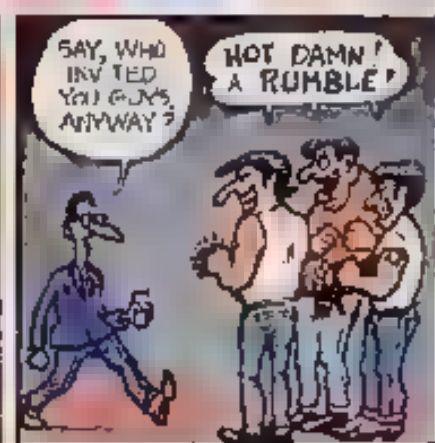
OH, MY VINNY WOULDN'T LIKE THAT!



BUT YOUR BOYFRIEND ISN'T EVEN HERE!

OH, YES HE IS

BASH



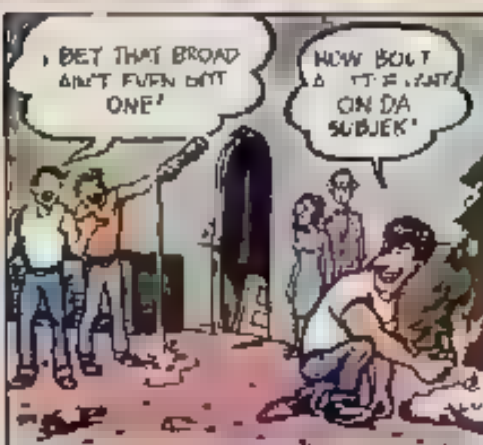
SAY, WHO INVITED YOU GUYS ANYWAY?

HOT DAMN! A RUMBLE!



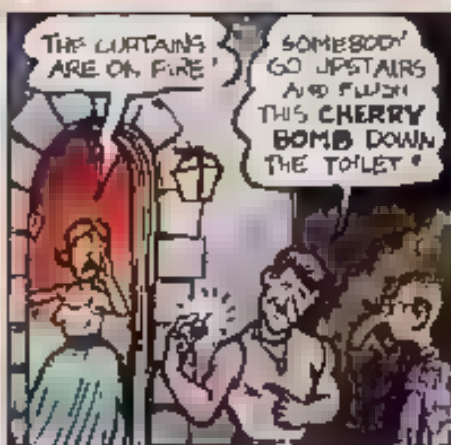
NOW, ANY OF YOUSE OTHER WIMPS WANNA RATTLE?

LET'S CHECK OUT THE LOCAL TALENT!



I BET THAT BROAD AIN'T EVEN HIT ONE!

NOW BOLT A TIE LANT ON DA SUBJEK!



THE CURTAINS ARE ON FIRE!

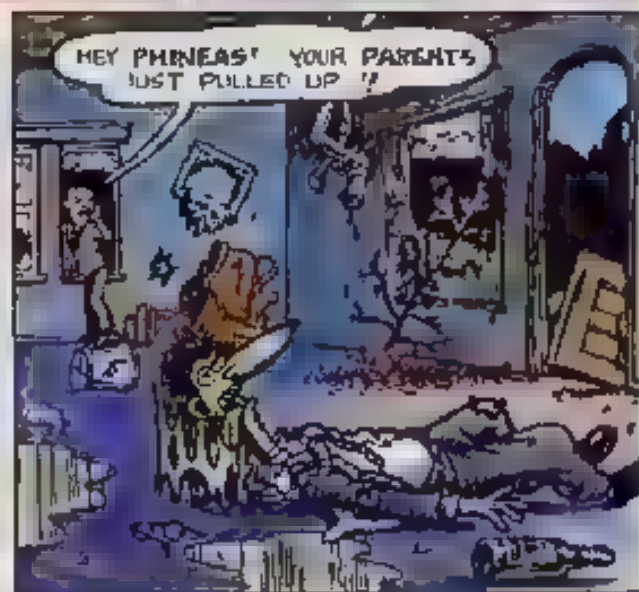
SOMEBODY GO UPSTAIRS AND FLUSH THIS CHERRY BOMB DOWN THE TOILET!



IT'S MIDNIGHT! HAPPY NEW YEAR EVERYBODY!

YEAH, BUT WHAT YEAR?

WELL AT LEAST THE CHERRY BOMB PUT OUT THE FIRE!



HEY PHINEAS! YOUR PARENTS JUST PULLED UP!!



WIT AND WISDOM

(continued from page 100)

the Russians want to take over the post-house of the world."

... WHAT ABOUT THE PLAN FOR UNDEVELOPED AREAS, THEN?

Langne Charles Wilson, an executive in her Secretary, Dept. of Defense, was once asked why he didn't dole out lavish defense contracts to areas with high unemployment.

"I have always liked bird dogs better than kennel dogs," Wilson said. "You know, ones who will get out and hunt for food rather than sit and yelp."

... WELL, THEN, HOW ABOUT UNDEVELOPED PEOPLE?

"If I were dictator," Henry Newton, a first of the European oil tycoons, would remark with a jolly twinkle, "I would shoot every idle man."

THE RICH AND MOTHER NATURE

"We have to look at trees as a commodity, a property we need a return on. We have the responsibility toward \$5,000 stockholders."

—J. S. L. WEAVER, head of Boise Cascade

"Lakes and gentlemen, if beauty is in the eye of the beholder, where is it if neither cannot go and see it? I don't get a notion and subject to my senses as seems to me, and in a corner of it many a will be become every one that is broke can and should make more and more beauty accessible to more people. In a year's time, a few hundred people may be able to afford the time and energy to take the night a woman or park. But every day hundreds of diamonds may be lost through these woods and parks, where carefully designed highways unfurl the whole lovely view."

—H. E. MCKENZIE, U. S. Rubber Company

THE RICH FACE HARDSHIP

The Duke of Beaufort's financial advisers were trying to persuade him to cut back his alarming rate of expenditure. Could he not reduce the essentials? The duke pondered and replied, "I cut off any essentials. Well, the advisors said, he already had several cooks. Was it absolutely essential to employ an Italian party cook?"

"Can't a feller have a bicent?" demanded Beaufort, outraged.

After a committee took over the affairs of William Randolph Hearst, he applied for the funds to build himself a palace in a cedar grove close to his principal estate in San Simeon.

"Do you know," he wrote in plaintive

reference to an old friend, "they won't let me build it!"

It would have been his seventh birthday. He was over 40; debt \$126,000,000.

Lord Lytton of Lytton Savings, which he had built up in high finance savings and loan associations in the U. S. A., was asked by the press whether his sinking would affect his way of life.

He brooded.

Well, perhaps the velvet chauffeur will have to go."

THE RICH AND THE LAW

"Law," demanded Count de Vignerot, "What do you care about the law? Haven't I got the power?"

One of J. P. Morgan's railroad schemes (engineering the West Shore to sell it off in New York Central) ran into problems. Morgan asked his lawyer, Judge Ashbel Green, how it could be worked out legally.

The judge said, "It couldn't be done legally."

"That is not what I asked you to do," said Morgan. "I asked you to tell me how it could be done legally. Come back tomorrow at the next day and tell me how it can be done."

Which he did, and it was.

It was either J. P. Morgan, Edward Atmott or Jay Gould who said of Erie Root: "I have two lawyers who have told me what I cannot do. Mr. Root is the only lawyer who tells me how to do what I want to do."

James Johnson, another lawyer, was less reliable. Morgan asked him about a merger deal and Johnson answered by cable.

MERCER POSSIBLE STOP JAY, CERTAIN.

"The law, in its majestic equality," observed French novelist Anatole France, "condemns the rich as well as the poor to sleep under bridges, to beg in the streets and to steal bread."

Mr. Justice Darling, British High Court judge, summed up with aplomb: "The law, like the Ritz Hotel, is open to all."

THE RICH AND THEIR BODIES

"You cannot be too rich or too thin."

THE OLD FASHIONED WIT

"Before, during or after marriage, happy or unhappy, I underwent hypnosis, had cell implants, disconcerting fibrosis, silicone injections, my nose splined and my eyelids lifted. I have tried aromatherapy, approached yoga, and still go to the best gymnasium in Rome."

Heads and peaches are normal outcome as are frequent hair and make-up changes. I will say no more now in history."

—MILTON LEECH, PRESIDENT OF THE, author of "The Beautiful People's Beauty Book" (New York: Simon & Schuster)

"They do have a look, you know."

—H. E. K. T. FORD, contemplating the stars, all within study rich preparing for the party scene in "The Great Outing" at Newport, Rhode Island

THE RICH HAVE DIFFERENT WAYS OF LOOKING AT THE SERVANT PROBLEM

Lady Leslie of County Monaghan, Ireland, was a relation of Sir Winston Churchill's but rather less possessed of the common touch. Once, hearing peals of merriment belowstairs, she complained: "I do hate to hear the servants so happy."

Mrs. E. T. Storebary considered the gold-plated plumbing fixtures in her private railway dining car as the most brilliant of economies. "Gave so much polishing, you know," she explained.

Lord Seton's new footman went surreptitiously about his tasks, earned before he was out, and, "Will that be all, my lord?"

"Chatter, chatter, chatter," Seton grumbled. "The fellow will have to go."

"I'm not in favor of communism," the Indian movie idol Jeetendra confided to the *Hindustan Standard*. "I don't encourage beggary. What I can't stand is the disparity in incomes. I try to bridge it by employing as many servants as possible at high salaries. Disparity really gets me."

THE RICH PRACTICE A LITTLE PRUDENCE

"Chateau! I can't afford champagne. Compensatory Viceroy's groined to his doctor, who had prescribed that remedy. "A bottle every morning! Oh, I guess body water'll do!" Shortly later he died, leaving \$105,300,000.

"You ought to get yourself \$100,000,000 or \$100,000,000 in cash," Henry Ford recommended. "Tuck it away and forget about it. It'll come in handy sometime in a rainy day."

Colonel Ned Green, son of the first millionaire I spy, was told by his estate foreman that a motor would economize on a road show. He saved even more, by buying two dozen. "I checked on the price," he explained, "and found that a single tractor cost \$2800. The dealer said that by the dozen it y

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health



Smoothness you can taste.

If you're looking for a smooth, easy ride, nothing in the world beats a balloon.

And if you're looking for the same smoothness in your cigarette, nothing beats a Lark. Lark has smoothness you can taste, from your first cigarette in the morning to your last one at night.

The reason? Our unique filter. It has two outer "tar" and nicotine filters, plus an inner chamber of specially treated charcoal granules.

Together they smooth the smoke, and give you a taste that's richly rewarding, uncommonly smooth.

Lark. It has smoothness you can taste—

Pack after pack.



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were only \$2700. By buying 24, I saved \$25,900."

"If I liquidated my holdings," J. Paul Getty once mused seriously, "I think I could realize several billion dollars, but you must remember that a billion dollars isn't what it used to be."

THE RICH CONTEMPLATE ONE ANOTHER

"Never kick a skunk."

CORNELIUS VANDERBILT, after Jay Gould and Jim Fisk had taken him to the cleaners on the Erie railway coup

"I saw John D. Rockefeller but once. But when I saw him once I knew what a mile standard oil." —FRANK FORD

"It isn't just that Ford is to the right of McKinley," a fellow oilman remarked of H. L. Hunt. "He thinks that communism began in this country when the Government took over the distribution of the mud."

"Hurst was bitten on the privates by a scorpion, the latter fell dead."

CLARENCE "KING OF DIAMONDS" KING, on George Hearst

Paul? Why, he's not worth a cent more than half a billion dollars."

CHARLES WOODRUMMAN, after Getty claimed possession of several billion

THE RICH AND GOD

Of How the Camel Acquired a Minority Holding in the Eye of the Needle

"The good Lord gave me my money." —JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER

"Godliness is an league with riches: it is only as the moral man that wealth comes. Material prosperity makes the man more sweeter, more joyous, more unselfish, more Christlike."

WILLIAM LAWRENCE, J. P. Morgan's preacher

"I pray for Milky Way. I pray for Successors." —"And so on"

—Board-room prayer of sweetest COT FORREST JAMES

"I would not fault the wealthy, for at the death of Christ, it was a rich man who bought the burial spices and assisted in the final preparation of his body for the tomb. I recognize, of course, that most of his disciples were not men of material wealth, but Jesus had no implied contempt of the wealthy as such."

DR. IRVING GRAHAM

THE RICH AND OUTER SPACE

"My first reaction to the earth satellite was to ask myself the following question: If intelligent life is found on other planets, will the people there be borrowers or investors?"

—ELBENE BLACK, former president of the World Bank

THE RICH PRESERVE THE MYSTERY OF IT ALL

When Gustave Flaubert, author of *Madame Bovary*, asked James Rothschild why stocks went up and down, *le Baron* said, "Ah, monsieur, if I knew that, I should be a rich man."

During a stock-market panic, Henry Clay Frick, the coal czar, was holed up with James Sullivan, president of the National City Bank. The pair were so bothered by a reporter that they sent out the following authoritative report:

The U.S.A. is a great and growing country.

(signed) James Sullivan
Henry C. Frick

This is confidential and not for publication unless names are omitted.

While the British Broadcasting Corporation was preparing a program on the history of India, it approached Barclays Bank for a little help with regard to the financial affairs of the great precolonial Warren Hastings.

The bank agreed promptly. "You will, I am sure, appreciate that the transaction between a banker and his customer are confidential and we do not regard this confidence as being shaken by the passage of years."

Hastings died in 1818.

Barclays Bank is at least consistent on this. A former chairman Mr. A. W. Tuke, giving evidence to the Radcliffe Committee in 1949, put it concisely. Well, or is concisely.

We do not want the public to know our affairs," he said. "We would not do rather they did not. The more information we give them, the more they will discuss our affairs, and that is what we do not want."

... AND THE MYSTERY EXPLAINED

Daniel Guggenheim told all to the U. S. Commission on Industrial Relations in January 21 1945. These men and women," he said, "speaking of his fellow magnates, have become wealthy because they have been thrifty. In America, I think we can assume that most of those who have become wealthy in the last ten or fifteen years have been thrifty."

"The secret of success," Charles Yerkes, Jr., the Chicago carbon king, noted, "is to buy up old junk fix it up a little and unload it on some other fellow."

"You want to know how I make my money?" demanded mobster Arnold "The Brain" Rothstein. "There are 2,000,000 fools born for every intelligent man. That ought to answer you."

THE RICH HAVE BEAUTIFUL HOMES

"The American Beauty rose can be produced in [its] splendor and fragrance . . . only by sacrificing the early buds which grow up around it."

—JOHN A. ROCKEFELLER, Sr., defending Standard Oil's obliteration of competition

"Railroads are the Rembrandts of investments." —HENRY CLAY FRICK

The most beautiful sight we see is the coal at work as it is as it may get at labor the more beautiful and more useful does his life become."

ANNA ELIZABETH, first host of *Good-Even*

The country author of the Japanese classic *The Pillow Book* of *Sei Shonagon* includes a list of *Luxurious Things*. These include

Stars in the fringes of common people. This is especially regrettable when the moonlight shines down on it.

"The man who builds a factory builds a temple." —CALVIN COOLIDGE

THE RICH TAKE A PROPER PRIDE IN THEMSELVES

"I don't have to ask Goeth to my body else in the world what is right. I know the answer myself, and I don't consider anyone entitled to know it better."

ALFRED KRUPP, 1890

"Ford and the world Ford with you. Rolls and you Rolls alone."

ALFRED HERRINGHAM

Samuel Brodmann, the temporary co-seigneur, met a host of an advertising conference and sat on the nearest chair. "No, no, Mr. Samp. I prefer one of the others," "at here at the head of the table."

Young man," said Brodmann, "believe I sit in the head of the table."

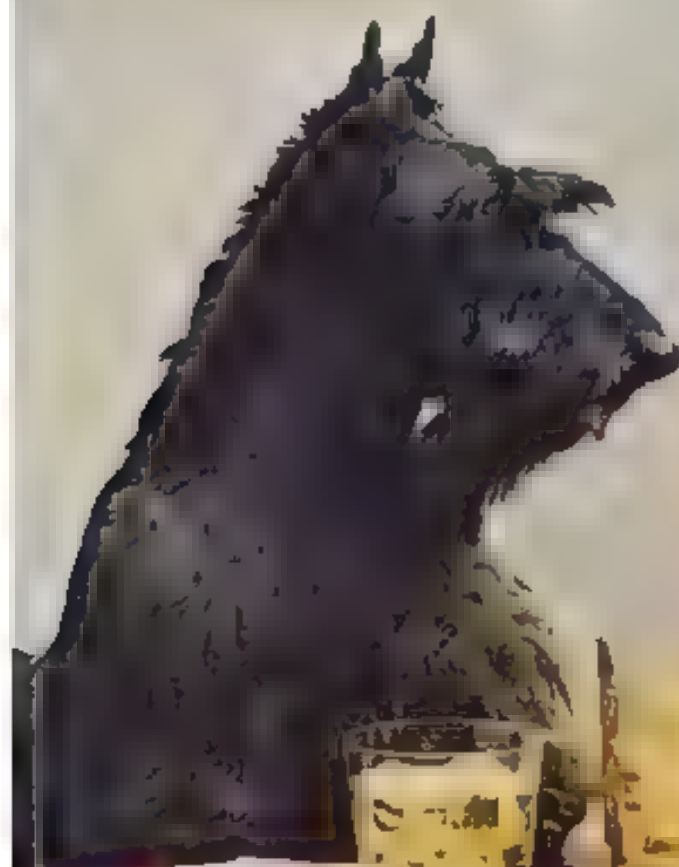
A further young man rose to his feet when Lord Leconfield, master of Petrus House, walked into the room and said, "Excuse me, do I have your chair?"

"They're all my chairs," observed Leconfield.

"I've got \$25,000,000," said Harry P. Shubert, upbraiding his writers. "Have you got \$25,000,000? And that gives me the right to tell you what pictures are all about cars, and horses! Not on me, Mrs. Caspary—but I said not and horses!"

**Tonight
that jolly fat man
comes down the
chimney.**

**Better hide
the Black & White.
Arf.**



Dear Sirs, he said.

A ski instructor from Tahoe wrote us that he really enjoys a nice hot glass of Gorilla Sweat after a brisk afternoon on the slopes.

However, he went on, he doesn't think he'll ever develop a taste for the name.

To that, we can only say "Name Schname!"

Just take 2 ounces of Cuervo, a pat of butter, a clove of clove, pour in scalding water, toss in a cinnamon stick, stir briskly, and drink heartily.

Frankly, we don't really mind what you call Gorilla Sweat
As long as you swallow this story.



The man who has to ask what a yacht costs," J. P. Morgan observed brusquely. "has no business owning one."

THE RICH CONFRONT THE ARTS

Alfred Krupp's interests outside his Ruhr foundries were not extensive. "As a consequence," wrote one Dr. Kaestle, physician to Krupp's wife Bertha, "he concluded that a relative of his wife's, Max Baehr, later a famous conductor, was 'completely wasting his life in devoting himself to music. If Bertha had been a technician, Krupp could not in a moment's time have been of service to her. It is to be regretted, but as a musician he was leading a lonely, isolated existence."

Mrs. Jack Gardner of Boston paid Frederick several thousand dollars to play the violin while she took tea with a lady friend. Her condition was that the virtuoso—a performer, and a foreigner, to boot—had to play accompanied by an orchestra.

Henry Ford devoted much effort in trying to replace such contemporary luxuries as the Charleston and the black bottom with Virginia reels, square dances, the schottische, the gawtze, the mawer and the mazourene (his favorite, as it was also called). Conrad Edick, who was wont to read a measure when opening a new hotel. He also used to enjoy playing such old-fashioned tunes as *Turkey in the Straw* on his \$75,000 mandolin.

It displeased Ford that he could never really master the instrument. Also he found it impossible to play and scold a troupe of dancers at the same time.

Samuel Insull, the utilities magnate, became a guarantor of Oscar Hammerstein's Manhattan Opera Company, after it had lapsed in New York and moved to Chicago. He did not allow this to prevent him from "cater[ing] to his whims."

"I am not in any sense an authority on grand opera," he stated, "except as to what it costs."

Pressure was once exerted on the Duke of Devonshire to present at the Jockey Club to admit Paul Beaumont, a novel, accomplished writer and intellectual. In reply, the duke said: "We are only too glad to have in our own matters are thank God, of no importance whatsoever."

Nelson Rockefeller commissioned the Mexican painter Diego Rivera to produce a mural that was to be a dominant feature of the Rockefeller Center. It cost \$23,500 and included such motifs as a heroic head of Lenin and a syphilitic girl who, as the artist carefully explained—symbolized life under capitalism.

The Rockefeller Center has had to struggle along without a



*It would seem the yin and yang of your life are unbalanced,
but first I'd like to check your blood sugar"*

El Pasa is not a shy man. He left the Carnegie in 1960. Someone, when he wrote, took a piece of newspaper, wrote someone that depicts him as an "Incomer." He was moved to do a singing commercial in a Dallas bar.

Accompanied by his two young stepdaughters and by the tune of *How Much Is That Doggy in the Hand?*, He sang the following lyric:

How much is that book in the window?

The one that says all the smart things

How much is that book in the window?

I do hope to learn all it brings

In 1968, Bernard Cornfeld agreed to not attend the Peace in Jerusalem global peace convention held in Geneva. It was not widely successful except for a performance of *El Pasa*, a peace oratorio written by Pablo Casals and directed by the cellist's brother,

Enric. Record albums of this were pressed, with a cover reading "ICB presents *El Pasa* by Pablo Casals."

The only problem was that the music was a bit too long for the disc as planned. Cornfeld solved the technical problem with a characteristic stroke. Put on as much as his, he ordered, and say the rest off.

The Casals heard their lopped oratorio. Global peace was restored only when it was scrapped.

LAST WORDS

Being Some Further Philosophical Reflections

"When the chips are down, money counts more than religion."

J. J. KENNEDY

"I can't take it with me. I'm not going."

JACK BENNY

"More make-it money but money no worth all things."





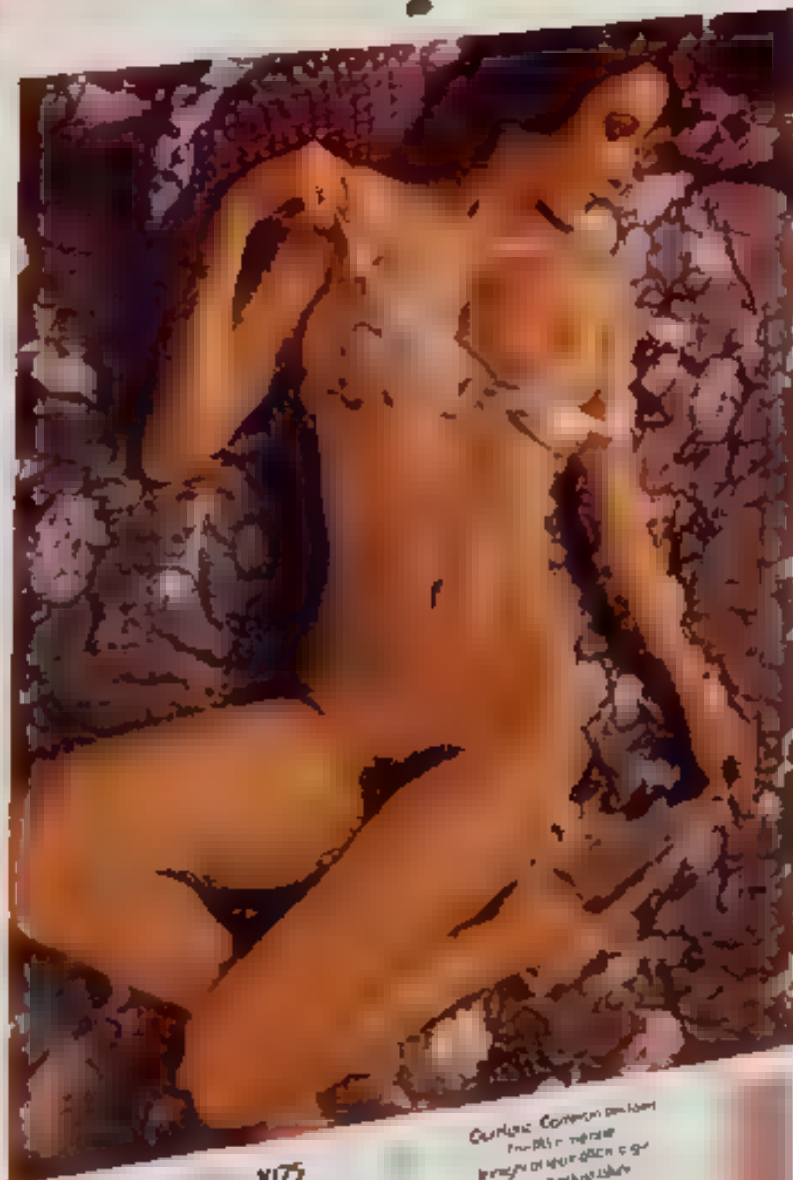
"No, I wouldn't like to dance. What I'd really like to do is get laid."

Salem's crush-proof box.

Beat it around.
Salem's refreshing taste
can take it.



Warning: The Surgeon General has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking is Dangerous to Your Health.



With each month another beautiful Playmate from Playboy

**All on sale at
your newsstand.**

Wall and Desk Calendars
available from
newsstands and agents in U.K.



Desk Calendar
6 1/2" x 7 1/2"

Wall Calendar
6 1/2" x 12 1/2"



Calendar
6 1/2" x 9 1/2"

1977

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Calendar Calendar Calendar
The 1977 calendar
brings you each day
to keep track of life

MARCH

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Herb Ritts

Phyllis Diller

Tim Allen

Mary McCormack

Mick Jagger

Mary McCormack



'So. This is my
reward for years of slaving for
you! This is how you repay my trust and
devotion! Sordid little games with
cheap young girl.'

on the Bunny label since then have made the charts. In midsummer, a new Playboy recording artist, Mickey Gilley, went to the top of the *Billboard* and *Cash Box* country-and-western charts with his first single, "I'm Looked an' Orled." Last month, New Gilley's first album is nearing the number-one spot and Tom T. Hall, with the news that *Record World* has picked Gadey as the top new male performer of the year in the country-and-western charts.

"If we keep up, we may have to change the name of the magazine to *Playboy*," says Hef.

He is especially pleased by the good work of his new ad executive, a male in Vermont called "Trobin in Bunny Land," who's earned the title in a series of Playboy Productions ads in the sex-recessed heyday year (in similar Boston *Newsweek* ads, who's a her New York publication have failed to accurately report the progress made in Playboy Club and Resort Hotel operations, which are producing a profit despite the pressures of inflation and recession on the economy).

"The *Newspaper* piece was a harder job," says Lamucci. The editors in New York killed an earlier story on Playboy's Twentieth Anniversary, because out of

their correspondence was "something that was not complimentary" on what that some of the New York media have in anti-Playboy bias. I guess they just don't dig the fact that the most successful playboy singer of the last 10 years was created by a kid from Chicago.

Lakewood wants Hef's approval on the plan for Barbra's album, and he has asked for some "revisions of her old songs" (he got to show *For a Butch*," Hef says).

Barbra is getting along with *Country* Jackson in the 12-page room at the Courthouse Hotel in Miami; some days he dwells the Greenhouse and the city's courts, this two-bedroom cottage—with some exterior and stone roof work to "lose" of the other buildings on the property—is called a "beige granite" or for Barbra's wanted to "be a little American with such" and "as a red in a little more" (our wood house on ancient gramophone on the table and a spinning wheel in the corner).

Barbra is standing in the middle of the room, her four musicians seated around her with her 10 songs. The first American singer can sing "A Little Bit of Soul" (Silver's "I'm a little bit of soul" around her). The first "I'm a little bit of soul" (Silver's song) ranging from the poignant "I Can't Touch the Sun" (with whom

she particularly identifies, because she found it when she and Hef were having some "love" (she doesn't want to be a "republican" but of much else: "I don't like *Do It That's All Right* (If you can't do it two or three times a night). I'll find out somebody who can"). There, in college, she can be a charming and elegant child in a serious woman, as the song requires. She has just finished a ramblous rendition of *Queen of the Silver Dollar*, another of Silver's songs, when Hef bursts in with copies of her *Billboard*, *Cash Box*, and *Record World* reviews.

Barbra's singing career began a little over a year ago with a weekend appearance at L.A.'s Palomares Club, the West Coast mecca for country-and-western performers. Hef convinced that she had more potential as an actress in films and TV, initially tried to discourage her singing aspirations. "Hef's reservations just made me more determined," she admits. "I wanted to prove to him that I could do it." And she has. After the Palomares she went to the Hacienda in Las Vegas for five weeks, and then on to a series of successful appearances in nightclubs across the country. Barbra has been a regular on *Honky-Tonk*, the dedicated country-music, nationally TV show, for over a year. She has topped the charts at a number one on *Playboy* after *Barbra* had won four of her first five records. Her first single, "I'm a Little Bit of Soul," is now a top ten hit on the *Billboard* and the *Cash Box* charts, and she's been a regular on the *Country* and *Country* shows. She's been a regular on *Midnight Special* and the Johnny Carson. Mary Griffin and Mike Douglas shows helped, and in the last summer, she cut her first record, *Honky-Tonk*. For Playboy Records, of course. ("I know somebody," says Barbra).

The reviews are all raves. *Billboard* picks the record as a "Top Recommended" of the week. *Cash Box* reports, "In the past few months there has been a lot of excitement generated by the announcement of this single being recorded by Barbra, one of the *Honky-Tonk* crew, proves that the talk was not just another industry hype. This should be the record that will start her on a long and rewarding career."

And *Record World* says, "This young girl sings as pretty as the larks and this soft, more ballad will surely take her and take her up on the charts. We call it 'Barbra'! Everyone is very excited and Barbra is the star."

Back in the Manhattan, the Playboy Productions, by the way, are in the 12-page room of the Courthouse Hotel. The paneling is light-colored and the floor is made of light-colored wood. The room is a large, open-plan living area with a large, white, tufted sofa facing into the room, with a long, low coffee table in front of it and four chairs. The room is of more contemporary

design set around the table. He gets a
chick down. Peer runs the small and
rejuvenator in the corner and settles
back in the couch. And Paul Peas
take him into the leather chair. Peer
ring out. He was under both a chair and
the window has bent the couch, as a
sticking back the head back. If Ben is
surprised. I think that's a very simple way
the one way of it. I think is a way to be
by. I guess it's not a bad one for the whole
world in it. I think it's a very good
make that. Now, 4. Curiously honey
program when you read that the Chicago
Af. I think it's a very good one. The first
and in my opinion it's a very good one. It's
Sofia and N. And. If you don't want
it, it's a very good one.

Hines, Lammert and Rassen are joined by actor-author Jason Miller, co-writer of *The Exponent* and author of the critically acclaimed, Pulitzer Prize- and Tony Award-winning play, *That Championship Season*, which will be Playlady Productions' next production. Once the script is completed, he says, "I will be in the room and after that is on the cutting floor, I will be in a room and I will be responsible for whether or not it goes into production or the original Broadway cast."

Let me nip over, Miller departs for the place. Paying executives have a few other duties to discuss. Let's take Noel Bunny Beauty Pageant was highly successful in its first scheduled release, this morning. In New York, Sal says

he share was much on an independent station at prime time and got 33 percent of the audience—beating all three of the network stations in the ratings. In Chicago, the *Playhouse* show was carried by the CBS affiliate and had 41 percent of the viewers. The *Bonnie* got top ratings in almost every market that they played." As a result, the annual *Minsky Beauty Pageant* is assured of national TV exposure in the future and has already been approached by a sponsor who is offering \$200,000 for the show this year.

Everybody is set, says Sal, for the taping of *Phyllis's Twentieth Anniversary Party*, scheduled to run as a late-night *Wide World of Sports* on ABC-TV. "The network representatives originally wanted a Helmer roast, but when we pointed out that you had already done a roast on *Jeopardy!* a show this season, they decided to make it a party."

I will be a lot better show this
to you. I'll be a

You never said again. "It will be shot here at Playboy Mansion West—with a number of name performers and an impressive list of celebrity guests. We'll give them a real gala."

I look to have Shelly basket court with the wows, the same way I did on the *Heavy Beauty Pageant*," Mel says.

— **Benjamin** It's not a deal with the work of a playwright, because I don't have that. However, the way we have and what we did started with work of the same sort. I've shown several years ago and I liked very much, and I have a film we did on the Beatles that I want you to see—it is really something special. I'd like to get him to do a short segment so this show would be to what we did on the Beatles in 1964 or how we did a Playboy magazine, something like that.

Sounds interesting, remark Ed. "Did he do a large amount of work of the United States in the Southern States?"

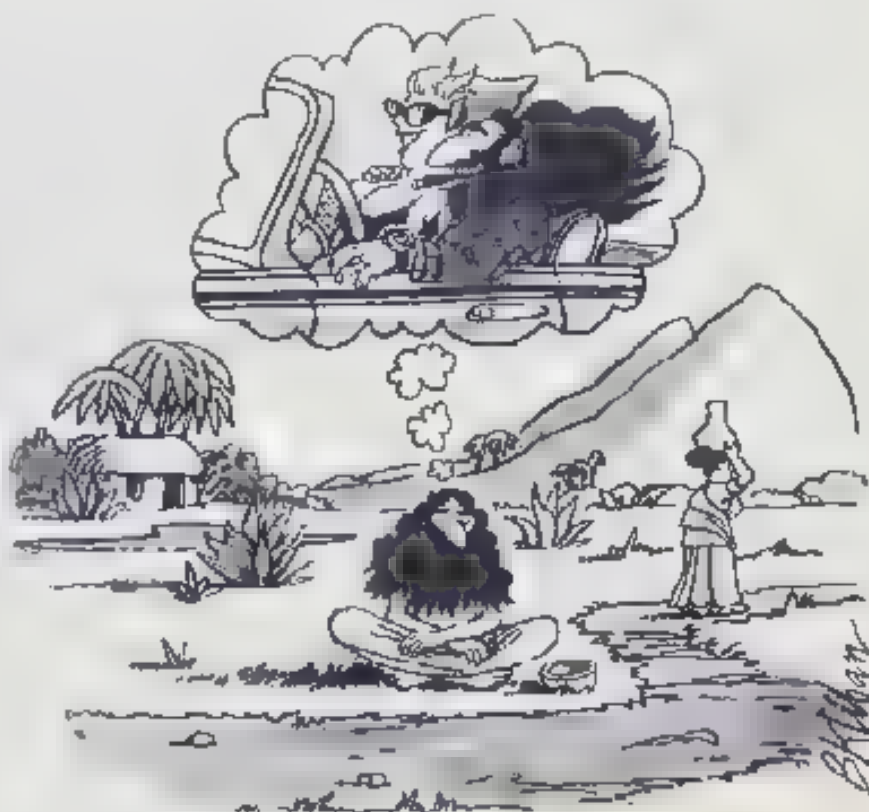
That's the guy," Hef says. "I'll set up a screening for you on the Beatles film for Monday if that's OK."

Dec

Outside the pool and tennis crowd dwindle as the afternoon sun begins to disappear beneath the horizon. The Ball House, a stone building covered with yucca and set just a short distance from the pool and the Courts, is alive with friends of both sexes, showering, hair-pulling, shaving, fixing make up and getting dressed with little concern about nudity—one aspect of the pleasantly permissive sexuality that pervades this special place.

A bathroom of the Bath House is also listed as a "bathroom" in old plans and was previously an indoor garden that was completed by a glass skylight that allows the sun (or stars) to shine in.

There are four separate dressing rooms with adjoining closets. The closets are a beautiful mix of dark wood paneling that looks out onto a garden of roses, ivy and greenery, creating a lush atmosphere. You're bathing in a rainforest. A complete array of toilet articles is at your beck beside the lavatory and, while you towel off in front of a mirror, a drier in the ceiling blows warm air onto your head and shoulders. Shelves of rich-colored bath towels, bathing suits (oh, all right if you want) and terrycloth undershorts nearby. All this, plus an oversized mirror and a ceiling-mounted sun lamp with newly developed rare earth infrared bulbs that promise to dry you with a minimum of heat and burning onto the towel as you stroll out. It's more than many of these resorts ship. It's a day in the city all year long, in the sun. At the far end of the Bath House is a funky, copper-toned pagoda. It's with soft, neutralized cushions, where guests like to relax at this time of day—under the brand is of a friendly glow that grows here once the midday

[illegible]

the Game Home, you may find a pair of (c) Business there earnestly trying to better their scores on football or some other favorite game.

In *11:14*, Paradise, described as published as a recent issue of *New Times*, Sam Merrill wins

Many people who have found a great personhood in Helmer's competitive games playing. And 48-hour Monopoly marathon is a real test, not only the Joyce Brothers would call it, but most of the well-adjusted personalities that I didn't see in Helmer's play the Vince Lombardi would not only be very sympathetic to his business success, instead that all exclusive sincerely with him. Helmer plays seems to be an end in itself. He is playing just a love for, and to be seen as a part of the pike seems to be his way of life. Why does Helmer take his games so seriously? To him, a four-day poker endurance personality will be more than at the Monopoly.

Computerized games are just one example of McInerney's fascination with electronic gadgets, and both Mannes and McInerney agree with the full range of things necessary to keep everything working properly. A keeping book includes not only a schedule for the house and grounds, permits guests to choose from any of 100 ailments simply by dialing the appropriate number, and if the remote-control device signals a situation about the property.

One of the new inventions in the course of the house—a high copper and German pipe organ ladder, behind the velvet doors in the Living Room with a display of pipes, bells, chimes and such for a tone ladder—was created by the musical owner. He discovered a remote control console for the instrument in the forest and has a ladder and a control, so that the organ can now be played either manually or from walls, like the xylophone in the castle. There

Both Moons have electronically controlled secret panels. The pressing of a carved detail in the wall of the hallway between the Living Room and the Library opens a hidden door. The passage is a long and dark tunnel with a wine cellar at one end. The owner of the house and this one-time member of the "phantom club" are not happy about the "severages" being put in the cell.

is a Carriage for the real electric road, and some of the horses in the Market Square. There is no motor vibrating, or creaking, but plenty for this and all the things, even more remarkable than the original *Motor*, and a comparatively—surprisingly delayed in its construction—periodic renovation was completed—is now nearly finished.

The Master Bedroom is dominated by a massive, ornately carved four-poster bed.



Naming it was easy.

Mennen Shave® Shave Cream has Lanolin® (a lanolin derivative). It lubricates your skin, so your razor shaves your whiskers without irritation.

Sof'Stroke.



That is virtually a room within a room. At the push of a button, the walls can be studded with draperies of purple velvet, the floor with the fur of a black cat, the ceiling with the fur of a white cat. The walls are also the walls for a kind of velvet canopy with the shaggy

From the beam and focus controls that push the beam up or away at electronic "wheels no farther away than one's finger tips. From here, the beam and focus are controlled. The beam is controlled in position and intensity can be regulated, and intensity can be set. Focus is an electron in the process. It works in a way that is like the focus of a lens. As the tip of a switch or a probe is at the foot of the beam, opens to reveal a small, clear, foot-wide area for the Advent video beam projection, and that provides a television picture, so either regular TV broadcasts or the Advent video beam selected from the extensive video-tape library—the size of main screen. The 25-inch TV monitors are mounted above the Advent screens, and in a way that can be turned as at the same time—with each screen carrying a different picture, all moving in the same way. The Advent video beam is also a part of the Advent video beam.

use a person wishes to make his own
 choice. In the *testimonio de sensibilidad* may
 well be the one that leaves the person
 in doubt as to whether he may or may
 not take a good look at the world
 and stare at the blackboard 1 & 2.

The rest of the Master Museum is largely a museum of modern and European painting enough to make anyone who is a painter, photographer, sculptor, or dancer feel a curved staircase, and matching leather chairs. The opposite wall is a paragon of bookcases, cabinets, and sculpture above—which lead to a room of 19th-century French decorative objects. Finally, the Master Museum is a maze of complex galleries in a series of rooms that leads out to a private outdoor

climbing the yard stairs to quads, satellite and all. There is an elevated spiral staircase that curves gracefully upward to the floor above, which contains the working quarters, as well as the electronic equipment. Some are Ampex video-tape machines and some are bits of modern technology. It is all connected to Hel's bed and make it a rather peculiar work setup. A spacious dressing area adjoins the bedroom, as well as the Master Bathroom—decorated in high-lamp Hollywood motifs of the 1950s. Black marble floor, shower, toilet, bidet and raised bathtub (with

Indian white porcelains of various sizes, including sets of chess, cabinets, and a mounted deer with antlers on the wall.

The rest of the Mansion's second floor is dedicated to guests, including a study, a morning room, a complex of offices in the ball wing for the executive assistants and overbooked secretaries.

It is early evening now, and while the backgammon game goes on in the Library, a buffet dinner is being served in the quiet elegance of the wainscaped Regency Dining Room. Separated from the Great Hall by dark paneled shutters, the room is captured also in the shadows of a custom woven rug of heraldic design, great tapestries on each corner depicting those carved in a chair, and legs, as well as a round table supporting the most unique buffet table. Brass wall sconces highlight the Italian barbed-iron table, contrasting with Fletner's choice of contemporary art. *Dick's Young Virgin dote Sodomized*

by Her Don't know it at the entrance way. Dick and his Woman above the fire place and a Podlock masterpiece above the boiler.

Fletner declines for all dinner parties, and this typical evening buffet is more an informal party. For the next hour or two, guests will wander in and partake of the modest but lovely food. The best view of the top may catch him the blue velvet of the chairs and draperies of the room, and though he seldom sits down to dinner with his guests, preferring a beer, more private meal with Harbi in the Master Quarters—he moves from one to another, engaging them in casual conversation. The Wolfen is stopping friendly insides with Helen's Welch's Hammer in 1960, Linger Buns, and Henry Mother, now the private secretary to Linda Lovelace. Drury is our only who has the ability to turn the Lee's various quarters, giving as well as giving Patrick Lums, Rachel Welch's ex) and Jimmy Boyd (who first became famous as a hucklebared bad singing I Saw Mommy Kissing Santa

Claus), both Mammoth regulars, are simultaneously occupied in intense conversation with the same well-endowed blonde beauty.

One of the nice things about the Mansion is that you never know who's there who may be dropping in for a drink, dinner or just to hang out for a bit. Though presumably Flet must know, since it is impossible to get in the gate without an invitation. On this particular evening, Kate Lind, Henry's daughter, arrives with boyfriend Freddy, brings the boy, young, come son of God, and the Man, and Kate is obviously nervous about introducing him to her where she considers an avowedly high because of his close friendship with her father. On another evening, a young man brings her boyfriend, Dorian Hoffman to the house to talk about the comedian who Flet saw after Hoffman had agreed to portray him in the screen. Flet is expected to concern a one day and to play the part of a comedian. "You are the perfect comedy."

Peter Lawford brought Liz Taylor one night—and she was heard of that bombed. Rachel Welch came over and stayed (not just with Patrick)—and she left the same way.

You're finishing your dessert when you realize that the young lady seated on your left at the dinner table is Linda Blair, the powerful child in *The Exorcist*—not exactly like in *Ragged*—he is a bit larger, not at all the same. She's a friend of Harvey's, you learn, and came with her and Patrick.

Linda Lovelace arrives and gives Flet a warm embrace and a campaign button that reads: WHEN YOU SAY "LINDA LOVE" YOU FOR PROTEST "LINDA LOVE" A NEW LIFE.

Linda is just one of the prominent political figures who have frequented the Playboy Mansion and Playboy Mansion West. Chuck Percy challenged Flet to a game of rump, p. in the Chicago May, so a few days ago and Julian Bond called a few days ago to arrange a late-evening debate with the mayor of Madison, Wis., regarding the issue of nuclear disarmament. When asked about the curious situation in the Vietnam War, Jack Nicholson flashed a grin and said, "Where else can you shoot a cowboy with a shotgun or talk politics with a Playboy?"

After dinner, most of the gang gather in the Living Room for a viewing of a new release of a movie classic. Tonight it comes a special one: *Wednesday in April*, a comedy in which M. C. G. at Jackie Cochrane's urging, has brought a print of his film *The Come Back Trail*—produced several years ago, never shown, because the final log ended a bit before the film. McGowan, who played a dead mute in



"Gold and silver from base metals is OK, but what I'm trying to transmute is angelica root, mugwort and tincture of marigold into an effective aphrodisiac."

*I tried it and it's true!
I didn't believe it at first
But you Heron Walker people
gave it to me straight.
Ten High really is rich
smooth and flavorful...
everything I'd expect
a true Bourbon to be
except expensive.*

*Tom Brunelle
San Francisco,
Calif.*



TEN HIGH

Bourbon Straight and True

When you serve M. LaMont Wine,
be prepared
Your guests are going to ask how much
it costs and where it's from and other ticklish
questions.

And they're not going to believe the
truth.

So, save a lot of arguments.
Lie about it.

Imply that M. LaMont is so expen-
sive, you saved half dollars for nine years
to buy this one bottle

Hint that you got it from a short
Corsican known only as "Mal de Mer"
Suggest that this was the official wine
at the Yalta Conference

Claim that it has won the coveted *C'est
la Guerre* five years running

Lies, yes.

But then M. LaMont is the kind of
wine you always hope for and never find.

Truth is, it costs less than two dollars
a bottle.

But it tastes expensive. Because it's
made the way expensive wine is made.
With more premium grapes per bottle.

Unfortunately, for some of your
guests, truth is stranger than fiction.

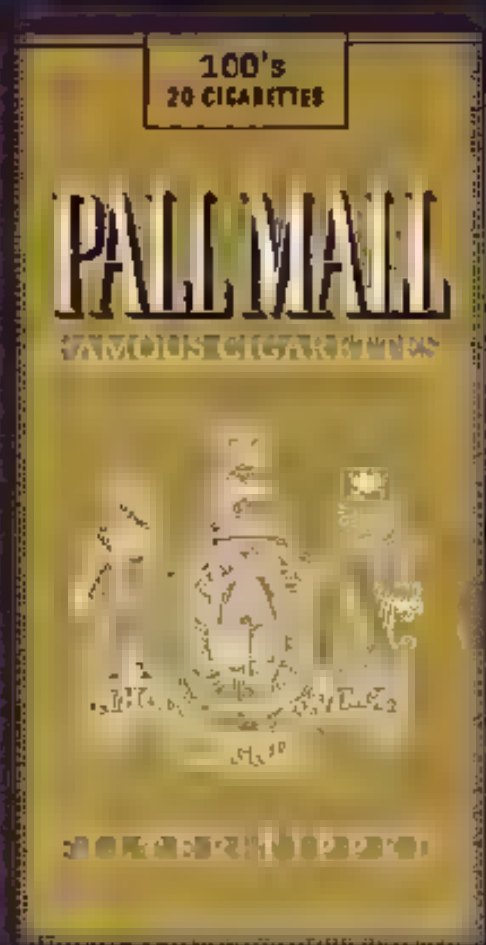
M. LaMont
The wine you tell lies about.
M. LaMont Wine and M. LaMont Cellars



**Don't tell your guests
the truth about it.**

PALL MALL

GOLD 100's



Longer...
yet milder

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

11 mg. "tar", 1.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report March '74.

GEORGE PLIMPTON

(continued from page 192)

eight girls of my choosing. Eventually these would be introduced at the regular Playmate candidate meeting, at which Hugh Hefner, the Editor-in-Chief, presides. The challenge would be to see if a girl who was not as good enough to be chosen as a Playmate.

I had at once, with blazing alarm, lost your business cards, numbered with Playboy Rubber symbols to give them a certain cast, printed on which I was identified as an Associate Photographer. I planned to produce these whenever I spotted a pretty girl. I took out my camera and took some warm-up shots around the apartment. He cut and a stringing line. I thought over him.

But then, in a sense of ill ease and awkwardness, just kept me from approaching a girl, by not saying the proper words to a prospective subject who was what I wanted in the end. I was even unable to attach my business cards. It was the fear of being taken down—a long-legged girl, something as a New York Avenue, the turn of her head at my voice, the bell of her hair swinging ("Ahem," I wonder if..."), and the quick concept as she looked at my business card and let it flutter to the pavement.

Indeed, during a number of months I had to get into a number of odd jobs, which I had to do on impulse to a pretty hotel receptionist in Tampa. I learned my code to keep the room from standing by the keyrack, from the hallway. The girl was wide-eyed in my explanation. To my astonishment she said, "Oh, well, OK. I do it for a dark. I heard it and entered a camera."

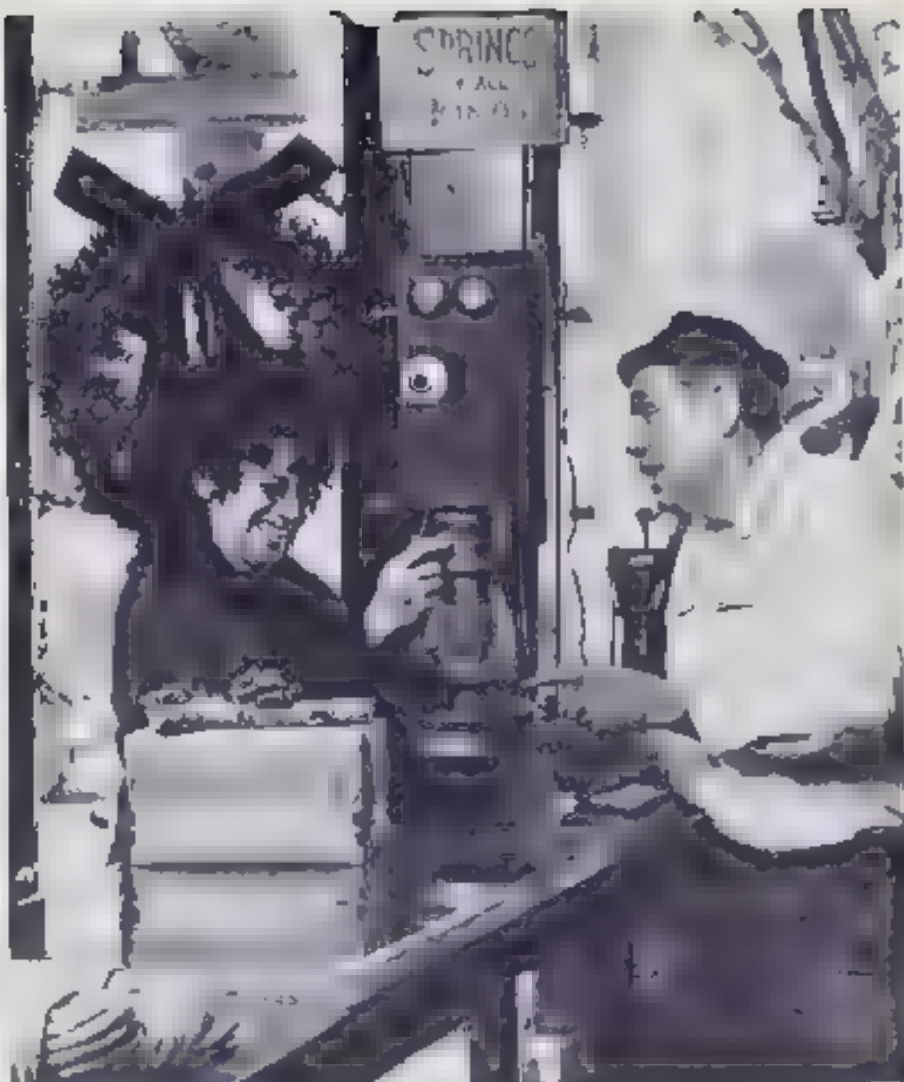
When she arrived in my hotel room, she stopped up at her camera, a small black box, and was in a bit of a hurry getting ready for a shot. She fished her pulchritude with a quick, lively motion of her hand, and turned us from of me. Six and two at one, one large butterfly on her arm, and what looked like a red rose on her hip. "That's those as a lot," she explained, "in Dallas. The guy I was going with was a 'freak'."

"They're very nice," I said.

"You're not sure about them?" she asked. "Sometimes they start to jump."

No, no, I said. "But I don't know about the people at pleasure. I think what I'm looking for is a sort of 'freak' Days Day, in my opinion, next door who is a sort of 'pimping' with a 'freak' on the floor. There, too, I thought of 'w there any way to 'can' in the room, so that the tattoo don't show?" I asked.

She said she thought herself as a "freak" in a series of poses that brought my viewpoint seemed to suggest



HOLIDAY SHOPPING is never too hurried in Moore County, Tennessee. Generally our citizens get a lot of it done with a visit to the Lynchburg Hardware and General Store.

We hope your holiday preparations are equally free of haste. And that you find good y time to savor the season with your family and close friends.



CHARCOAL
MELLOWED

DROP

BY DROP

Tennessee Whiskey • 90 Proof • Distilled and Bottled by Jack Daniel Distillery
Lem Motlow, Prop., Inc., Lynchburg (Pop. 361), Tennessee

The first Distillery placed in the National Register
of Historic Places by the United States Government.

Brut for Men.

**If you have
any doubts
about yourself,
try
something else.**



After shave after shave after anything.
Brut® Juice by Fabergé

that she was in the company of a young man, one hand clutching it her hip, the other spread on her backside. We tried some props—the Bible from the hotel dresser opened so that it would hide the rump.

"There's a lot of nudity in these shots," I told her to keep her spots as pure as possible. "Some mag certainly is going to be full of mood. Fantastic."

I cannot remember the next the coming months I ever gave away another of my business card. When Kaufman telephoned from Chicago about a year after the project had been begun, he asked about the cards, having some idea that I must surely have flooded the country with them—like propaganda leaflets.

"Well, I've used only one," I told him.

"One?" He sounded aghast. How in earth was the project coming along? What had happened?

"Well, I don't do a lot of thinking about it," I said.

"Yes, but how many girls have you photographed so far?"

"Three," I told him.

"Just three?"

I explained about the Tampa girl with the tattoos.

"Why did you want to photograph her?" Kaufman asked.

"I didn't know about the tattoos," I said. "They suddenly arrived—like unexpected guests at the door."

I continued about the two others. One was the famous fashion model Nasty Nasty. She was hardly a Playmate type, I admitted, with a grand naughty face and a tall thin lipped body like the back end of a giraffe. (As a judge of Miss America's interview potential, Thompson made a good quarterback. What his fetching subject had neglected to tell him was that she had already been featured in this magazine with Woody Allen, in a July 1971 pictorial "I'll Put Your Name in Lights, Nutrient & Food.") But I had been so impressed to her in a dinner party in the Dominican Republic and when I explained it to her she thought the whole idea was "superfantastic." The party was outside by the water with the trade winds flickering the candles in their holders, and I thought she wanted to swim in right away—just shedding her dinner gown at the table and standing in among the guests.

Her stomach was so strong across a white towel, her body dark as if it were the sun. She posed herself among the palm fronds that drop to the water's edge. Every time I raised the camera, the accompanist slipped into a pose. At the end of the afternoon, she saw herself as an American. In order emerging from the sea. She waded farther and farther out and then turned and strode toward me, the sun behind her and the sea sparkling at her back as the droplets flew over her head and sparkled. I waded out. The wells sucked at my hips and I

left the Dominican paper money in my wallet absorb the sea. I held the camera high overhead. She was so experienced that every gesture was calculated and correct and every arched pose of her body was identifiable, so that when I brought the camera down to take a picture, the viewfinder seemed to reflect the filled pages of a *Harpers's Bazaar*.

I told Kaufman that with my third girl that had not been the case at all. She was a New Yorker named Barbara who had done scarcely any professional modeling. We wandered around her apartment, her bare feet padding on the tiles, and we rarely looked at each other. Like two people at a cocktail party who no longer have anything to say to each other. I could not think how to pose her. She sat in a chair as if she were being interviewed for a job.

"How's this?" She settled herself, he had a potted palm and peeked out.

"Fantastic!" I said. She must have caught on to being in my zone.

"How does it really look?" she asked.

"It's not quite right," I said truthfully. "It looks as if . . . well, you were going spring out at something . . . a sort of edgy-breast attitude."

We continued through the apartment. She stood behind a shower curtain and peered at me, giggling.

"Fantastic!"

We found ourselves in the kitchen. "Do you think this might work?" She lay down on the counter. I removed the towel from behind her head.

"Perhaps? Perhaps?" I said as I looked through the viewfinder.

"Those kitchen shots might be OK," I told Kaufman over the telephone. "Soft or domestic and nice. I haven't had them developed yet."

Kaufman did not seem especially reassured. He suggested that I come to Chicago. We could discuss the project further. Certainly I needed to photograph some more girls. I could look over the unsolicited photographs that flooded his office from girls eager to pose—the over-the-telephone stuff. At least their first obstacle of mine—being ill at ease in asking girls—would be bypassed. These girls were willing, though of course he could not count on the quality.

In Chicago I spent a day following his advice. I looked at a couple of months' worth of unsolicited photographs and read the accompanying letters. Most of the photographs were Polaroid color or surroundings that were stark and glaringly lit—often in motel rooms, it appeared, with the girl standing in the background, usually posed awkwardly against the wall. Quite a number were from women who felt the magazine might want a photo of them for an "April Fool" issue. One was from a woman who wrote she was so fat that she could not fit into an average bathtub. The accompanying

photograph of her in the buff showed her very large, indeed, looking wonderfully in a 1940s old-fashioned outfit with claw feet. Kauffman is secretary Renay, and it is as I was looking at the picture that she came into the room about a fat man who had sent in a picture of himself in a jock strap. It had been taken in some hotel room, a shot in the backlight and the message went it read: "The night was long, it be interested." No sooner had Renay returned it than it turned up in the mail again—with the identical message.

Renay told me that there were many unsolicited photographs of this sort, from obviously unstable people, and almost none of my photographs in better rooms with a standard lamp to provide proper enough light.

I asked what sort of response Playmates sent to such people—and she showed me a form letter that said that the editors were sorry but that the consensus was that the girl for fat lady, or jock-clad girl, or even "not very fat" that "some thing extra special" that sets the Playmates apart.

I went on to see Kauffman. I told him that I was not having much luck with his over-the-transom stuff.

Well, I would not be discouraged, he said. "In the past five years, one of those hundreds of requests a week, we've asked only five girls to come in for test shots, of whom only one made it as a Playmate of the Month."

He went on to say that almost invariably Playmates were selected from submissions by professional photographers (freelancers and Playmate staffers). That would probably be the best course for me—to look at expertly done transparencies (no more motel rooms) and select a girl who seemed especially fetching and suitable.

While I was in the Chicago office, I did some research on past centerfolds to see if there was a clue to why certain Playmates had achieved exceptional popularity. I began naturally to apply what I discovered to my own project. To judge from the number of letters received by the magazine, the most popular Playmate was a girl named Dollie Lind, who was Miss August back in '60. Her appearance elicited over 1600 letters, more than half 600 more than received by the number one in this department. Cynthia Myers, the December Playmate in '62, (the most letters ever received in history, incidentally, were not on the subject of Playmates but over 8000 queries and comments regarding a picture story about a portable house.)

The Lind girl for her most popular pose is set in a playtown with a quantity of games equipment scattered around on a brassin rug: a tennis racket, a shuttlecock, a teeterboard. A clarinet is hung from the wall and Miss Lind is holding a dart in one hand. She was photographed with a yellow bow in her hair, her

face pert and fresh and unmistakably American.

As for Miss Myers, she was photographed crouched on a lily. A large cat paws with a white Teddy bear, a sprig of holiday holly around its neck, and she is smiling merrily at the reader from a somewhat unattractive, tilted position that makes her breasts, which are large, especially prominent.

To check the sort of pose it might be wise to avoid in my picture, I looked up the Playmate who had provoked the largest number of critical letters. She turned out to be a striking girl photographed standing on a rock by the sea, from which she has apparently just emerged (which did not bode well for my pictures of Natty Adams on the Dominican beaches). The Playmate is wearing a bikini, perhaps that was the cause of the criticism, and she is carrying a snorkeling mask.

I went on to see Kauffman with my findings. "All assumptions are not very steady," I admitted. "But for my project, it's possible that a yellow bow in my girl's hair might help. So would a damn diving ring under her—setting a zebra certainly in Angola. A white Teddy bear might to set off the premises and so should a shot of a clock. The girl must be tilted slightly. She probably should be carrying a dart. Certainly not a snorkeling mask."

No.

"That apparently provides bad fantasies—creatures emerging from the lagoon."

Obviously.

"In fact, if she is going to emerge from anywhere, it should be from over the threshold of a portable house."

I see.

Kauffman asks me what sort of picture I truly did visualize, taking I told him that I hoped to find a girl who would fit into an outdoor photograph. I explained that it had always been a mild fantasy of mine to come across a young girl in a field of oil, rice, or standing in a woodland glen, just coming around a tree and seeing her, the sort of thing that always got the Greek gods into the dice when the verdict came for a contest. I thought, Zeus, say, with the river nymph. Or, I might as well to use a horse with her. I added:

"Ahmed."

"Not saddled in any way. She's righted in some bareback and she's just slid off at it and is standing in the grass looking at the person who's approved her, smiling in a sort of shy, puzzling way."

Well, that's all right, but I'm very skeptical about that horse," Kauffman said. "He went on to say that one of the challenges of taking a centerfold picture was the requirement that the photographer use the one As 10 Beardsford portrait camera. With that camera, it's unbreakable enough to take a picture of a

Brut 33 Anti-Perspirant for Men.

You won't have
any doubts
about yourself.



Brut 33® the deodorant spray
with the great smell of Brut®



John
Dempsey

*"Isn't it nice the company canceled the Christmas party
party so we could be home with our wives?"*

It is a very important factor of the present and its development, which is subject to a kind of a step-by-step, or a "staircase" process. It is firstly still not a task to be able to be a state manager, particularly from a political point, and then to receive nothing but so much pleasure as a free bird in flight.

Received 19 July 1993

א בן זמני א מיי פראנד, מיי פריינד."

The child played sweetly on her knees. It was very peaceful under the palm trees. We had a want in the pool. That I can't make going at the middle—
one jump across when he bent to give Mimi-Chante a kiss on the top of her head. He was his only visible mark. I could not have parent to 8 and I thought of telling him that I needed him. He thought this another age of love and duty.

We returned to our chairs and he introduced me about Hymn "I am not
stranded" he said "I left my New York
carriage" - worst mix of Papa Dog and
a 1930's song - one which the
scribe I am the son of his side chair
and particularly of his father. He
can't help it. They had was had
to find a good way to do it - a way that
didn't hurt him - so it was a deep
color than his own. They write *des*
maison - his own. He is a good
them. Perhaps it could be translated

numbers," "made" all young men go to the post office and he awarded me a place available in a post office as messenger at the same building. But I am speaking of the young men, those smiling angels who sometimes come from the shores of La Sabana to form the *callejera*, the informal street bus that in the margins of society "we have all the advantages," as he said, saying his acceptance of this informal service.

But now the rich Americans have discovered Port-au-Prince. They come in swarms, away the sweetest grains and take them back to Manhattan to walk around nude in steam-heater-warm decorated apartments and give them Haitian people a place to play one with. The master works in his advertising agency or design studio or income office. The master invites guests in every kind and every size possesses a Haitian boy. No one through these American walls complains about the women on the street from all day because in fact no one ever reaches a place where no one has paid the law, but the *Can-Can* fight the normandy and Brillo advertisements, the white magic of the thick electrician, the white water beds, the white in the advertisements, in such a shirt, when the graphic designer would be glad to give him a shirt, he can wear, his nose runs, he turn away. The

reported a short survey about 1000 m off
the coast of Norway, in 1995.

My friend says, "I never met an
easy confident woman. In fact, I have
the confidence I can do with her
my husband and see how she speaks
French like a little French girl. Six
months ago she spoke and I was
a fool. Now she goes confidently in
French. Only she is a little shy with
you, *blonde*."

[illegible]

"She was all out of her mind," "Mama" he said sternly and he drove home as if a witch had been going to ride it through a field. He saw a dog and pulled up with a jerk. A fox ran along the road. He said, "You're ready."

She smiled with a sudden hidden subversive pride that this man had lived now through three generations. "Our father," she said.

**Us Tareyton
smokers
would rather
fight than
switch!**

100 lbs. *Tareyton 100's*

Threynon 1908

==+L 25 T4

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**Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Hazardous to Your Health.**



THE FUTURE

(continued from page 91)

telephone, the cotton gin, the light bulb and the automobile came but a few. Oh, yes, and we also came up with the Edison the Edison, the Big Mac and the great development space. So if there's a crisis in the world, it's not a crisis of the future. To tell in your memory, we've gathered an assembly of all the great solutions of the future, and they all come from the future. And then, I of them, I'd say, doubt.

Problem: Since the first, it's a burden to the people in Washington. It should have been the three branches of the government, what it can do, not the White House and the Capitol. It's a matter of the people. The architect in charge was not of the people. In a speech at the time, he said, "I have not been studying architecture, and I've decided to attempt the grand design, and study at the same time." So, he's not doing to be a large solution. It was only years later that someone discovered they'd forgotten about the Supreme Court.

Clarence W. Fraser's patent in appearance in 1908, so what to do was to help that

wasn't winner than what? Folks living in the long duration could have not seen their own solution. Miss Blackwood has been's account of her visit to the center began with a description of the history of weaving in the future and follows with this close-up. A sight it was to behold, to see the 14, 14 is of the men and women.

broken into the living, yet, where after a few longkarning and premonitory sign of another trip, and the house and house, and the next to see the woman to be the solution.

The American Colonization Society figured out how to solve the race problem. In the course of 40 years, it took of \$ 1,000,000, the money shipped over to Liberia. Toward the end of those 40 years, it was pointed out to me by the black of the race had replaced that number during the first month of the effort.

A city magazine, *The Youth's Companion*, figured out a wonderful circulation-building gimmick in 1892: put a

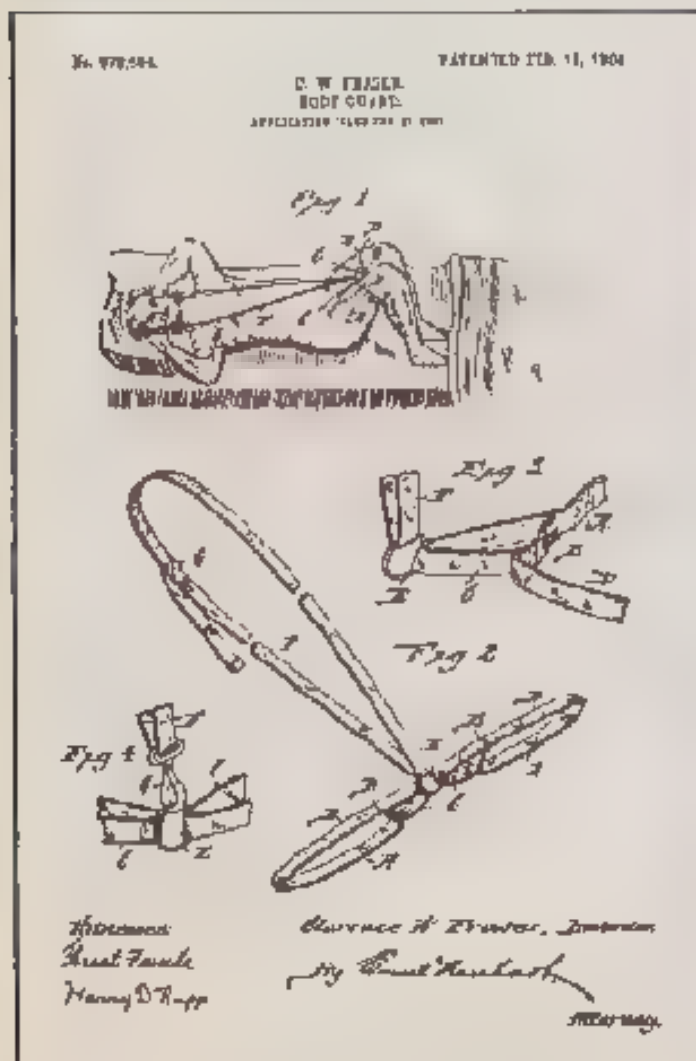
1000-000 for a new by intrinsic sound, and they saw. And then how the change of the future was to be. While we're at it, I'm sure a central center in our cultural psychology was dreamed up for an ad campaign by a lumber company.

Patent number 569, 011 is for a device to prevent the movement of the body that waves to move the muscles on the cheeks.

There was a long shortage from 1854 to 1870, so American paper manufacturers imported machinery wrappings from Egypt.

Pontiac City, Mich., January 10, 1869. Thanks to the Central and Eastern Pacific railroads are about to be built for the first time. The president, General Sherman, has been in the golden space, and crowd presses in the

Clarence W. Fraser's "body guard" (left) was patented as a device to "prevent the bed clothing from coming in contact with certain parts of man's body," specifically, "the generative organs of man." The idea, back in 1908, was to prevent "seminal emissions" caused by that base of cheap thing, friction,



telegrapher & poised to relay this great moment in American technology to statesmen in the White House. But he had a more immediate business to attend to—his wife's dress.

Patented in 1897, the machine was a marvel of engineering. It was a small, portable device that could be used in a variety of settings, from the home to the office. The machine was designed to be used by a single person, and it was a great success.

In 1894, the patent for the machine was granted. The machine was a great success, and it was a great success. The machine was a great success, and it was a great success. The machine was a great success, and it was a great success.

For happy women, a wife-beating machine (center), created by an Illinois professor & tribuna) fined the man for abusing his inventive genius. And in 1886, a Carolus P. Southwell came up with a "dental breath guard" (right), to protect a patient from being overcome by the dentist's bad breath.

claimed he could extract gold from rocks.

The patent for the machine was granted in 1894. The machine was a great success, and it was a great success. The machine was a great success, and it was a great success.

The machine was a great success, and it was a great success. The machine was a great success, and it was a great success. The machine was a great success, and it was a great success.

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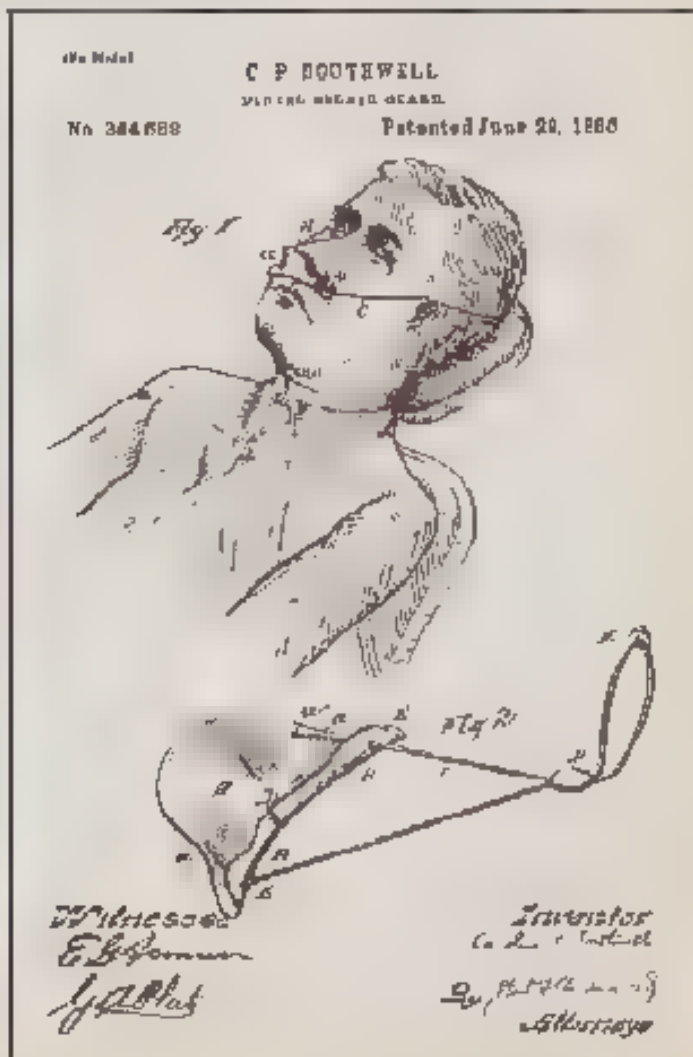
The machine was a great success, and it was a great success. The machine was a great success, and it was a great success. The machine was a great success, and it was a great success.

Patent number 1,062,880 was granted to Alice A. Smith in 1933. The machine was a great success, and it was a great success. The machine was a great success, and it was a great success.

Joseph Golden of Denham, Maine, was a great success, and it was a great success. The machine was a great success, and it was a great success. The machine was a great success, and it was a great success.

The machine was a great success, and it was a great success. The machine was a great success, and it was a great success. The machine was a great success, and it was a great success.

The machine was a great success, and it was a great success. The machine was a great success, and it was a great success. The machine was a great success, and it was a great success.



NEW! GET PAPER PLAN

Kanamachi," he said. "I was in the
the same

but the man's voice stopped from

"Forget it," he said, jangling around
 his keys. "I'll be back in a few minutes.
 I'll be back in a few minutes. I'll be
 back in a few minutes. I'll be back in a few minutes."

"But I proposed I'd——" Eadie stammered pointing to the cars.

"They can wait. This place hasn't been painted in twenty years. The outside yard needs to be restored."

That night the shop burned down. When Ernie came to work a day later, there was nothing left but the foundation and several beams. He was surrounded by a street of houses, he stood there broodingly, reverent, lunchbox in hand, staring at the charred remains of his place of employment. He was a secret lover of an older woman, a woman far away, and he

very behind him, making a rushing noise like the wind off the Argentine steppe in a phase one of the wind machine, some of the time.

and to a STOP sign at the intersection.

Can the young Kaniowski and
and the best of the
for the day.

stood rigidly outside the door, the whole the perspective of the hall crowded, half knelt because the head of his father.

"Dad," he whispered into the colorless eyes that gazed at him from white Sakura folds of the pillow. "Dad, I've got to tell you something important."

The flat gray eyes didn't move.

"Can you hear me, Dad?" He held his mouth open, but only air came out. He knew the hole in which the eyes were hidden like buried-out mirrors that reflected the earth. "Dad," he whispered again.

He drew back and waited. Behind him, moans rose from other beds in a tidal wave of human misery. Cries broke out at a nightmare; someone was calling for the nurse. He leaned close to her. "I'm sorry again," "The sheep's turned down Dad," he said. "With the money money, I want to put up a hamburger stand. It's a dynamic spot because of its highway. Two hundred cars pass by every minute. I've seen it. I've seen it."

and Do you know how many people are that means

Meantime, he watched the eyes for the first time. The eyes were not blue, but a deep, dark, almost black, and they were not large, but small and sharp. He felt a cold shiver run down his spine, and he knew that he was in the presence of something that he did not understand.

can I work on cats with you in any way
 a. but not for me

You don't even have to stand. You would be working on cars anytime. I'm going to build a hamburger stand there in 2005.

Hamburger!" came the cracked
whisper.

The railway future of America is a
 "no-brainer," as the son replied.
 "I am not going to a future needs and
 desires on a generation brought up on
 the taste of cheap hamburgers, a genera-
 tion of blue jeans and Volkswagen and
 Top 40 radio, a generation that thrived
 on informality and ease, that scorned
 hierarchy."

Hamburgen?" the voice said again.
Well, cheerburgers, too, and French

"As long as I feel that I have
begun to grow, and as long
as my mind has a lot of things to
do, I will continue to work."

— J. Edgar Hoover

“I would, too,” he said, “but I have to be in school. I saw one of the men who your father was going to the post office. If my father had lived, he would have said, ‘I am sure you will be a great man.’”

After the check from the insurance company came, he went out and bought a new Lincoln Continental, but Eric told his chauffeur, disavowed his first wife and left a note to Rose informing her that he was going to get married. He was married and remarried as well as producing the first Captain Horn.

Seventy-five Captain Burger spent later (in a time when the captain was an assassination plot was in the air) he was promoted to personal body guard, serving thereafter in a double capacity. As the years passed and the empire grew, Ernie became more than a body guard. He was a spiritual escort, a inter-day guardian angel who whose hands (I now know) had been placed the cardinal sin of one of the most important men

...the 1960s and the years he
...voice (eternal) that must, never
...in his devotion. Wives and lovers
...went friends disappeared
...felt through. He found
...His closest neighbor's hand
...the love and

the Colorado with all the intensity and sense of destiny of a navigator in search of the New World, his bald head shining above the front seat like a beacon that guided the captain through the maze of freeways, ramps, highways, parkways, side streets, dirt roads and cow paths.

Ernie took pity on a man whose most important pleasure was to be able to tell the fact that he knew things.

But it was not as they one else knew. In the captain himself didn't know he knew. There was that time, for the captain was New Britain at the Lake Pontchartrain. Captain Burger when the captain told him to walk in the car. As Eagle watched the two men walk into the blue water, the captain's Baptist revival meeting. As the radio, he heard strange voices, but it was not a part of the broadcast until he again suspected that they were, in part of his, coming from somewhere inside the captain's Burger mind itself.

I then turned off the radio. The noises continued. He climbed out of the car and cautiously approached the front door of the house and peered through the glass. In the darkness, the peeperswood chair was sticking out. He is stretched to the

As a young child, O'Connell was inspired by a friend who told him that he was going to be a doctor. He wanted the doctor's family, for a moment, but he soon knew he had to do what he wanted to do. He decided to become a doctor, and he has been a doctor ever since.

was, just the best, bare, quiet thing, so he climbed on top of the ...

[illegible][illegible]

which Captain Berger was moving awfully fast toward Eric in a dark, unfamiliar room with a person whose twisted lips and his hands reaching grotesquely, when Eric awoke and found the suspect actually was attempting to go in the dark tunnel room. The perverse grin on his twisted lips in his back, getting out awkwardly.

As the motor bows, he sinks
fully into the darkness.

"A wonderful thing happened to me," I said. "I was in the hospital."

Ernie snapped at him. "I lost my bird. The cage was stuck above the door. My eyes glimmering at the wax of the bird when I saw it drunk champagne." "That's great," he said. "But," he said. "Ernie considered it a nuisance. But he considered it the pre-arranged responsibility to be a nuisance." "That's great, boss," he said. "I'll be back again, not to be safe."

(LAWRENCE) ON PAGE 21



MIKE BROWN

In I thought you were just teasing when you said
you were good on a pool table

PLAYBOY POTPOURRI

people, places, objects and events of interest or amusement



DO THE CONTINENTAL

Music student comes to New York City. Finds apartment to share with girl. Gets glowing piano (if you'll excuse the expression) at the Continental Baths. Which is, of course, renowned not only as one of Gotham's hipper night clubs but also as a mecca for gay men about town. Our guy soon finds himself in a dilemma concerning sexuality, of all things. How does he work it out? Well, if we told you that, we'd be going away the rest of the plot of *Saturday Night at the Baths*, a new flick being produced and directed by David Buckley (brother of *Screw* publisher Jim), with camerawork by Rolf (*Unnatural Bull*) Bode. Watch for it at your neighborhood theater—but don't hold your breath.

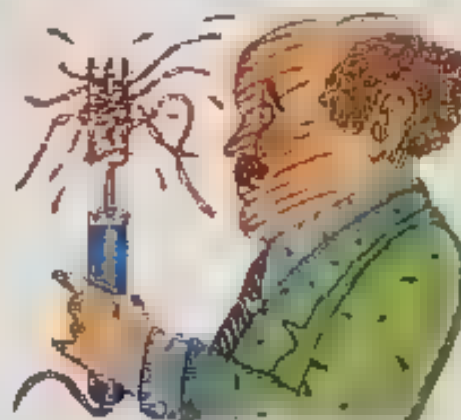


HOT PANTS

If it's true that the nicest things happen on a Honda, just imagine what's going to occur when you put your girlfriend into a pair of Honda underpants. It seems a company called King Specialties (7035 Washington Avenue South, Miami Beach, Fla. 33149), which deals mainly in motorcycle parts and accessories, has broadened its horizons: it now sells sexy stretch panties emblazoned with emblems of not only Honda but Harley Davidson Wings, Harley Davidson #1, Kawasaki Norton, Triumph and the ever-popular Yamaha. The panties cost \$3.50 a pair including postage, one size fits all—so we're told—from petite to Graf Zeppelin and they're available in a variety of colors. Ok, ladies, let's ride!

PATENTS PENDING

Let's not forget that 1879 was a very good year for suppository moulders: the U.S. Patent Office is sponsoring a third annual National Inventor's Day (the suppository device was featured last year), to be held Feb. 1 in February 9 and 10 at 2021 Jefferson Davis Highway, Arlington, Virginia. About a hundred inventors will be on hand with their latest creations, along with a random sampling of antique devices dredged up from the Patent Office's musty archives. Nothing's for sale, but you just might be inspired to invent something important—like a no-suck zipper.



TAPPING THE TILLS

As the saying goes, old cash registers never die; they're sent to Bill Hanson at 818 Third Avenue, Durango, Colorado, whose hobby is refurbishing such masterpieces as the National shown here. Hanson provides free estimates, can manufacture most missing or broken parts and sometimes has models for sale at rock-bottom prices. What the world needs are fewer new cash registers and more vintage Bill Hansons.

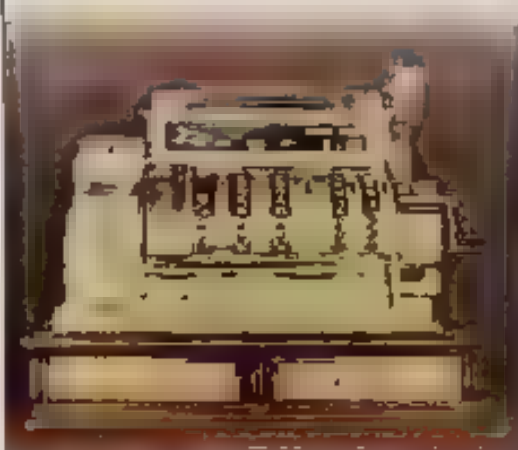


PHOTO FINISH

The nostalgia craze has summoned back many wonderful things from the past—old radio shows, old clothes, old Depression. Now the tin-type is back. For a mere pittance (\$3.75 for a 3" x 4" and up), Raintree Enterprises (P.O. Box 36685, Chicago) will reproduce any picture you send them on a highly polished piece of tin in the warm sepia tone of an old engraving. Or, if you aren't photogenic, you can get untypes of Sherlock Holmes or Flash Gordon, to name a couple.



SILVER LINING

It's been said that there's a pill for everything that ails you. This could very well be true, if Cloud Chasers are any indication. They're big yellow tablets composed of vitamins and iodine and designed to protect your lungs from the nasty effects of smoking and ozone. A bottle of 60 tablets will set you back \$5.95, sent to The Mullerbach Co., 1957 Trosceans Street, San Diego, California. One a day, they say, helps eliminate the poisons. Now, if we could only find the bottle in this smog.



AND NOW FOR MY DECODER RING

Let's say you're bumming around Europe and your best girl back home has just eloped with your sister. How can Mom secretly reach you with this bit of news? By sending \$10 to join an organization called America Calling (3 Hamburg Turnpike, Pompton Lakes, New Jersey). It specializes in coded messages placed in the classified section of the *International Herald Tribune*. With the special code books A.C. provides, only you and the sender will know what DDEFNSWT really means.



SCOREROOK

You are refereeing a hot game of softball between the League of Women Voters and the Hell's Angels and the female player with the ball gets kicked in the head. What do you do? You consult your \$34.95 copy of *Rules of the Game*, a Paddington Press release that modestly advertises itself "The Complete Illustrated Encyclopedia of All the Sports of the World." In it you'll find pigeon racing, darts and water polo among the hundreds of listings. By the way, the League gets a free throw.



FAST COMPANY

We all know what they do at Club Mediterranean villages when the sun goes down and the tide goes out. Well, for those of you who'd like to try something different through the dub, the world's largest racing yacht, Vendred 13, which is 128 feet long and sleeps eight, is now available for \$700 per person one-week cruises—departing from San Francisco, Calif. Built specifically for a 1971 solo transatlantic crossing, the Vendred 13 features three aluminum 82-foot masts, battery-powered automatic steering, spacious sun decks and a cozy game lounge. Anchors aweigh.



how glorious, and later, slipping down a chairpost on the balcony he stared longingly into their eyes, each new pair of eyes replacing the former ones, as the moon rose a pale, forlorn yellow in the black Atlantic sky.

The Moon shadow was his sole memory. It always arrived at dawn and it he and the party, brimming with hope, basted. The time he came here for his 35th birthday, right after he left his wife, the moon seemed to him a gaping reminder of the emptiness of his own world. He and Regina were stranded through Egypt and the Holy Land when they split up. He left her at Jerusalem and went alone on a tour of the ruins, ruins of Jordan and the Dead Sea. He found himself transfixed by the pale beam permeating the sea room, when a guide told them that no plant or animal life could survive there, he wondered how something so beautiful could be so barren. When he came home, he flew to Miami and his father's where alone and miserable (even Ernie had left him, gone home to Brooklyn to grand to finding mother), he walked along the beaches in the moon's cold illumination. Here he realized that without his loving mother, his life had reached its halfway mark, that at 35, after three marriages and considerable love affairs, the only thing he had managed to keep alive was his business. He laughed out

loud at himself, tasted the bitter ream of his life. He had always prided himself on being a man of foresight and vision, an eyes wide cat, as the inscription under his picture read for every Captain Burger customer to contemplate, the man who had consumed a hamburger stand for eight years, a man who had a whole lot of New York in his waist and legs and was still a giant. He had sold his radioactive-proof Captain Burger stand, and so on through the process of life at the smoke, a man of America and glowing that he alone had seen ingenious enough to survive, knowing that beneath him in the special left of life there was enough hamburger meat to keep him alive for 200 years. But the night of his 35th birthday, that fantasy only made him lonelier than he was. Because despite his seemingly unshakable will, he saw the second half of his life stretching out before him like an aerial view of Death Valley.

Later that night in his sleepless drunken grief, he wandered aimlessly down Madison Avenue. At the woman's display in front of the hotel, he stopped to watch two girls wading out into the water. They had left their shoes at the edge of the fountain and as they glistened through the water, they held their shoes as high above their heads. The lights in the fountain were constantly shifting among the water pink and blue and

overhead as the girls floated there, it seemed as if swimming nymphs, more an apparition than reality. Their hair was the silky blonde of fairy tales, their bodies like and graceful, their motions as delicate as the pink mist that blew away from the fountain. They seemed more strange in each other's arms, he never processes compiled up out of the real dreams of his childhood, and they seemed to make a man with their shy playful eyes, with the innocent seduction of their dance. He knew they could be no more than 17, yet he felt he was losing to some source of life, and their real elation from their years, some promise of freshness, an unbridled joy and sweetness that had been denied him in his relations with older women. They had not yet been disillusioned by love, the smooth many softness of their faces, the girl's eyes and eager, not yet wrinkled, they seemed to be a man's and a woman's.

In his rapture, Captain Burger also took his shoes off, climbed the stone rim of the pool and began wading, a scoundrel toward them, the lights and water spinning around their tempting young bodies, the thought alone of the girls in his teenage years who had denied him their girl's laughter calling him to his friend, a man or woman who was at the bubbling center of the moment. The girls were gone, that the flow of their bodies had evaporated to mist, that the

Ole!



In a marvelous Margarita,
a super Sunrise
or maybe just daringly straight...
nothing compares with
Smooth Olé Tequila.
It's got that Mexican spirit



Remember. Before you say "Tequila," always say "Olé."

OLE SUNRISE: 1½ ozs. Olé Tequila, 3 ozs Orange Juice, ½ oz Grenadine. Serve over ice in a large glass.

Skeal Days (continued from p. 17)

since. They're fun to eat that way. If you like, peel them and serve with a sauce.

SWEET AND SOUR CUCUMBERS (Serves 12)

5 cucumbers, peeled
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup cider vinegar
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup water
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup sugar
 1 to 2 teaspoons salt
 $\frac{1}{4}$ to $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon white pepper
 1 tiny slice cucumbers, set to boil in water to crisp. About 1 hour before serving, combine vinegar, water and seasonings. Drain and dry cucumber slices. Toss with dressing. Tastic for seasoning and correct. Chill until ready to serve. Garnish with sprigs of fresh dill or chopped parsley.

SMILED-SAY MON. HARRERSHINE VINE

Thinly sliced smoked salmon
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup heavy cream, chilled
 1 to 2 tablespoons grated fresh horseradish
 1, teaspoon finely grated lemon zest
 Combine cream, horseradish and lemon in a cold bowl and mix. Place a bit of sauce on each slice of salmon and roll into cones or horns. Garnish with parsley and capers.

AQUAVIT BOWL

This is simply a bottle of aquavit encased in an ice bucket. Here's how to do it. Get a round or square, straight-sided container at least 12 in. high and 10 in. wide. Lay a round up at mouth to bottom. If it's pink or white. Pour in half a cup of water. Place an inverted bottle in the center. Fill with ice. Remove and let turn bottle. Set bottle in side container and add ice-cold water to within $\frac{1}{2}$ in. of rim of container and return to freezer, absolutely level. Check to see that bottle is still centered. Let it remain undisturbed overnight, to get a good flat chill.

Remove container and take it out of water—the ice-coated bottle will come loose and slide out easily. Put back in freezer until ready to serve. When pouring, wrap a napkin around the bottle. If you want to leave it on the table for a while, place it on a shallow, flat-bottomed bowl or platter to catch any leakage. You can arrange a garland of fresh flowers or greens around the base of the bottle to conceal any water that runs off. Return with a towel and a napkin to hand.

6. (12) 8. (12) (20)

both of red wine
 bottle sweet compound (1/2 cup)
 1 whole cardamom, bruised in cracks
 1/2 space berries
 1 piece stick cinnamon

Small slice fresh ginger (optional)
 1 orange
 10 dried figs, h. lvs.
 1 cup raisins
 $\frac{1}{2}$ pint aquavit
 Sugar to taste
 1/2 cup blanched, unsalted almonds

Heat wines slowly in enamel pot at just below simmer. Tie spices in cheesecloth bag and add to wine. Peel zest from orange and add to pot along with juice. Add figs and raisins. Turn off heat and allow mixture to steep 1 hour. Remove spice bag and orange rind. Pour aquavit into pot. Taste for sugar, and add if a cup if you want more sweetening. Reheat slowly, stirring to dissolve sugar. Don't boil—that drives off the alcohol. Serve moderately warm in a mug, with a small spoon. Dip a portion of fruit into each mug and pop in a few almonds before serving.

Glogg is traditionally served warm, but it's also good lightly chilled.

Note: The fine Scandinavian delicatessen Nyborg & Nelson, 957 Second Avenue, New York, New York, will mail-order a 1-lb. bag of glogg mix—good to 1 gallon glogg. Price is three dollars, plus one dollar for handling.

A TASTY GLASS ON

Place a silver coin in a mug. Pour hot black coffee over coin until it can no longer be seen. Then pour in aquavit.

and coin is once again discernible. Add sugar if desired and drink quickly, before coin dissolves.

SCANDINAVIAN

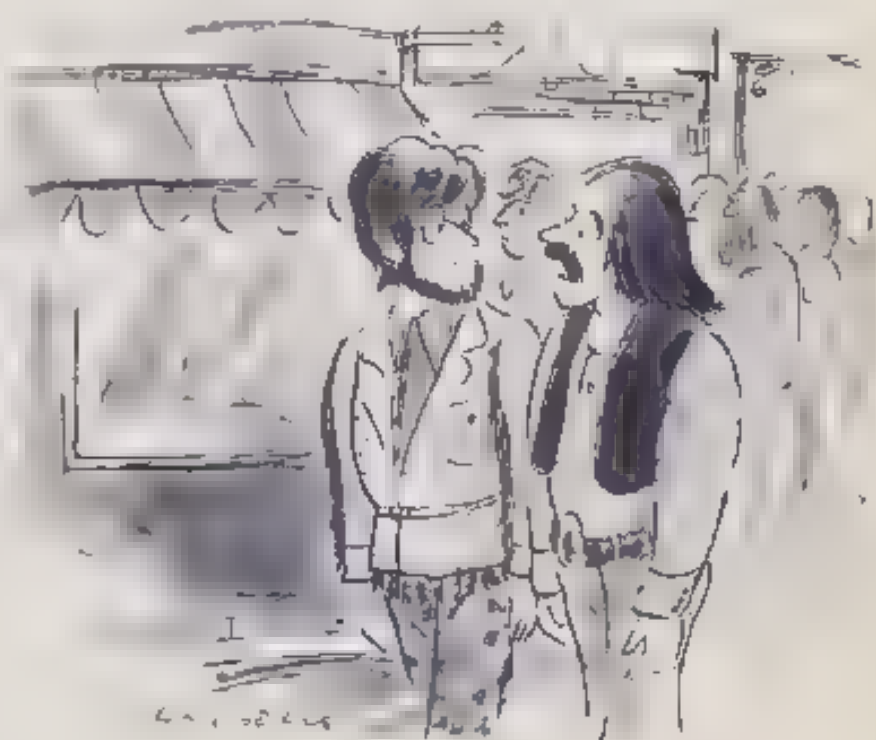
2 oz. aquavit
 1 oz. Swedish Punsch liqueur
 $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. lemon juice
 1 teaspoon sugar
 Shake briskly with ice. Strain into large cocktail glass or over ice in old-fashioned glass.

FROM THE

1. 1/2 oz. Juholm aquavit
 1/2 oz. tomato paste
 Juice of 1/2 lemon or lime
 2 dashes celery salt
 Dash Tabasco
 Make ice cubes in small tumbler in half full glass. Add ingredients. Stir to mix.

Note: This drink is good with other aquavits, but only Juholm gives the subtle dill flavor.

There's a ritual to the drinking game that all Scandinavians observe. First you select a partner. You raise your glass and deep into her eyes and say, "Skeal!" She responds in kind. Then you toss off your aquavits in unison, lower glasses to breast level and nod to each other. Usually one proceeds to another skealmate. But if you think the game is going well, perhaps you should stay with the same partner. Skeal!



"I was right on" but her husband came home and I had to get right off!

asking for it (continued from page 130)

and he... Can you see your friends... you've dragged me to... And all I ever saw... eyes, was the... wear when they're playing loose under... the music what would call a...

the... I was... I feel...

Marie... said Jay. "you're the world's all-time champion at seeing nothing, or saying a thing. I don't know why. I've never seen a sight of Marie, more on her way out of this building, evidently from André's...

And I thought of it. He's young and he's... I was utterly... It seemed...

Jay threw only one... "You must get out of here now," said he rising. "Now I've got to get home or the kid won't go to sleep."

Alec walked this upright family man... "With that, he set off down... the source of his lost life died away.

Alec stood for quite a long time, feeling completely empty, unable to think of anything at all. Any period is long when doing nothing on an empty street, but in the silence it seemed... Alec knew, as they say, that it was Marie Languine who was... he therefore felt a great sense of the inevitable, like a giant hand... as they...

Marie came from one of those... pockets of Marseilles where the houses are eight floors high and the streets scarcely... houses are linked by rooms crisscrossing over upper stories, bridging the narrow alleys and running like lava over the roofs of lower buildings. In each room, a family or a whore. Not infrequently, both.

In the doorways, and in the shadow of shops, you sometimes see the most extraordinary faces: Roman faces, Greek faces, Phoenician faces, faces with the profiles of vipers and the whiteness of those night-blooming flowers that swell sweetly of flesh. They are the faces of the slaves of Tyre and Sidon—and of certain of the queens of silent movies.

Marie has such a face and it seemed at all times ready to sit unhearingly far back under the innocent deceiving line...

This face is my face. So many times I already said it. But Alec felt it every time he saw Marie, and the feeling was accompanied by a heart... howling-wasting... tried to put itself off as possible... It was the apple sister of the love...—that quite suddenly after the dull... of an indelicate wound.

These... from unhealed... expression. This causes people to feel they have been found out, a feeling that arouses guilt for and rage in the best of us. These things showed on Marie's face for a moment. They were quickly covered by the sweetest of smiles. Alec had seen them. It is not pleasant to be greeted by a look of that sort when one has been waiting on a duty and on for several minutes, or possibly for 20...

Alec stepped in front of Marie with a... smile or... extended his... "Come into my place... to say to you.

Alec put on the appropriate look of wonder, but she had observed that Alec spoke as if he had no friends in his lungs. She had learned quite early in life that when one speaks in that way, he means... So he therefore allowed him to... through the open door of his apartment, and she was suitably impressed by the back of his neck with which he... the door. But behind it on "Try are already," she said. "Louis will tell you what has happened."

No doubt André could tell... André? What has André to do with it? Marie tried the effect of a look of only offense, a perfect piece as abundant as a pathetic as a motherless old fox for would be with a black... and... and... I was not André? Perhaps I have other friends in the housing.

Alec waited until a look of contempt was pitted again, so easy to check upon.

Marie, a creature of the alleys, knew a blind one as soon as she set foot on it. "But why should I not tell you the truth?" said she. "It is a little secret, but not

from you... who are coming from... at the club... I would tell you... I don't know...

Thursday. Were they also from... "Last Thursday? I far to see..."

You failed to see me, but I saw you. And I saw you on Monday too, you dirty...

What a relief it is, after a lot of feeling, to get down to brass tacks! I am next to dead. Marie was plunging herself... like a snake's tongue up his... jaw, around his neck, engulfing the... knees as red and sticky... a froth of... and... I never turn...

André was a boy, a toy, a mistake, a nothing. "A nothing! A nothing! A nothing! It was all because of you. I love you. You close your eyes. You turn... ignore me. You look at me... do it." All this sounds much better in French, especially if one's French is not of the best.

To Alec it had the ring of that dishonest talk that is uttered by... or most discreet... de Jussieu, through the rounds of... of our own... in our... his love and his slave... repentance and a rival bent to nothing at all. Nothing was lacking to complete his pleasure, except perhaps...

of the mirage... just another bit of... Marie, seeking it under Marie's... or a... the... of...

Unfortunately, he could not get on from just one more question. "But if he was such a mistake, why... my right away?"

"Because he is so weak, so stupid. In his despair he'd have done something foolish. Right there at the club, perhaps, if not... And then you know what I..."

Alec realized that he knew perfectly well what Louis was. Louis was the owner who makes the slave... let, the... other people out on the floor.

Louis is dangerous... "That one"—pointing above—"is nothing out a child. But Louis terrifies me. I am afraid to let myself hate him as much as I want to hate him. I have to pretend always. That is my life. Yours, too, now. He may never, never suspect."

"Oh, I don't know about that," said Alec with one of those smiles one should never indulge in. It might have been a



'Without your crotch there—I'd never have got my nuts off!'



"Well, then, come out of the closet if you must, dear—but does it have to be on the David Susskind show?"

smile on the lips of an indelible wound. Perhaps we will let him suspect André."

"No, no, no!" cried Marie sharply. She had no wish to annoy Alec by a confrontation; the words just slipped out. He did it to me."

You said he was a mistake. You said you couldn't get rid of him. Don't you want to get rid of him?"

"But he'd kill me, too."

"Oh, no, my dear. Quite the opposite." Alec was enjoying the intoxicating but rather dangerous sensation of great conversation. He had seen the whole scene in one of those flashes that, like lightning flashes, are rightly called blinding, because they make us momentarily close our eyes, or because after them the darkness is darker than before. "You said he was away somewhere quite safe. Louis will let me André out. We shall know that he has done it. A word dropped into the right ear—and he will be wiped out, too. And you, my love, will be wiped clean." The word wipe passed back and

forth over everything he said, as over a dirty windshield, but with no great gain in visibility.

"You're mad!" said Marie.

"Free of Louis and free of André!" continued Alec in a positive regard of fancy. "Clean and free and happy!" He almost added the words "And with the love you love." His considerations of taste restrained him. Instead, he started warbling a solo about offering to the California office, or Alexandria, or even Osaka.

Completely mad thought Marie. And, as it prompted by Alec's unaltered phrase, she raised her momentarily closed eyes to heaven, always assuming heaven to be situated just where Jay had pointed with his gun. Then, no longer closed, her eyes told her she seemed to be gazing with excellent vision through Alec's nonexistent dirty windshield, along a dimly seen road that, with all the wiping he had indulged in, was gradually becoming clearer. "It is necessary to be practical," said the

"You speak of dropping a word into the right ear," she continued. "Whose ear is that? Have you any powder, or powder in mind?"

"Anyone as he commiserates," said Alec. "One policeman is as good as another. I suppose in a matter of this sort."

"You are very clever," said Marie. "It is because you are so clever that I adore you. But sometimes the true goose knows something that the clever fox doesn't know. One policeman is not as good as another. Say your word to the wrong man and it comes out wrong, and you might be saying it into Louis' own ear. That is how they are with us, most of them—close—like that! Then you and I will be and we would both be wiped out, as you said it."

"I am sure that's a moment," said Alec.

"No. But listen a moment. There is one of them who is not Louis' friend. Far from it. Out to get him. But he has never been able to make anything stick. Now forget André. Why should you look to our André a boy a mere child, even three years younger than you are? The police are not going to be interested in what happens to a little nobody like that. But there were two men, men of importance, who had business dealings with Louis. And a little disagreement. And a fishing boat dragging its anchor, you read about it—caught the claim that was wrapped around one of them and fished it out. And then they found the other."

"They know you did it. This man I spoke of, Inspector Carmichael, remember that name—knows damn well that Louis did it. But he lacks one thing to make it stick."

"I have it. It is nothing but a scrap of paper, but I found it in my hand and I kept it. For instance, I will send it up in an envelope and bring it back to you within the full hour. Meanwhile call the commissariat and insist on speaking to Inspector Carmichael. Don't say a word to anyone else. You will get yourself murdered. Alec, if you talk to anyone but Inspector Carmichael when he is on the phone, tell him, not talking finally that you have just what he needs—a certain letter in the name of Louis Carmichael and the other inspectors. Tell him you will hand it to him in person at a private rendezvous somewhere out in the tower. He'll tell you a place and at least when he'll give you his car, he'll pick you up. He'll have a friend with him, that way he'll get all right. Go with them. Give them what I am going to bring you. And everything will go just as you want it to. And I shall have helped you!"

"And then, my love," said she, raising her eyes heavenward again, "we shall be free, and happy and rich—for I know where the money is—and we can go far, far away, and live in Monte Carlo."



"Well, I guess that's the last time the Callings ever run the show over!"

have any of our generation's hang-ups.
 "He has hang-ups of his own. mumbled this maddening bed partner, this fledgling of my flesh.
 "Oh? Does he leave you kind of tall in it, but unsatisfied? Want to make love just to relieve the tension—say, tomorrow Sunday?
 "Better to enjoy it today, dearest, and tell me about Ned's hang-ups."
 A soft snore signals her conquest of superior lust, marital necklong, and time she is beautiful in oblivion. I envy her. She ups the style of Grace at her own pace. I'm good as keeps deluding me. My hate of her, my love of her, meet as he but out of my mouth, a circle.

And the nudge will not
 How does Jane seem to you? With my Ned home, through the passageway, I take a opportunity of some new take.
 "Pleasant, as always. Very engaged." He disengages his arm. Drunkenness doesn't make him noticeably, it merely deepens his inwardness and instructions.
 "Her engagingness doesn't strike you as a cover-up?"
 "Not frightfully, really. What does my eye see by now?"
 "Well, I don't know. I worry about Jane. She's not happy. Not fulfilled, if you can stand the term."
 "Where I stand, I can see no other

(Drinker than I had thought; silly fools the seminars send us now.)
 Now that the kids are laid down, the only person she seems to enjoy talking to is me.
 And our wife's.
 I laugh as noticeably as I can make it, even up to a point. (Oh, I know, I know, it's a woman to you. How wife she and a com-munite.)
 "Not so. Not obvious. Would never have supposed that to be the case. You even look like each other." He stands at the front door, peering a round. Sweet light strikes a gleam from his glassy eyes. His beard makes his face hard to read. The mouth a mere veil with a counter-drawgate of teeth. Not a Glassy from pusher. Even his eyes, if they showed, might be a hint to his heart. I wonder if he has as enough like a woman's to play his eyes toward kissing. But good enough. I never also I tug back the cloth from my nose and I talk to least say, gently. A outward, our wire I can hear (the nudge semilovers).
 "Well, I'm very grateful for your being so sympathetic to Jane. She's in a strange time of her life and needs someone not me she can talk to. You seem to be it."
 "My pleasure," quoth he.
 To Jane I said, "Have you ever wanted to have an affair?"

We were in bed, her back was to me. You assume I never have."
 "I guess I do."
 "Why is that?"
 "Because you're a minister's wife."
 "What brings this on, sweet?"
 "Oh, nothing. Middle age. August. It's a very hot day. I never really thought enough about it. What you want? What you feel? Whatever happened to all those boyfriends of yours?"
 "I don't have that."
 "Well, you know how that my world I, before I showed up."
 "It was just instinct, I'm. Don't be so paranoid."
 "I am a paranoid. God, I never my neighbor's wife saw."
 "Which neighbor? No, I have seen one. How woman?"
 "I love her, eh? When I looked down upon Mrs. Brown in the third row seat, she always took I thought it back again, painful and I thought I was a little disappointed. My always strikes you, when I see her, and I see it being a very graduate toward her, though I like to see in drag. Church is not a costume ball. My questions were in danger of being cut and away by Jane in her pockets as she lutes to sleep. Well, have you?"
 "Have I what?"
 "We were in bed."
 "Oh, I guess."
 "You guess."
 "It's all right. I know. Sure, in some other world it'd be fun to go to bed with everybody and see what's like."
 "In some other world, I'm touched by your ingenuity, alone. It was late I was."
 "Well, who would I not begin with? Of the men we know?"
 "Yes."
 "Come on. You know I don't satisfy you." I have always admired, in the dialog of Plato, Socrates' ambition in attaining his adorns, consent. His promises. This long-winded, even about the pleasures.
 Jane asked me, "Is this projection or just a wish?"
 "An occasional mixture?" I offered. "Tell me about men. Whatever happened to the past? How do you feel about Ned's back?"
 "I'm actually young."
 "All the more vigorous for that. And endlessly sympathetic, don't you find? Does he have his brand of Jesus? The poor ye have with you not necessarily always. I come to bring not peace but a peace demonstration."
 "That's nice."
 The gravity of her warm mass pointed me away from Ned. Her phrase, "I'm to go to bed with everybody" had parked her with a delicate perfume, seduced many tiny little movable bodies. As I struggled to call it in, Jane said, sociologically. "It's so unfair women spend their lives doing physical work while men like you, who sit at desks or worry about



"Bradey—in for Smolenski!"

about a foot and a half, and I stepped
from the private car into the narrow alley.
The alley. Steadily I approached No. 1
house by the pavement where my steps
were soft as I heard at first one innocent
wheel rolling on the pavement, and then
that loud, as when beneath the street
light, a blot on table linen, had a
impregnation due to merge with the other
blot—that is, to squeeze open the door.
A black car peeped forward the bank
was crowded to the bank and much to
my surprise, they were for a Modern
I was on my feet, I was on my feet, I was on my feet.

[illegible]

A. This grant an obligation arises
and mean life ideal reader, you) let a
... ..
... ..
... ..
py April notice have slipped into me
... .. a Higher Wisdom, it may
be different.

Southern Epps. I have always been Epps. Americanly in cast. I learned to love the product in a good person's stable and became my father's partner.

The first piece of furniture I took into my car's sweetly taut summeriness within its purposeful speed, tranquillity in flux, the one that I had bought for me a fortnight ago. My car becomes for me a hovercraft skimming above the asphalt waves on a rubberized cushion of air severing me from any terrestrial need to be polite, unobtrusive, wise, reverent, kind, affected, or to be taken into account. The encapsulation in any form of the coffin has a charm for me: the cove or wicker porch furniture that children are forbidden to sit on is a better than box seat.

[illegible]

A system of rusty springs is used to hugged upon strips of gray felt, placed a foot only in its concentrated zone.

...of doing it, but in its potential of
singing up, like a child at a surprise
party and a singing. After the box is
opened.

minutes or all eternity, my aching back and agonized knees compelled me to sit on the seat and creep over to avoid detection by passing headlight beams. Were the lovers asleep? Was Jane not dead? I vowed to return to the parsonage, my jealous rage chilled in a permissive snare when the light above Ned's door came on. From the slaver of Jim the son of a bitch I was rescued in the next ring a muffled shot and an ominous boom. A man and I left the house beneath an upturned laden coat. Trunk and trunk, her car key protruded from her purse and jingled as a sidette in her gloved hand, she crossed to her car, my cave, and opened the door. Though I was slumped to the ugly scorch of the stairs when she crawled the stairs, a heart of white cotton blossomed to be a life, and my face as she opened the door. She never flinched. Her form eclipsed the light, closed the door, sealed snugly into place below the wheel, caused the motor to start.

1. 2. 3. 4. 5. 6. 7. 8. 9. 10. 11. 12. 13. 14. 15. 16. 17. 18. 19. 20. 21. 22. 23. 24. 25. 26. 27. 28. 29. 30. 31. 32. 33. 34. 35. 36. 37. 38. 39. 40. 41. 42. 43. 44. 45. 46. 47. 48. 49. 50. 51. 52. 53. 54. 55. 56. 57. 58. 59. 60. 61. 62. 63. 64. 65. 66. 67. 68. 69. 70. 71. 72. 73. 74. 75. 76. 77. 78. 79. 80. 81. 82. 83. 84. 85. 86. 87. 88. 89. 90. 91. 92. 93. 94. 95. 96. 97. 98. 99. 100. 101. 102. 103. 104. 105. 106. 107. 108. 109. 110. 111. 112. 113. 114. 115. 116. 117. 118. 119. 120. 121. 122. 123. 124. 125. 126. 127. 128. 129. 130. 131. 132. 133. 134. 135. 136. 137. 138. 139. 140. 141. 142. 143. 144. 145. 146. 147. 148. 149. 150. 151. 152. 153. 154. 155. 156. 157. 158. 159. 160. 161. 162. 163. 164. 165. 166. 167. 168. 169. 170. 171. 172. 173. 174. 175. 176. 177. 178. 179. 180. 181. 182. 183. 184. 185. 186. 187. 188. 189. 190. 191. 192. 193. 194. 195. 196. 197. 198. 199. 200. 201. 202. 203. 204. 205. 206. 207. 208. 209. 210. 211. 212. 213. 214. 215. 216. 217. 218. 219. 220. 221. 222. 223. 224. 225. 226. 227. 228. 229. 230. 231. 232. 233. 234. 235. 236. 237. 238. 239. 240. 241. 242. 243. 244. 245. 246. 247. 248. 249. 250. 251. 252. 253. 254. 255. 256. 257. 258. 259. 260. 261. 262. 263. 264. 265. 266. 267. 268. 269. 270. 271. 272. 273. 274. 275. 276. 277. 278. 279. 280. 281. 282. 283. 284. 285. 286. 287. 288. 289. 290. 291. 292. 293. 294. 295. 296. 297. 298. 299. 300. 301. 302. 303. 304. 305. 306. 307. 308. 309. 310. 311. 312. 313. 314. 315. 316. 317. 318. 319. 320. 321. 322. 323. 324. 325. 326. 327. 328. 329. 330. 331. 332. 333. 334. 335. 336. 337. 338. 339. 340. 341. 342. 343. 344. 345. 346. 347. 348. 349. 350. 351. 352. 353. 354. 355. 356. 357. 358. 359. 360. 361. 362. 363. 364. 365. 366. 367. 368. 369. 370. 371. 372. 373. 374. 375. 376. 377. 378. 379. 380. 381. 382. 383. 384. 385. 386. 387. 388. 389. 390. 391. 392. 393. 394. 395. 396. 397. 398. 399. 400. 401. 402. 403. 404. 405. 406. 407. 408. 409. 410. 411. 412. 413. 414. 415. 416. 417. 418. 419. 420. 421. 422. 423. 424. 425. 426. 427. 428. 429. 430. 431. 432. 433. 434. 435. 436. 437. 438. 439. 440. 441. 442. 443. 444. 445. 446. 447. 448. 449. 450. 451. 452. 453. 454. 455. 456. 457. 458. 459. 460. 461. 462. 463. 464. 465. 466. 467. 468. 469. 470. 471. 472. 473. 474. 475. 476. 477. 478. 479. 480. 481. 482. 483. 484. 485. 486. 487. 488. 489. 490. 491. 492. 493. 494. 495. 496. 497. 498. 499. 500. 501. 502. 503. 504. 505. 506. 507. 508. 509. 510. 511. 512. 513. 514. 515. 516. 517. 518. 519. 520. 521. 522. 523. 524. 525. 526. 527. 528. 529. 530. 531. 532. 533. 534. 535. 536. 537. 538. 539. 540. 541. 542. 543. 544. 545. 546. 547. 548. 549. 550. 551. 552. 553. 554. 555. 556. 557. 558. 559. 560. 561. 562. 563. 564. 565. 566. 567. 568. 569. 570. 571. 572. 573. 574. 575. 576. 577. 578. 579. 580. 581. 582. 583. 584. 585. 586. 587. 588. 589. 590. 591. 592. 593. 594. 595. 596. 597. 598. 599. 600. 601. 602. 603. 604. 605. 606. 607. 608. 609. 610. 611. 612. 613. 614. 615. 616. 617. 618. 619. 620. 621. 622. 623. 624. 625. 626. 627. 628. 629. 630. 631. 632. 633. 634. 635. 636. 637. 638. 639. 640. 641. 642. 643. 644. 645. 646. 647. 648. 649. 650. 651. 652. 653. 654. 655. 656. 657. 658. 659. 660. 661. 662. 663. 664. 665. 666. 667. 668. 669. 670. 671. 672. 673. 674. 675. 676. 677. 678. 679. 680. 681. 682. 683. 684. 685. 686. 687. 688. 689. 690. 691. 692. 693. 694. 695. 696. 697. 698. 699. 700. 701. 702. 703. 704. 705. 706. 707. 708. 709. 710. 711. 712. 713. 714. 715. 716. 717. 718. 719. 720. 721. 722. 723. 724. 725. 726. 727. 728. 729. 730. 731. 732. 733. 734. 735. 736. 737. 738. 739. 740. 741. 742. 743. 744. 745. 746. 747. 748. 749. 750. 751. 752. 753. 754. 755. 756. 757. 758. 759. 760. 761. 762. 763. 764. 765. 766. 767. 768. 769. 770. 771. 772. 773. 774. 775. 776. 777. 778. 779. 780. 781. 782. 783. 784. 785. 786. 787. 788. 789. 790. 791. 792. 793. 794. 795. 796. 797. 798. 799. 800. 801. 802. 803. 804. 805. 806. 807. 808. 809. 810. 811. 812. 813. 814. 815. 816. 817. 818. 819. 820. 821. 822. 823. 824. 825. 826. 827. 828. 829. 830. 831. 832. 833. 834. 835. 836. 837. 838. 839. 840.

As Adam said after meeting his "lovely animal beast of the earth," I said, "sing up." How was it? How is he? Is he still there? He is very happy.

14. $\frac{1}{2} \times \frac{1}{2} = \frac{1}{4}$

It was, I understand, how to "be a man and I go off and run the Boye-boro mission school all by ourselves."

We can't and won't.
Agreed. That's the whole point.

I didn't like get gone or I was told it was forcing on me. I began to wriggle, to wiggle deeper into the lover's comfortable hole. "You like. You wonder how. How could it be so good?"

Take your turn.

Sheep Bunk said to him:
"I hope they all die, but I fear
a few may live. If he survives, he
will do a lot of harm. I wish I
could help to cure him."

And does Bork give all the help you can take.

She sat prim at the wheel. Her motor car lighted her hair on false fire. I had seen freshly brushed and neatened, dyed, which made her recent riddle so real I bent forward to snuff off the paint. I gasped. Only her voice came. "It is a paint. Each poison its own antidote. She pronounced slowly. "I have no intention

[illegible]

"Christ, I guess I can't tell I can't. You parked your car back on 4 a car right under my nose. I was in the way there. I came down and looked in the window and saw your goddamn naked form."

When you? "The last time? I don't think we made love that time. We were just talking. I remember... took off my shoes and put them up because lay floor is so cold. Whichever idn was it to make a place to live in out of a cement-floor garage."

"I am not disturbed," he said. "You have not been disturbed with me."

Is it you say you think

Well, how in the moonbathed son
of a bitch, isn't it awfully pretty.

2011 10 10

This made it real again: her groin, my body in another, just when my fantasy of Ned's impotence or barrenness was moving from the rational faith into a kind of crazy conviction. I knew my vulnerability, for I felt correctly that I had used up my groans and the next one would goad her to counterattack. With a clucking, Allen pulled out the tissue and hid it in a corner of the bed. I ate the paper. Well, I was on a diet of the words she said. I had made her feel that she was ~~not~~ ^{not} aches so at the very thought of me having you to strain so much to look on me naked and exposed. She was a woman, I was a man, she had to win.

"Excuse 'May with me?' "Starks for the week?" I forget exactly how she put it. Her compliments went to my nostrils, not to my pastoral office, my sense of order. My obligations all turned into reproach.

[illegible]

I climbed from the chuff back seat to the seat beside her, warily guided from the center of my legs and face. "I'm sorry," I said. "In sorry" was a long

set was bed glow, the same sense of camaraderie, on the faces of almost everyone else. Only Lester, the psychoanalyst, and Eric, the general practitioner, look removed. Eric in fact has turned himself into a corner and is scowling.

Before the large group is a minister who preaches the sermon of the Great Council officers he has seen in or taken on in the Great Lakes. The minister is from Iowa, we learn, and he has an openness and is learning no hesitation to smile take on his face. He also has a quality of having seen more than most people, and of having watched carefully what has sex. He is Starbuck, moved from the Pequod and determined not to take shit from any Ahab ever again.

The minister gives a sermon that seems casual and unhearsed but that is as intricately patterned as a gown, whirling. He talks about sinners reveling in diversity but society's condemning it. He proposes a homosexuality scale, from zero to six in homosexual desire, from zero to six in homosexual activity. He has a reference brother, he says, a nice person: for most people go into the ones and twos and threes in activity and occasionally peak into the fives and sixes to do so. He references society's punishment a same human job describes how the homosexual has found his self (or herself) in his (or her) state of existence and a somewhat change of homosexuality came to him (or her) about homosexuals—that they're necessarily effeminate (or, for women, butch like short patterns), that they're necessarily artistic, that they're child molesters.

And then he begins an anecdote—casual, offhand—about the awkwardness of being a sex counselor. "I was sitting in a bar between planes," he says, "and I got into one of those 'What do you do for college?' situations with a businessman beside me. As we sat down I was a counselor on homosexuality to him. You can have those quips. If one sat next to me, I'd have to get up and leave, or else I'd punch him. I think what happened next was one of my finest moments. I said, 'I don't know what you're going to do. But I ordered this drink and I'm going to sit right next to it and drink it.' He sat up as if to get up and drink it."

The suddenness, the unexpectedness of the minister's declaration of his own homosexuality here is a surprise for a minister. The woman preaches. Naturally really knows what makes a minister. I have no idea why I went by way and my brother went his. But in our society I think we have a fetish about understanding—understanding is to forgive—so a woman doing I don't think you have to understand something to accept it. I can't see, for the life of me, why a man and a woman would want to go to bed together. Obviously, they get pleasure out of it, but I can't get the slightest emotional sense of what that pleasure is.

Still, I've officiated at over 1000 weddings. If people want to be heterosexual, I'll do what I can to help them out.

Incidentally," he adds, "there's absolutely no way to identify a homosexual, unless he identifies himself. I wish there were: it'd save me a lot of time." He pauses. "On the other hand, I'm not sure it would do much good, at that. Get up professionally involved in sex doesn't leave much room for getting involved in it socially." He smiles as if he's a ship captain after a commander's call, with the audience follows him with enthusiasm and applause.

There is a film. An attractive couple is in the kitchen cleaning up, hating around, obviously enjoying the simple pleasure of being together. Their voices become more lingering and sexual. They kiss, a kiss that is not partly their bodies clinging and not. They are intensely attractive, both in physical appearance and in a happy affectionate charm. Holding hands, caressing, they head for the bedroom. They undress, helping each other with tenderness and love. They begin to pleasure each other (it's pleasant, the SAR's revival of the old verb to pleasure for the missing to reach the language that go with making love. It is a word both expressive and pure.) Scenes that are often offensive are not of sensitive in this film. A penis rises—a good sturdy muscular phallos penis—and a woman massages it. There are vigorous long kisses. A penis goes in and out of a mouth. And, finally, the goal that, seemed to me, must be the most sculptural, the goal of America's sexual revolution.

The distinction of this movie, besides the genuine quality of the fun and affection the couple shows—and the film making skill with which these qualities are put across—is that both lovers are

males with football player physiques.

Neither John nor Jonas has to call for responses in the next small group.

I hate to think of coming out like those gay guys have never getting inside a woman," says Judy. "It's not to think, but maybe the men are like that."

"Do you really believe there's such a thing as a bisexual?" asks John. "Don't you think bisexuals are really just a mix of an 'I'm normal' and 'I'm not'?" (It is a group member's first casual condemnation of the homosexual minister's talk. Today and tomorrow, Lester will sprinkle in comments about the greater aesthetic sensitivity of homosexuals, about how homosexuality is caused by weak or vicious fathers, all the clichés from the sophisticated psych texts.)

Frank's lovely mobile work of the small room like the cocking of a gun. I don't think we should use the word queer. It's like alger. I've seen it established for many years."

John responds with executive rationality—plus an honest effort at good will. "I'll try to forget I know the word."

"Thanks," says Frank. Abruptly, his smile has no hint of prisons, hardness, danger, locks. "I used to call homosexuals and queers and think I hated them, but you meet so many homosexuals in prison or forget that queer tag pounds on at-the-door stuff. The poor desperate souls are just doing what they can to make out as they've got. The police have got to laugh along with us the ones who get sent up for being homosexuals. One day we're going to see a lot more of them. They don't seem to have problems they give me a lot of trouble. Good looking boys, not expensive and guys, and all of it is for me." An insouciant shrug. Didn't nobody want to call me. I tell you how to come out, put me in a women's prison. Look me there till I'm so deprived them gals begin getting me



"Now, get this straight, stupid! When hog futures go up, pig futures go down."



'Foolish child -of course you're not too old to believe in Santa Claus.'

a voice that has been murmuring all day. The woman is telling a blind person in a wheelchair what is happening on the screens. "On the left, there's a young girl riding a bicycle down a road. Now she's stopped and she's urinating in a patch of woods. A man with a scar is hiding where he can watch her. On the right screen, the cars have stopped. Now they're showing naked people. There's a bald man with a big penis. Now he's dismounting into a man with a little penis. Now he's becoming a middle woman with lots of pubic hair. On the middle screen, the dog has lost interest again. The woman is laughing and crying a mix, huh, huh."

And there is a last bid given by a torturer to a trussed-up pretty woman and a choir's intense rising and falling minor key. Amen. And the 15 projectors and catwalks and the cinematograph sound machinery shut down, and the Fuckorama is over.

Slowly, like people who have watched a sinking passenger liner's lights and engines light out, the SAR participants get up, pick up their soft gay pillows and go slowly to the last small-group meetings of the day.

None of the little rooms have windows. In the people know that the sun is leaving its light, taking away what color there is in the industrial district around the SAR. Looking drained and weary in his wheelchair, Jonas gives that sweeping motion of his arm as a farewell. "This Fuckorama is a benediction for lots of people."

Joan, the sexy, Slave-looking group leader, piques an aid. "I wonder where everybody's head is at." And the reporter realizes how many youth terms he's been hearing from people at the SAR—a bumper—wonder where your head is at—"his, her, your lip." "Doing his, her, your own thing." "I hear what you're saying." . . . The 35 and 40 year-old SAR staff never learned these terms while growing up.

"Ugh," says Annie, disdainfully looking away at past and future human contacts. "I'll never have sex again."

More bleak science people pull into themselves, reluctant to come near the ling of sweat and gas and waste that comes from the human being.

Eric left, says Jonas. I heard him raising hell in the office area, saying he'd come to learn about sex and hear other people's filth and watch perverted movies. That taste of sadness in Jonas once makes all his statements heavy. Henry—there it is—another youth word. The report is going to come out of this talking like his students.

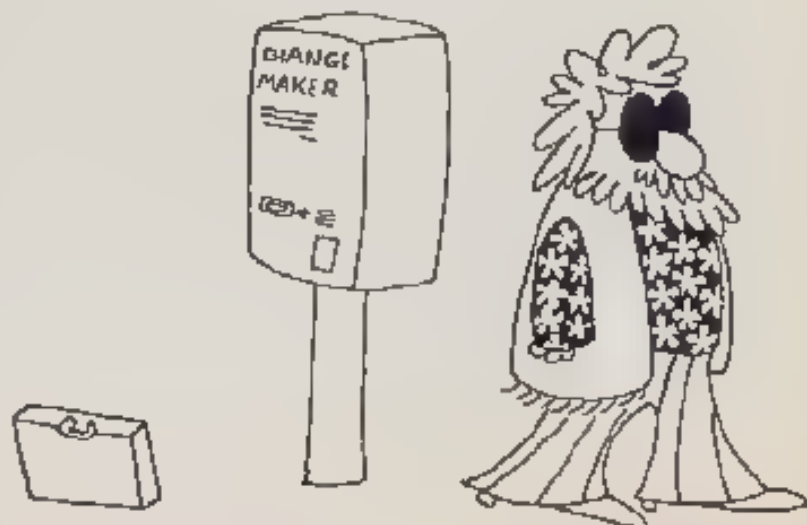
"I'd like to touch somebody," says Judy, the sexual enthusiast with the a fraction's face. "This is a lonely way to end the day." She takes the hand of John, the sex lady's husband, who reaches



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good coke—so says the dealer in Richard Woodley's book *Debris*—but Dave disagrees. The coke gets lumpy in it, he says, and the lumps aren't necessarily lumps of pure coke, just lumps, like lumps in damp sugar, but this is fairly good coke, he says, good enough for him to stuff up his nose and share with his friends.

As he talks, Dave scrapes the pile, messes it on the floor and begins to divide it into little lines, an eighth of an inch wide, an inch or an inch and a quarter long, looking up briefly to count the number of people in the room, looking back down to make 12 expert lines each the same length, spaced half an inch apart in the center of the picture. "Pretty wowie, like that," Aaron says with amusement. "He'd like us using his drawing to lay out, he does. It's all he can do, but it would suit me a lot better than this." Dave finishes the lines, leaving a small pile of powder in one corner of the glass. He balances the picture on his knees and rolls the \$50 bill into a tube the diameter of a sixth arrow, tucking it in a corner to keep it from unrolling, and then with the reverse good numbers that obtain among those who use illegal drugs, for which there is no guarantee of quality or even of safety, he takes his own two lines first, deeply snorting through the rolled bill, not even setting his finger aside his nose and up the chimney it goes.

Mara is waiting, expectant, and Dave passes the picture to her and she puts her foot under her on the couch and settles the picture in her lap. She pulls back her hair with one hand, takes the \$50 bill in the other, and then notices that I am watching her and seems to suppress a shudder, as if I were a rapist staring at her across a narrow street, which of course I am, though it is not her body that I am urgent to know. She looks at the lines again and forgets me, looks at the lines as if they were the faces and most intimate of friends. The friend's back and quickly she bends to it and sniffs it up one line, the other line and in a few deeps and widens, wide as her eyes, and then almost nonchalantly wets her finger and cleans the dust of the two lines from the glass and presents it to her tongue.

She passes the picture to Noah, who takes his line casually and passes it to me, and I am clumsy with it and embarrassed by my clumsiness, fit only to hold out with a shudder to make the other one work as my acquaintances do not. And the picture goes round, people pulling back into themselves after they take their line, letting the coke work. Someone will say to me much later, in another town, someone who has never done coke, that snorting it up your nose sounds intelligent, but she did not see the ritual around the room that night, as formal in its own way as a tea ceremony, the expensive people who were also good and

decent people, wives skilled as love, healers of the addicted and the mentally ill.

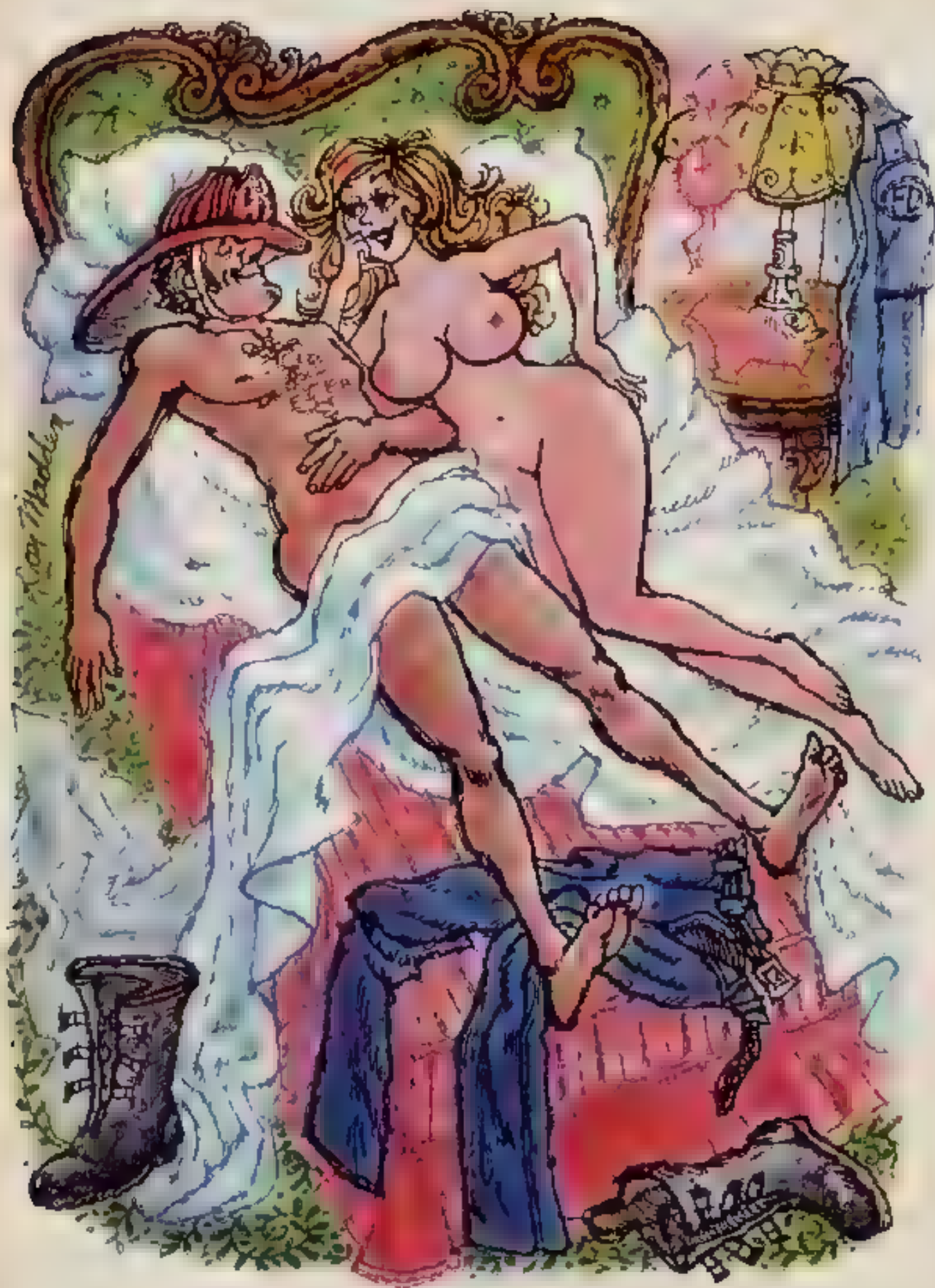
Dave and Noah compete through the evening, perhaps because I am there to find a story to tell, perhaps because they just compete. The talk is guarded, the rule of *acquis non verberat* explained except that Dave says he doesn't smuggle and Noah hints that he is off to South America soon. Most coke comes through Florida, some of it through Syndicate channels, much of it through the Cuban community in Miami, a little of it according to a Cuban doing time for coke, on Bebe Rebozo's yacht, but coke is so portable and its value so high that individual operations go on continuously, women often serving as couriers, washing the powder in bras and girdles and vaginas. A man used to bring coke to a high school, driving it in plastic cups. Noah says, but one of the bags burst and he ended up pure cocaine—panic, convulsions, all the symptoms of drug terminal rage, death. The coke comes from Peru,

the coke comes from Colombia, you take risks all the way, but it isn't risky if you have a good plan, so says Noah, who has a good plan. The picture drawn by the schizophrenic former heroin addict goes round the civilized room again.

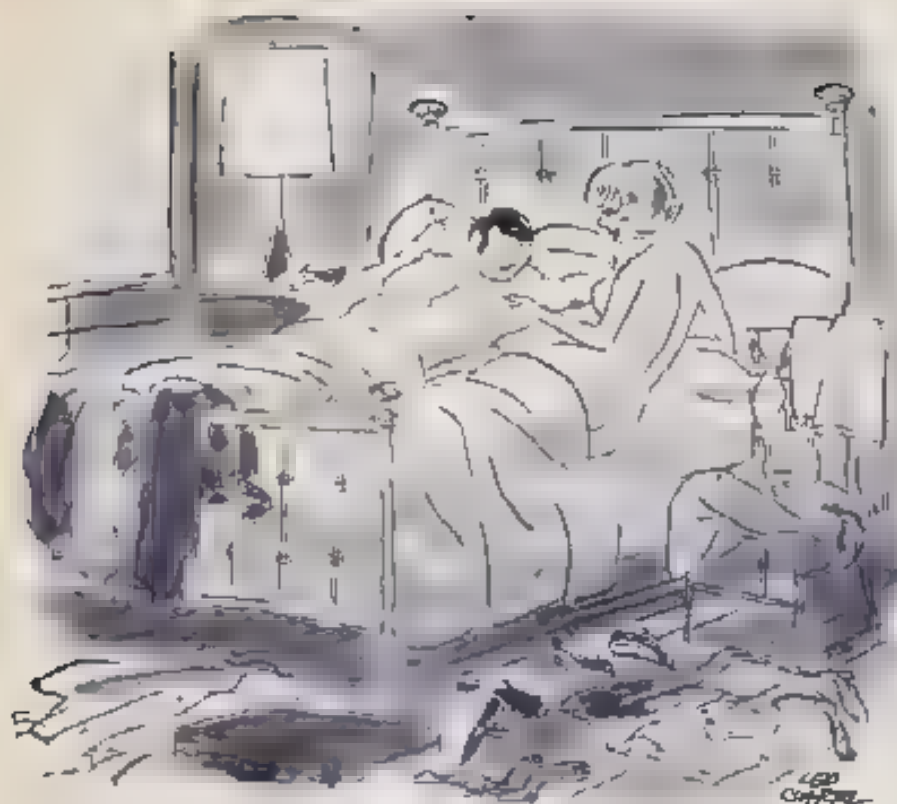
Kiss taking, Jim says, finding reasons for cocaine's growing popularity, and Aaron says get up out of your head once in a while, though it's a seductive drug and we had to pull back from it because he found it occupying too much of his time, his tonight is the night before a holiday and patients get demanding before holiday time, and what a pleasant way to come together with friends. A little water then for our noses, dipping a finger in, a glass and swirling the water to rinse the nose, help the snow melt, my gosh don't where. I had absorbed the dust from my lines up above my front teeth, the coke working its way into me and my head flying in the room and again with the snow, rain or. The Indians have come to help



"Hello—Guinness Book of World Records?"



"Now, wasn't that better than sliding down an old pole?"



"If I'd known being a hostage was like this, I wouldn't have made such a fuss as you dragged me out of the bunk."

Americans believe that the locked medicine cabinet of the physician and the pharmacy is the gateway to paradise? Ah, God, the nation's becoming a head shop, and did you know you can get a mega-marijuana high on a transdermal ointment? That a heart transplant can make you feel immortal?

As with all psychoactive drugs, what cocaine does to the brain depends on the kind of effects have been reported ranging from nothing at all to aphasia, excruciating convulsions or great mental clarity as a phantasmagoria on down the mental paragon and to the madhouse. Early users and researchers such as Freud were generally enthusiastic about cocaine's mood-changing properties. Modern writers manage to convey a sense of discomfort and even peril though how much that sense relates to the drug and how much to the users' cultural fears and ethical or medicinal concerns to be seen is a matter from the literature, at least, that is not open to being in an unbiased opinion where cocaine is concerned.

I found no unqualified praise of cocaine after 1929. Home Jay MacLean's celebrated story *Body*, for example, begins

When it was good, it was of a superior consistency and purity as Christmas Eve. I Harry Low had a shiny silver foil package of Taggart

as though which he cut two or three nights a week—he felt rich and fortified, almost as though he were carrying a gun.

But early

But at one who started so much as a grain of that white shit up his nose on the actual day of his mother's funeral had to be some new and as yet undiscovered breed—a soundblast. The lowest

Thomas Skelton, the hero of Thomas McGuane's novel *Ninety Five in the Shade*, thinks of "that pale cocaine edge pale like acetylene flame," but he also worries about "that olomomus he has made, that shippage of control over as he can express. Still, though at the last night he had known it on other days to be the last day on the ride to the C. J. Cora.

William S. Burroughs's *Saved Lunch* says of cocaine: "When you smoke coke in the mainline there is a sort of pure pleasure to the reader. Ten minutes later you want another shot. Intravenous is electricity through the brain, artificial cocaine pleasure connections."

There is no withdrawal syndrome with C. J. is a need of the man alone." But Burroughs has spent his later years preaching against all drugs except the apostrophe of his heroes' need for heroin addiction.

A young East Coast writer I talked with told me that for him cocaine was *Wid purgenacht* (the witches Sabbath— "Pure evil, man," he said, grinning, and he described night this started with coke and graduated to whatever he could find at hand to drink, smoke, swallow and snort. Those would be witches' Sabbath is required, and he said he had spent a hard year fighting the feeling and had finally come through, through his girlfriend, there at his side asking for my apologetic sign, inquiring after my harm, death cake.

On the whole, Paul Kanner in *Rolling Stone*

Cocaine is a really great drug—it's a great way to feel good, and you can function as I was clearly on it. Like for 19 or 20 hours straight with no loss of vision or perspective the way you do on uppers or speed. But it's not controllable. It's not that you have an increased need or tolerance, it's that it's so pleasant you can't control your use of it. And when you're heavily into it it makes you cold toward people. It's like sense that you're smoking cocaine and other things that you can't possibly accomplish. For all, and you're thinking of how to do all the things and you don't think about the people you're around. Also, it can get you physically fucked up.

Which is one of the more candid assessments I've seen.

Thank what you will of these qualified wisdoms, of this wonderful cocainical, but is too wonderful to be good, the fact of the matter is that at the beginning of '65 in the words of Dr. Charles R. Schaefer, professor of psychiatry at the medical department of the University of Chicago, "We really don't know much more about cocaine than Freud did—except at least as what is known about cocaine's effect on the body and the body's posture."

Cocaine as it was used traditionally in the United States may not seem respectable but any reporter in this by now over 100 years. A few deaths have occurred among medical administrations of the long-acting drug taken in sufficient quantity can cause death. Dr. Robert Byck of the Yale School of Medicine, who is doing the anti-effects of cocaine on man under a 1973 contract from the National Institute on Drug Abuse and who is qualified to be called the leading U.S. expert on cocaine, said in a recent *New York Times* affidavit: "There are probably more deaths each year attributable to aspirin overdose than can be attributed to cocaine or high-dose amphetamine." There is certainly a lethal dose of cocaine, but none of the experts I talked to were willing to put a number on it because they don't know what the number would be. According to the U.S. Census Bureau, alcohol killed 15,326 people in 1969, heroin

cocaine in moderate use is a mild drug, similar to it is to the amphetamines in its without their more serious effects. It is certainly not in a class, in terms of any direct and present danger with heroin, alcohol or the hallucinators. Several law suits are in progress in the United States in which the Federal Courts are trying to categorize the present class of cocaine as a dangerous narcotic subject to the most severe penalties, and place it in the same classification as the amphetamines or marijuana subject to far more moderate penalties. Those lawsuits have been supported by affidavits from distinguished surgeons and physicians, all of whom emphasize that cocaine is not a real narcotic or euphoric. But cocaine is a mild drug and some of whom, a mild euphoric while in today the central function of cocaine is that despite its low being put out at the market and its consideration as a production as a danger overlaps to the other very much known about its effects on human beings. Cocaine can kill you, so can aspirin. Cocaine acts on the central nervous system, so does caffeine. It's possible to overstimulate the central nervous system, and you can't do that forever without damaging it. Cases of cocaine "addiction" were reported in the past, usually among patients being treated for morphine or alcohol addiction. Today, the most reliable test population and are not reported today. Cocaine psychosis and a mild depression upon withdrawal was reported in the past and are not seen today. Violent as well as behavior by cocaine users was reported in the past and is not reported today. At least two conclusions seem reasonable: that the greatest danger connected with moderate recreational use of cocaine is legal, not criminal, and that not nearly enough is known about cocaine's effects on human beings.

If, as it appears, cocaine in small doses is only a moderate euphoric, but if, as is certain, it carries with severe criminal penalties attached, how are we to account for its increasing use by the middle class, which has so much to lose by conviction? And how account for the sedativeness to cocaine that users so frequently report?

Cocaine's effects may match some pre-existing condition, as you have nicely illustrated. Gay, Inoue, Sheppard and Newmeyer of the Haight-Asbury Free Medical Clinic in a recent paper

on its pharmacologic action, "Cocaine perhaps more than any other of the recognized psychoactive drugs, reinforces and boosts what we recognize as the typical experiences of American culture: energy, heroic achievement, and challenge, at times even at the face of great odds."

A more pedestrian possibility is that cocaine use is increasing because the Federal Government has succeeded in

dramatically reducing the illegal supply of amphetamines in the United States. The amphetamines got tight about the same time that cocaine began coming in. Cocaine is, among other things, a better substitute.

Cocaine may be increasing in popularity because, besides producing a state of mind that users perceive as pleasant, it does not cause hangovers. Because it is a short-acting drug, cocaine doesn't blow people away as marijuana and LSD often may do. Middle-class users, accustomed to controlled doses of alcohol, apparently perceive controlled doses of cocaine to be a less physically disruptive high.

But the sedativeness of coke may be the sedative's very danger. Unwilling to risk physical addiction by playing with heroin but willing and even eager to risk breaking some very stiff laws for a new high they perceive as desirable, middle-class coke users may like the heavy taste of the illegal fix, is part of coke's thrill, may like the smell of fear mingled with the tastes of the drug itself. It cannot be without significance that coke came into fashion in the later years of the Nixon Administration, when respect for law and order reached a new low. As I write, those seem to me to be among the more useless and even sinister, but my opinion is only one. I took a few of a little risk of my own coming to work on cocaine.

From seeing cocaine down in a rooming house in a large Eastern city I meet a married couple, Bill and Sherry, for dinner at my hotel. Bill knows coke; he's been a dealer here, busted, been in jail and back out again on parole, and being anywhere but knows the score. Sherry is an old hand at cocaine, a girl who has been in Los Angeles doing coke and hooking it as well as working a knockout woman in a hairer top and jeans who reduces the waters to adolescence. They bring out orders one at a time one waiter per order to get a close-up of her. We eat, drink wine, talk coke. Bill says there's no shortage of coke on the East Coast because more people than ever are buying it up from Florida and South America. What's doing coke? Jack, Sam and he says are not the poor men he's extra source of power, that of the financial confidence. "It's like taking a deep breath," he says. "If you look at these different industries where coke is most used, they're all high-pressure, superfast industries—music, the garment business, film, entertainment basically. And then unpleasant businesses. Prostitutes do a lot of coke. Pimps do it for the glamor of it. But what's more, it's different. It real has a personal effect on women."

Jack Sherry if it has a mystical effect on women and she grins. "Yeah," she says, "look at me. Physical bond."

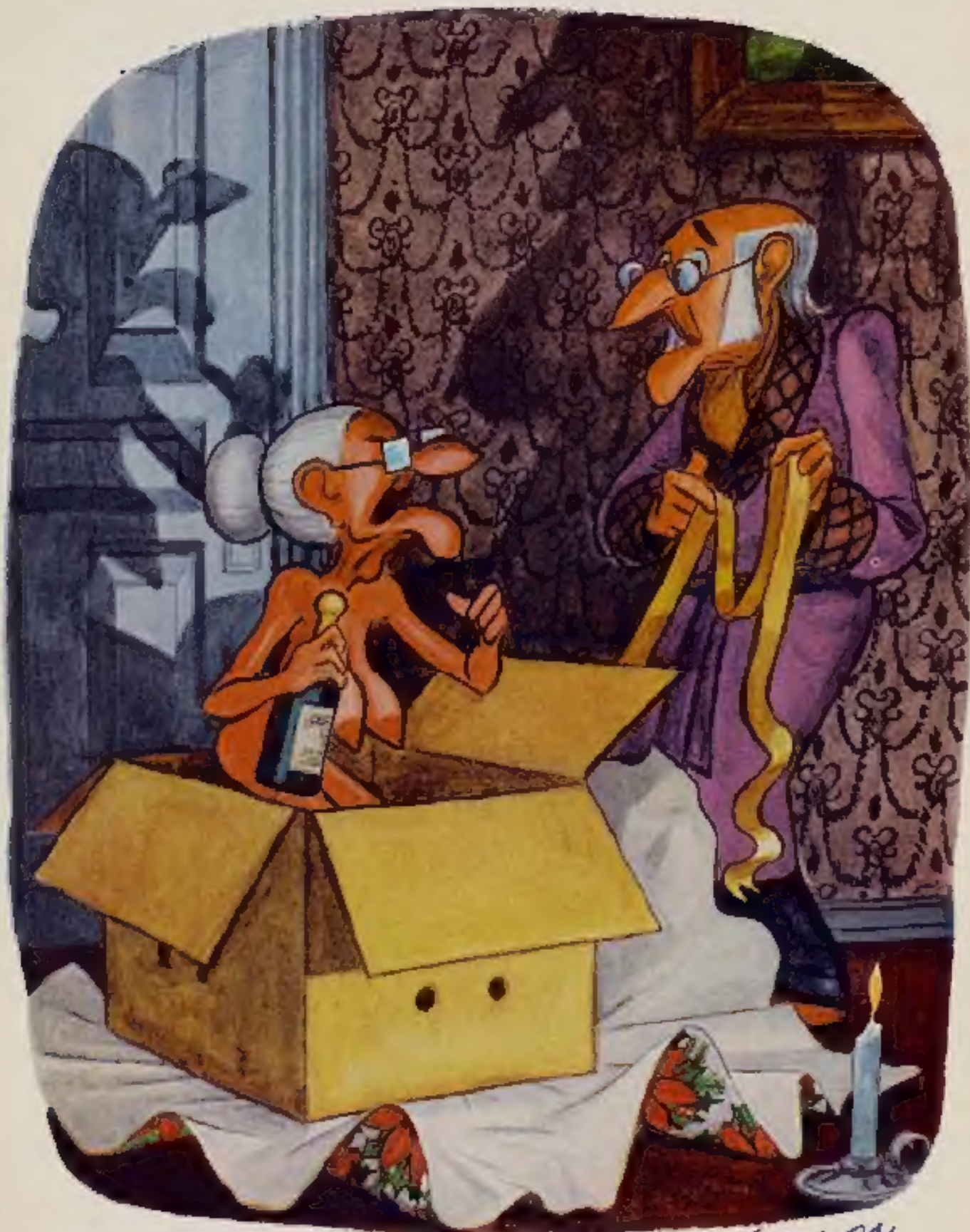
I go to my room after dinner and



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SENSUOUS LION**

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OVER GROWN

"Look, Buster, another remark like 'But you promised me a big, fuzzy 'Teddy bear' and I'll break this bottle off your beak!"

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